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DOES IT PAY TO SMOKE?

BY AN OLD SMOKER.

I HAVE sometimes thought that there are people whom it does pay to smoke: those hod-carriers on the other side of the street, for example. It cannot be a very pleasant thing to be a hod-carrier at this season of the year, when a man who means to be at work at seven A. M. must wake an hour before the first streak of dawn. There is an aged sire over there, who lives in Vandewater Street, which is two miles and a quarter from the building he is now assisting to erect. He must be astir by half past five, in order to begin his breakfast at six; and at half past six he is in the car, with his dinner-kettle in his hand, on his way up town. About the time when the more active and industrious readers of this magazine begin to think it is nearly time to get up, this father of a family makes his first ascent of the ladder with a load of mortar on his shoulder. At twelve, the first stroke of the remarkably slow bell of St. George's Church (it is New York where these interesting events occur) sets him at liberty, and he goes in quest

of his kettle. On very cold days, the dinner-kettle is wrapped in its proprietor's overcoat to keep the cold dinner from freezing stiff. But we will imagine a milder day, when the group of hod-carriers take their kettles to some sunny, sheltered spot about the building, where they sit upon soft, commodious boards, and enjoy their repast of cold meat and bread. The homely meal being concluded, our venerable friend takes out his short, black pipe for his noontide smoke. How he enjoys it! How it seems to rest him! It is a kind of conscious sleep, ending, perhaps, in a brief unconscious sleep, from which he wakes refreshed for another five hours of the heavy hod.

Who could wish to deny a poor man a luxury so cheap, and so dear to him? It does not cost him more than ten cents a week; but so long as he has his pipe, he has a sort of refuge to which he can fly from trouble. Especially consoling to him is it in the evening, when he is in his own crowded and most uninviting room. The smoke

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that is supposed to "poison the air" of some apartments seems to correct the foulness of this; and the smoker appears to be a benefactor to all its inmates, as well as to those who pass its door.

Besides, this single luxury of smoke, at a cost of one cent and three sevenths per diem, is the full equivalent of all the luxuries which wealth can buy! None but a smoker, or one who has been a smoker, can realize this truth; but it is a truth. That short black pipe does actually place the hod-carrier, so far as mere luxury goes, on a par with Commodore Vanderbilt or the Prince of Wales. Tokay, champagne, turtle, game, and all the other luxurious commodities are not, taken altogether, so much to those who can daily enjoy them, as poor Paddy's pipe is to him. Indeed, the few rich people with whose habits I chance to be acquainted seldom touch such things, and never touch them except to please others. They all appear to go upon the system of the late Lord Palmerston, who used to say to his new butler, "Provide for my guests whatever the season affords; but for *me* there must be always a leg of mutton and an apple-pie." Let the Prince of Wales (or any other smoker) be taken to a banqueting-hall, the tables of which should be spread with all the dainties which persons of wealth are erroneously supposed to be continually consuming, but over the door let there be written the terrible words, "No smoking." Then show him an adjoining room, with a table exhibiting Lord Palmerston's leg of mutton and apple-pie, plus a bundle of cigars. If any one doubts which of these two feasts the Prince of Wales would choose, we tell that doubting individual he has never been a smoker.

Now the short pipe of the hod-carrier is just as good to him as the regalias could be that cost two hundred dollars a thousand in Havana, and sixty cents each in New York. If you were to give him one of those regalias, he would prefer to cut it up and smoke it in his pipe, and then he would not

find it as good as the tobacco he usually smokes. The poor laborer's pipe, therefore, is a potent equalizer. To the enjoyment of pleasures purely luxurious there is a limit which is soon reached; and I maintain that a poor man gets as much of this *kind* of pleasure out of his pipe as a prince or a railroad king can extract from all the costly wines and viands of the table.

If there is a man in the world who ought to smoke, that ancient hod-carrier is the man. A stronger case for smoking cannot be selected from ordinary life. Does it pay him? After an attentive and sympathetic consideration of his case, I am compelled reluctantly to conclude that it does not.

The very fact that it tends to make him contented with his lot is a point against his pipe. It is a shame to him to be contented. To a young man the carrying of the hod is no dishonor, for it is fit that young men should bear burdens and perform lowly tasks. But the hod is not for gray hairs. Whenever, in this free and spacious America, we see a man past fifty carrying heavy loads upon his shoulders, or performing any hired labor that requires little skill or thought, we know that there must have been some great defect or waste in that man's life. The first dollar that George Law ever earned, after leaving his father's house, was earned by carrying the hod at Albany. But with that dollar he bought an arithmetic and spelling-book; which, when winter closed in and put a stop to hod-carrying, he mastered, and thus began to prepare to build the "High Bridge" over the Harlem River, where he made a million dollars by using steam hod-carriers instead of Irish ones. The pipe is one of the points of difference between the hod-carrier content with his lot and the hod-carrier who means to get into bricklaying next spring. Yonder is one of the latter class reading his "Sun" after dinner, instead of steeping his senses in forgetfulness over a pipe. He, perhaps, will be taking a contract to build a bridge over the East River, about the time when

his elderly comrade is buried in a corporation coffin.

Of course, there are vigorous and triumphant men who smoke, and there are dull, contented men who do not. It is only of the general tendency of the poor man's pipe that I wish to speak. I mean to say that it tends to make him satisfied with a lot which it is his chief and immediate duty to alleviate. He ought to hate and loathe his tenement-house home; and when he goes to that home in the evening, instead of sitting down in stolid selfishness to smoke, he should be active in giving his wife (who usually has the worst of it) the assistance she needs and deserves. Better the merry song, the cheerful talk, the pleasant stroll, than this dulling of the senses and the brain in smoke. Nobler the conscious misery of such a home, than the artificial lethargy of the pipe. It is an unhandsome thing in this husband to steal out of his vile surroundings into cloudland, and leave his wife and children alone to their noisome desolation.

If it does not pay this hod-carrier to smoke, it pays no man. If this man cannot smoke without injustice to others, no man can.

Ladies, the natural enemies of tobacco, relented so far during the war as to send tobacco and pipes to the soldiers, and worked with their own fair hands many a pouch. Indeed, the pouch industry continues, though we will do the ladies the justice to say that, as their pouches usually have every excellent quality except fitness for the purpose intended, few of them ever hold tobacco. Does the lady who presented General Sheridan the other evening, in New York, with those superb and highly decorated tobacco-pouches suppose the gallant General has had, or will ever have, the heart to profane such beautiful objects with the noxious weed? It is evident, from these gracious concessions on the part of the ladies, that they suppose the soldier is a man whose circumstances call imperatively for the solace of smoke;

and really, when the wearied men after a long day's march gathered round the camp-fire for the evening pipe, the most infuriate hater of the weed must have sometimes paused and questioned the science which forbids the indulgence. But, reader, did you ever travel in one of the forward cars of a train returning from the seat of war, when the soldiers were coming home to re-enlist? We need not attempt to describe the indescribable scene. Most readers can imagine it. We allude to it merely as a set-off to the pleasant and picturesque spectacle of the tired soldiers smoking round the camp-fire.

In truth, the soldier is the last man in the world who should smoke; for the simple reason, that while he, more than any other man, has need of all his strength, smoking robs him of part of it. It is not science alone which establishes this truth. The winning boat of Harvard University, and the losing boat of Yale, were not rowed by smokers. One of the first things demanded of a young man who is going into training for a boat-race is, *Stop smoking!* And he himself, long before his body has reached its highest point of purity and development, will become conscious of the lowering and disturbing effect of smoking one inch of a mild cigar. No smoker who has ever trained severely for a race, or a game, or a fight needs to be told that smoking reduces the tone of the system and diminishes all the forces of the body. He *knows* it. He has been as conscious of it as a boy is conscious of the effects of his first cigar. Let the Harvard crew smoke during the last two months of their training, and let the Yale men abstain, and there is one individual prepared to risk a small sum upon Yale's winning back her laurels.

A soldier should be in training all ways. Compelled to spend nine tenths of his time in laboriously doing nothing, he is called upon, occasionally, for a few hours or days or weeks to put forth exertions which task human endurance to the uttermost. The soldier, too, of all men, should have quiet

nerves; for the phantoms of war scare more men than its real dangers, and men's bodies can shake when their souls are firm. That two and two make four is not a truth more unquestionably certain than that smoking does diminish a soldier's power of endurance, and does make him more susceptible to imaginary dangers. If a regiment were to be raised for the hardest service of which men can ever be capable, and that service were to be performed for a series of campaigns, it would be necessary to exclude from the commissariat, not tobacco only, but coffee and tea. Each man, in short, would have to be kept in what prize-fighters call "condition"; by which term they simply mean the natural state of the body, uncontaminated by poison, and unimpaired by indolence or excess. Every man is in duty bound to be "in condition" at all times; but the soldier,—it is part of his profession to be "in condition." When remote posterity comes to read of the millions and millions of dollars expended during the late war in curing soldiers untouched by bayonet or bullet, the enthusiasm of readers will not be excited by the generosity displayed in bestowing those millions. People will lay down the book and exclaim: "How ignorant were our poor ancestors of the laws of life! A soldier in hospital without a wound! How extremely absurd!"

To this weighty and decisive objection minor ones may be added. The bother and vexation arising from the pipe were very great during the campaigns of the late war. Half the time the smokers, being deprived of their accustomed stimulant, were in that state of uneasy longing which smokers and other stimulators know. Men were shot during the war merely because they *would* strike a light and smoke. The desire sometimes overcame all considerations of prudence and soldierly duty. A man out on picket, of a chilly night, knowing perfectly well that lighting his pipe would have the twofold effect of revealing his presence

and inviting a bullet, was often unable to resist the temptation. Many men, too, risked capture in seeking what smokers call "a little fire." A fine, stalwart officer of a Minnesota regiment, whose natural forces, if he had given nature a fair chance, would have been abundantly sufficient for him without the aid of any stimulant, has told me there were nights when he would have gladly given a month's pay for a light. Readers probably remember the incident related in the newspapers of one of our smoking generals, who, after being defeated by the enemy, heard of the arrival of gunboats which assured his safety, and promised to restore his fortunes. The *first* thing he did was to send an aid on board a gunboat to ask if they had any cigars. He was right in so doing. It was a piece of strategy necessitated by the circumstances. Let any man who has been in the habit of smoking ten to twenty cigars a day be suddenly deprived of them at a time when there is a great strain upon body and mind, and he will find himself reduced to a state bordering upon imbecility. Knowing what I know of the smoking habits of some officers of high rank, I should tremble for the success of any difficult operation, to be conducted by them in presence of an enemy, if their cigars had given out the evening before; nor could a spy do his employers a better service than to creep into the tents of some generals the night before an engagement, and throw all their cigars and tobacco into a pail of water.

Of all men, therefore, the soldier is the very last man who could find his account in a practice which lowers the tone of his health, reduces his power of endurance, litters his knapsack, pesters him with a system of flints and tinder, and endangers his efficiency in critical moments. If all the world smoked, still the soldier should abstain.

Sailors and other prisoners experience so many dull hours, and possess so many unused faculties, that some cordial haters of tobacco have thought

that such persons might be justified in a habit which only lessens what they have in superfluity. In other words, sailors, being in a situation extremely unfavorable to spiritual life, ought not merely to yield to the lowering influence of the fore-castle, but add to it one more benumbing circumstance. On the contrary, they ought to strive mightily against the paralyzing effects of monotony, — not give up to them, still less aggravate them. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why a sailor, after a three years' voyage, should not step on shore a man more alert in body and mind than when he sailed, and all alive to communicate the new knowledge he has acquired and the wonders he has seen. Why should he go round this beautiful world drugged?

We must, therefore, add the sailor to the hod-carrier and the soldier, and respectfully take away his pipe. I select these classes, because they are supposed most to need artificial solace, and to be most capable of enduring the wear and tear of a vicious habit. Each of these classes also can smoke without much offending others, and each is provided with an "expectorator" which disgusts no one. The hod-carrier and the soldier have the earth and the sailor the ocean. But, for all that, the pipe is an injury to them. Every man of them would be better without it.

But if we must deny *them* the false solace of their pipe, what can be said of the all-but-universal smoking of persons supposed to be more refined than they, and whose occupations furnish them no pretence of an excuse? We now see painters in their studios smoking while they paint, and sculptors pegging away at the marble with a pipe in their mouths. Clergymen hurry out of church to find momentary relief for their tired throats in an ecstatic smoke, and carry into the apartment of fair invalids the odor of ex-cigars. How it may be in other cities I know not, but in New York a parishioner who wishes to confer upon his clergyman a *real* pleas-

ure can hardly do a safer thing than send him a thousand cigars of a good clerical brand. It is particularly agreeable to a clergyman to receive a present which supplies him with a luxury he loves, but in which he knows in his inmost soul he ought not to indulge. No matter for all his fine arguments, there is not one clergyman in ten that succeeds in this short life in reducing his conscience to such a degree of obtuseness that he can buy a box of cigars (at present prices) without a qualm of self-reproach. Editors, writers for the press, reporters, and others who haunt the places where newspapers are made, are smokers, except a few controlling men, and a few more who are on the way to become such. Most of the authors whose names are familiar to the public smoke steadily; even the poets most beloved do so. Philosophers have taken to the pipe of late years. Mr. Dickens, they say, toys with a cigar occasionally, but can hardly be reckoned among the smokers, and never touches a cigar when he has a serious task on hand. Mr. Prescott smoked, and O, how he loved his cigar! It was he who, when his physician had limited him to one cigar a day, ran all over Paris in quest of the largest cigars that Europe could furnish. In my smoking days I should have done the same. Thackeray smoked; he was very particular in his smoking; the scent of a bad cigar was an abomination to him. That Byron smoked, and loved "the naked beauties" of tobacco, he has told us in the most alluring verses the weed has ever inspired. Milton, Locke, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, Isaac Walton, Addison, Steele, Bolingbroke, Burns, Campbell, Scott, Talfourd, Christopher North, Lamb, were all smokers at some part of their lives. Among our Presidents, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, General Jackson, and probably many others, were smokers. Daniel Webster once smoked. Henry Clay, down to a late period of his life, chewed, smoked, and took snuff, but never approved of either practice, and stopped two of them. General Grant smokes, but regrets that

he does, and has reduced his daily allowance of cigars. Edwin Booth smokes, as do most of the gentlemen of his arduous profession. Probably a majority of the physicians and surgeons in the United States, under forty years of age, are smokers; and who ever knew a medical student that did not smoke furiously? This, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, since doctors live upon the bodily sins of mankind.

The question is, Does it pay these gentlemen to smoke? *They* know it does not. It would be gross arrogance in any individual to lift up his voice in rebuke of so many illustrious persons, but for the fact that there is scarcely one of them who does not feel that the practice is wrong, or, at least, absurd. Almost all confirmed smokers will go so far as to admit that they wish they had never acquired the habit. Few of them desire their boys to acquire it. None recommend it to other men. Almost all smokers, who are not Turks, Chinamen, or Indians, appreciate at once the wisdom of Sir Isaac Newton's reply to one who asked him why he never smoked a pipe. "Because," said he, "I am unwilling to make to myself any necessities." Nor can any intelligent smoker doubt that the fumes of tobacco are hostile to the vital principle. We smokers and ex-smokers all remember how our first cigar sickened us; we have all experienced various ill effects from what smokers call "smoking too much"; and very many smokers have, once or twice in their lives, risen in revolt against their tyrant, given away their pipes, and lived free men long enough to become conscious that their whole being had been torpid, and was alive again. No, no! let who will deny that smoking is unfriendly to life, and friendly to all that wars upon life, smokers will not question it, unless they are very ignorant indeed, or very young. It will be of no avail to talk to *them* of the man who lived to be a hundred years old and had smoked to excess for half a century. Smokers have that within which keeps them well in mind that smoking is pernicious.

If there are any smokers who doubt it, it is the few whom smoke is rapidly killing; such, for example, as the interesting professional men who smoke an excellent quality of cigars and "break down" before they are thirty-five. It is not honest, legitimate hard work that breaks so many people down in the prime of life. It is bad habits.

Smoking is a barbarism. This is the main argument against what is termed moderate smoking. There is something in the practice that allies a man with barbarians, and constantly tends to make him think and talk like a barbarian. Being at New Haven last September, a day or two before the opening of the term at Yale College, I sat in one of the public rooms of the hotel late one evening, hoping some students would come in, that I might see what sort of people college students are in these times. Yale College hath a pleasant seat. Who can stroll about upon that beautiful College Green, under those majestic elms, without envying the youth who are able to spend four long years of this troublesome life in the tranquil acquisition of knowledge amid scenes so refined and engaging? The visitor is bewitched with a wild desire to give the college two or three million dollars immediately, to enable it to become, in all respects, what it desires, aims, and intends to become. Visions of the noble Athenian youth thronging about the sages of eld, and learning wisdom from their lips, flit through his mind, as he wanders among the buildings of the college, and dodges the colored men who are beating carpets and carrying furniture. In this exalted frame of mind, suppose the stranger seated in the room of the hotel just mentioned. In the middle of the small apartment sat one fat, good-humored, uneducated man of fifty, smoking a cigar,—about such a man as we expect to find in the "office" of a large livery stable. At half past ten a young man strolled in, smoking, who addressed the elder by a military title, and began a slangy conversation with him upon the great New Haven sub-

ject,—boat-racing. About eleven, three or four other young men came in, to whom cigars were furnished by the military chieftain. All together they blew a very respectable cloud, and the conversation, being so strongly reinforced, became more animated. Boating was still the principal theme. The singular merits of Pittsburg oars were discussed. A warm dispute arose as to who was the builder of a certain boat that had won a race three years ago. Much admiration was expressed for the muscle, the nerve, and, above all, for the style and method of the crew of the Harvard boat, which had beaten the Yale boat a few weeks before.

Nevertheless, it did not occur to me that these smoking and damning gentlemen could be members of the college. I supposed they were young loafers of the town, who took an interest in the pleasures of the students, and were exchanging opinions thereon with their natural chief, the lord of the stable. At length one said to another, "Will Jones be here this week?" The reply was: "No, I wrote to the fellow; but, damn him, he says he can't get here till next Thursday." "Why, what's the matter with the cuss?" "O, he's had the fever and ague, and he says there's no pull in him." This led me to suspect that these young fellows were the envied youths of whom I had been dreaming under the elms,—a suspicion which the subsequent conversation soon confirmed. There was nothing wrong or harmful in the subject of their talk. The remarkable circumstance was, that all the difference which naturally exists, and naturally appears, between an educated and an uneducated person was obliterated; and it seemed, too, that the smoke was the "common element" in which the two were blended. It was the *cigar* that kept the students there talking boat till midnight with an elderly ignoramus, and it was the cigar that was always drawing them down to his level. If he had not handed round his cigar-case, they would have exhausted all the natural interest of the session in a few

minutes, and gone home to bed. All of them, too, as it happened, confessed that smoking lessens the power of a man to row a boat, and lamented that a certain student would be lost to the crack crew from his unwillingness to give up his pipe.

Smoking lures and detains men from the society of ladies. This herding of men into clubs, these dinners to which men only are invited, the late sitting at the table after the ladies have withdrawn, the gathering of male guests into some smoking-room, apart from the ladies of the party,—is not the cigar chiefly responsible for these atrocities? Men are not society; women are not society: society is the mingling of the two sexes in such a way that each restrains and inspires the other. That community is already far gone in degeneracy in which men prefer to band together by themselves, in which men do not crave the society of ladies, and value it as the chief charm of existence. "What is the real attraction of these gorgeous establishments?" I asked, the other evening, of an acquaintance who was about to enter one of the new club-houses on Fifth Avenue. His reply was: "No women can enter them! Once within these sacred walls, we are safe from everything that wears a petticoat!" Are we getting to be Turks? The Turks shut women in; we shut them out. The Turks build harems for their women; but we find it necessary to abandon to women our abodes, and construct harems for ourselves.

Humiliating as the truth is, it must be confessed, tobacco is woman's rival, her successful rival. It is the cigar and the pipe (it used to be wine and punch) that enable men to endure one another during the whole of a long evening. Remove from every club-house all the means of intoxication,—i. e. all the wine and tobacco,—and seven out of every ten of them would cease to exist in one year. Men would come together for a few evenings, as usual, talk over the evening papers, yawn and go away, perhaps go home,—

a place which our confirmed clubbists only know as a convenience for sleeping and breakfasting. One of the worst effects of smoking is that it deadens our susceptibility to tedium, and enables us to keep on enduring what we ought to war against and overcome. It is drunken people who "won't go home till morning." Tyrants and oppressors are wrong in drawing so much revenue from tobacco; they ought rather to give it away, for it tends to enable people to sit down content under every kind of oppression.

Men say, in reply to those who object to their clubs, their men's dinner-parties, and their smoking-rooms: "Women overwhelm society with superfluous dry goods. The moment ladies are invited, the whole affair becomes a mere question of costume. A party at which ladies assist is little more than an exhibition of wearing apparel. They dress, too, not for the purpose of giving pleasure to men, but for the purpose of inflicting pain on one another. Besides, a lady who is carrying a considerable estate upon her person must devote a great part of her attention to the management of that estate. She may be talking to Mr. Smith about Shakespeare and the musical-glasses, but the thing her mind is really intent upon is crushing Mrs. Smith with her new lace. Even dancing is nothing but an exceedingly laborious and anxious wielding of yards of silk trailing out behind!" etc.

Smoky diners-out will recognize this line of remark. When ladies have left the table, and are amusing themselves in the drawing-room in ways which may sometimes be trivial, but are never sensual, men frequently fall into discourse, over their cigars, upon the foibles of the sex, and often succeed in delivering themselves of one or more of the observations just quoted. As these noble critics sit boozing and smoking, they can sometimes hear the brilliant run upon the piano, or the notes of a finely trained voice, or the joyous laughter of a group of girls, — all inviting them to a higher and purer enjoyment

than steeping their senses in barbarous smoke. But they stick to their cigars, and assume a lofty moral superiority over the lovely beings, the evidence of whose better civilization is sounding in their ears.

Now, one of the subtle, mysterious effects of tobacco upon "the male of our species" is to disenchant him with regard to the female. It makes us read the poem entitled *Woman* as though it were only a piece of prose. It takes off the edge of virility. If it does not make a man less masculine; it keeps his masculinity in a state of partial torpor, which causes him to look upon women, not indeed without a certain curiosity, but without enthusiasm, without romantic elevation of mind, without any feeling of awe and veneration for the august Mothers of our race. It tends to make us regard women from what we may style the Black Crook point of view. The young man who boasted that he had seen the Black Crook forty-seven times in three months must have been an irreclaimable smoker. Nothing but the dulled, sensualized masculinity caused by this peculiar poison could have blinded men to the ghastly and haggard ugliness of that exhibition. The pinched and painted vacancy of those poor girls' faces; the bony horrors of some of their necks, and the flabby redundancy of others; the cheap and tawdry splendors; the stale, rejected tricks of London pantomimes; three or four tons of unhappy girls suspended in the air in various agonizing attitudes, — to think that such a show could have run for seventeen months! Even if science did not justify the conjecture, I should be disposed, for the honor of human nature, to lay the blame of all this upon tobacco.

To a man who is uncorrupt and properly constituted, woman remains always something of a mystery and a romance. He never interprets her quite literally. She, on her part, is always striving to remain a poem, and is never weary of bringing out new editions of herself in novel bindings. Not till she has been utterly conquered and crushed by hope-

less misery or a false religion does she give up the dream of still being a pleasant enchantment. To this end, without precisely knowing why, she turns the old dress, retrimms it, or arrays herself in the freshness of a new one, ever striving to present herself in recreated loveliness. Uncontaminated man sympathizes with this intention, and easily lends himself to the renewed charm. Have you not felt something of this, old smokers, when, after indulging in the stock jests and sneers at woman-kind, you lay aside your cigars, and "join the ladies," arrayed in bright colors and bewitching novelties of dress, moving gracefully in the brilliant gaslight, or arranged in glowing groups about the room? Has not the truth flashed upon you, at such moments, that you had been talking prose upon a subject essentially poetical? Have you never felt how mean and low a thing it was to linger in sensual stupefaction, rather than take your proper place in such a scene as this?

It is true, that a few women in commercial cities,—a few bankers' and brokers' wives, and others,—bewildered by the possession of new wealth, do go to ridiculous excess in dressing, and thus bring reproach upon the art. It were well if their husbands did no worse. Now and then, too, is presented the melancholy spectacle of an extravagant hussy marring, perhaps spoiling, the career of her husband by tasteless and unprincipled expenditures in the decoration of her person. But is it wholly her fault? Is he not the purse-holder? Is it not a husband's duty to prevent his wife from dishonoring herself in that manner? When men are sensual, women will be frivolous. When men abandon their homes and all the noble pleasures of society in order to herd together in clubs and smoking-rooms, what right have they to object if the ladies amuse themselves in the only innocent way accessible to them? The wonder is that they confine themselves to the innocent delights of the toilet. A husband who spends one day and seven evenings of

every week at his club ought to expect that his wife will provide herself both with fine clothes and some one who will admire them. Besides, for one woman who shocks us by wasting upon her person an undue part of the family resources, there are ten who astonish us by the delightful results which their taste and ingenuity contrive out of next to nothing.

It would be absurd to say that smoking is the cause of evils which originate in the weakness and imperfection of human nature. The point is simply this: tobacco, by disturbing and impairing virility, tends to vitiate the relations between the sexes, tends to lessen man's interest in women and his enjoyment of their society, and enables him to endure and be contented with, and finally even to prefer, the companionship of men. And this is the true reason why almost every lady of spirit is the irreconcilable foe of tobacco. It is not merely that she dislikes the stale odor of the smoke in her curtains, nor merely that her quick eye discerns its hostility to health and life. These things would make her disapprove the weed. But instinct causes her dimly to perceive that this ridiculous brown leaf is the rival of her sex. Women do not disapprove their rivals; they hate them.

Smoking certainly does blunt a man's sense of cleanliness. It certainly is an unclean habit. Does the reader remember the fine scene in "Shirley," in which the lover soliloquizes in Shirley's own boudoir, just after that "stainless virgin" has gone out? She had gone away suddenly, it appears, and left disorder behind her; but every object bore upon it the legible inscription, *I belong to a lady!* "Nothing sordid, nothing soiled," says Louis Moore. "Look at the pure kid of this little glove, at the fresh, unsullied satin of the bag." This is one of those happy touches of the great artist which convey more meaning than whole paint-pots of common coloring. What a pleasing sense it gives us of the sweet cleanness of the high-bred maiden! If smokers were to be judged by the

places they have *left*,—by the smoking-car after a long day's use, by the dinner-table at which they have sat late, by the bachelor's quarters when the bachelor has gone down town,—they must be rated very low in the scale of civilization.

We must admit, too, I think, that smoking dulls a man's sense of the rights of others. Horace Greeley is accustomed to sum up his opinion upon this branch of the subject by saying: "When a man begins to smoke, he immediately becomes a hog." He probably uses the word "hog" in two senses: namely, *hog*, an unclean creature; and *hog*, a creature devoid of a correct sense of what is due to other creatures. "Go into a public gathering," he has written, "where a speaker of delicate lungs, with an invincible repulsion to tobacco, is trying to discuss some important topic so that a thousand men can hear and understand him, yet whereinto ten or twenty smokers have introduced themselves, a long-nine projecting horizontally from beneath the nose of each, a fire at one end and a fool at the other, and mark how the puff, puffing gradually transforms the atmosphere (none too pure at best) into that of some foul and pestilential cavern, choking the utterance of the speaker, and distracting (by annoyance) the attention of the hearers, until the argument is arrested or its effect utterly destroyed." If these men, he adds, are not blackguards, who are blackguards? He mitigates the severity of this conclusion, however, by telling an anecdote: "Brethren," said Parson Strong, of Hartford, preaching a Connecticut election sermon, in high party times, some fifty years ago, "it has been charged that I have said every Democrat is a horse-thief; I never did. What I *did* say was only that every horse-thief is a Democrat, and *that* I can prove." Mr. Greeley challenges the universe to produce a genuine blackguard who is not a lover of the weed in some of its forms, and promises to reward the finder with the gift of two white blackbirds.

Mr. Greeley exaggerates. Some of the best gentlemen alive smoke, and some of the dirtiest blackguards do not; but most intelligent smokers are conscious that the practice, besides being in itself unclean, dulls the smoker's sense of cleanliness, and, what is still worse, dulls his sense of what is due to others, and especially to what is due to the presence of ladies.

The cost of tobacco ought perhaps to be considered before we conclude whether or not it pays to smoke; since every man who smokes, not only pays his share of the whole expense of the weed to mankind, but he also supports and justifies mankind in incurring that expense. The statistics of tobacco are tremendous, even to the point of being incredible. It is gravely asserted, in Messrs. Ripley and Dana's excellent and most trustworthy Cyclopædia, that the consumption of cigars in Cuba—the mere consumption—amounts to ten cigars per day for every man, woman, and child on the island. Besides this, Cuba exports two billions of cigars a year, which vary in price from twenty cents each (in gold) to two cents. In the manufacture of Manilla cheroots,—a small item in the trade,—the labor of seven thousand men and twelve hundred women is absorbed. Holland, where much of the tobacco used in smoky Germany is manufactured, employs, it is said, one million pale people in the business. In Bremen there are four thousand pallid or yellow cigar-makers. In the United States the weed exhausts four hundred thousand acres of excellent land, and employs forty thousand sickly and cadaverous cigar and tobacco makers. In England, where there is a duty upon tobacco of seventy-five cents a pound, and upon cigars of nearly four dollars a pound, the government derives about six million pounds sterling every year from tobacco. The French government gets from its monopoly of the tobacco trade nearly two hundred million francs per annum, and Austria over eighty million francs. It is computed that the world is now producing one

thousand million pounds of tobacco every year, at a *total* cost of five hundred millions of dollars. To this must be added the cost of pipes, and a long catalogue of smoking conveniences and accessories. In the London Exhibition there were four amber mouth-pieces valued at two hundred and fifty guineas each. A plain, small, serviceable meerschaum pipe now costs in New York seven dollars, and the prices rise from that sum to a thousand dollars; but where is the young man who does not possess one? We have in New York two (perhaps more) extensive manufactories of these pipes; and very interesting it is to look in at the windows and inspect the novelties in this branch of art? In Vienna men earn their living (and their dying too) by smoking meerschaums for the purpose of starting the process of "coloring." Happily, the high price of labor has hitherto prevented the introduction of this industry into America.

An inhabitant of the United States who smokes a pipe only, and good tobacco in that pipe, can now get his smoking for twenty-five dollars a year. One who smokes good cigars freely (say ten a day at twenty cents each) must expend between seven and eight hundred dollars a year. Almost every one whose eye may chance to fall upon these lines will be able to mention at least one man whose smoking costs him several hundred dollars per annum,—from three hundred to twelve hundred. On the other hand, our friend the hod-carrier can smoke a whole week upon ten cents' worth of tobacco, and buy a pipe for two cents which he can smoke till it is black with years.

All this inconceivable expenditure — this five hundred millions per annum — comes out of the world's surplus, that precious fund which must pay all the cost, both of improving and extending civilization. Knowledge, art, literature, religion, have to be supported out of what is left after food, clothes, fire, shelter, and defence have all been paid for. If the surest test of civilization,

whether of an individual or of a community, is the use made of surplus revenue, what can we say of the civilization of a race that expends five hundred millions of dollars every year for an indulgence which is nearly an unmitigated injury? The surplus revenue, too, of every community is very small; for nearly the whole force of human nature is expended necessarily in the unending struggle for life. The most prosperous, industrious, economical, and civilized community that now exists in the world, or that ever existed, is, perhaps, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Yes, take it for all in all, Massachusetts, imperfect as it is, is about the best thing man has yet done in the way of a commonwealth. And yet the surplus revenue of Massachusetts is only set down at three cents a day for each inhabitant; and out of this the community has to pay for its knowledge, decoration, and luxury. Man, it must be confessed, after having been in business for so many thousands of years, is still in very narrow circumstances, and most assuredly cannot afford to spend five hundred millions a year in an injurious physical indulgence.

It is melancholy to observe what a small, mean, precarious, grudging support we give to the best things, if they are of the kind which must be sustained out of our surplus. At Cambridge the other day, while looking about among the ancient barracks in which the students live, I had the curiosity to ask concerning the salaries of the professors in Harvard College, — supposing, of course, that such learned and eminent persons received a compensation proportioned to the dignity of their offices, the importance of their labors, and the celebrity of their names. Alas! it is not so. A good reporter on the New York press gets just about as much money as the President of the College, and the professors receive such salaries as fifteen and eighteen hundred dollars a year. The very gifts of inconsiderate benefactors have impoverished the college, few of whom, it

seems, have been able to give money to the institution ; most of them have merely *bought* distinction from it. Thus professorships in plenty have been endowed and *named*; but the college is hampered, and its resources have become insufficient, by being divided among a multitude of objects. I beg the reader, the next time he gives Harvard University a hundred thousand dollars, or leaves it a million in his will, to make the sum a *gift*, — a gift to the trustees, — to be expended as *they* deem best for the general and permanent good of the institution, and not to neutralize the benefit of the donation by conditions dictated by vanity. Yale, I have since learned, is no better off. At all our colleges, it seems, the professors either starve upon twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year, or eke out a subsistence by taking pupils, or by some other arduous extra labor. But what wonder that learning pines, when we every year waste millions upon millions of the fund out of which alone learning can be supported !

It is so with all high and spiritual things. How the theatre languishes ! There are but four cities in the United States where a good and complete theatre could be sustained. In the great and wealthy city of New York there has never been more than one at a time, nor always one. How small, too, the sale of good books, even those of a popular cast ! One of the most interesting works ever published in the United States is the "Life of Josiah Quincy," by his son Edmund Quincy. It is not an abstruse production. The narrative is easy and flowing, interspersed with well-told anecdotes of celebrated men, — Washington, Lafayette, John Adams, John Randolph, Hancock, Jefferson, and many others. Above all, the book exhibits and interprets, in the most agreeable manner, a triumphant human life ; showing how it came to pass that Josiah Quincy, in this perplexing and perilous world, was able to live happily, healthily, honorably, and usefully for ninety-three years ! Splendid triumph of civilization ! Ninety-

three years of joyous, dignified, and beneficial existence ! One would have thought that many thousands of people in the United States would have hurried to their several bookstores to bear away, rejoicing, a volume recounting such a marvel, the explanation of which so nearly concerns us all. The book has now been published three months or more, and has not yet sold more than three thousand copies ! Young men cannot waste their hard-earned money upon a three-dollar book. It is the price of a bundle of cigars !

Mr. Henry Ward Beecher has recently told us, in one of his "Ledger" articles, how he earned his first ten dollars, and what he did with it. While he was a student in Amherst he was invited to deliver a Fourth-of-July temperance address in Brattleboro', forty miles distant. His travelling expenses were to be paid ; but the brilliant scheme occurred to him to walk the eighty miles, and earn the stage fare by saving it. He did so, and received by mail after his return a ten-dollar bill, — the first ten dollars he had ever possessed, and the first money he had ever earned. He instantly gave a proof that the test of a person's civilization is the use he makes of his surplus money. He spent the whole of it upon an edition of the works of Edmund Burke, and carried the volumes to his room, a happy youth. It was not the best choice, in literature, perhaps ; but it was one that marked the civilized being, and indicated the future instructor of his species. Suppose he had invested the sum (and we all know students who would make just that use of an unexpected ten-dollar bill) in a new meerschaum and a bag of Lone-Jack tobacco ! At the end of his college course he would have had, probably, a finely colored pipe, — perhaps the prettiest pipe of his year ; but he would not have had that little "library of fifty volumes," the solace of his coming years of poverty and fever and ague, always doing their part toward expanding him from a sectarian into a man of the world, and lifting him from the

slavery of a mean country parish toward the mastership of a metropolitan congregation. His was the very nature to have been quenched by tobacco. If he had bought a pipe that day, instead of books, he might be at this moment a petty D.D., preaching safe inanity or silly eccentricity in some obscure corner of the world, and going to Europe every five years for his health.

We all perceive that smoking has made bold and rapid encroachments of late years. It is said that the absurdly situated young man who passes in the world by the un-descriptive name of the Prince of Wales smokes in drawing-rooms in the presence of ladies. This tale is probably false; scandalous tales respecting conspicuous persons are so generally false, that it is always safest and fairest to reject them as a matter of course, unless they rest upon testimony that ought to convince a jury. Nevertheless, it is true that smoke is creeping toward the drawing-room, and rolls in clouds where once it would not have dared to send a whiff. One reason of this is, that the cigar, and the pipe too, have "got into literature," where they shed abroad a most alluring odor. That passage, for example, in "*Jane Eyre*," where the timid, anxious Jane, returning after an absence, scents Rochester's cigar before she catches sight of his person, is enough to make any old smoker feel for his cigar-case; and all through the book smoke plays a dignified and attractive part. Mr. Rochester's cigars, we feel, must be of excellent quality (thirty cents each, at least); we see how freely they burn; we smell their delicious fragrance. Charlotte Brontë was, perhaps, one of the few women who have a morbid love of the odor of tobacco, who crave its stimulating aid as men do; and therefore her Rochester has a fragrance of the weed about him at all times, with which many readers have been captivated. "*Jane Eyre*" is the book of recent years which has been most frequently imitated, and consequently the circulating libraries are populous with smoking heroes. By-

ron, Thackeray, and many other popular authors have written passages in which the smoke of tobacco insinuates itself most agreeably into the reader's gentle senses.

Many smokers, too, have been made such by the unexplained rigor with which the practice is sometimes forbidden. Forbidden it must be in all schools; but merely forbidding it and making it a dire offence will not suffice in these times. Some of the most pitiable slaves of smoke I have ever known were brought up in families and schools where smoking was invested with the irresistible charm of being the worst thing a boy could do, except running away. Deep in the heart of the woods, high up in rocky hills, far from the haunts of men and school-masters (not to speak of places less salubrious), boys assemble on holiday afternoons to sicken themselves with furtive smoke, returning at the close of the day to relate the dazzling exploit to their companions. In this way the habit sometimes becomes so tyrannical, that, if the victims of it should give a sincere definition of "vacation," it would be this, "The time when boys can get a chance to smoke every day." I can also state, that the only school I ever knew or heard of in which young men who had formed the habit were induced to break themselves of it was the only school I ever knew or heard of in which all students above the age of sixteen were allowed to smoke. Still, it *must* be forbidden. Professor Charlier, of New York, will not have in his school a boy who smokes even at home in his father's presence, or in the street; and he is right; but it requires all his talents as a disciplinarian and all his influence as a member of society to enforce the rule. Nor would even his vigilance avail if he confined himself to the cold enunciation of the law: Thou shalt not smoke.

To forbid young men to smoke, without making an honest and earnest and skilful attempt to convince their understandings that the practice is pernicious, is sometimes followed by deplorable

consequences. At the Naval Academy at Annapolis, not only is smoking forbidden, but the prohibition is effectual. There are four hundred young men confined within walls, and subjected to such discipline that it is impossible for a rule to be broken, the breaking of which betrays itself. The result is, that nearly all the students chew tobacco, — many of them to very great excess, and to their most serious and manifest injury. That great national institution teems with abuses, but, perhaps, all the other deleterious influences of the place united do less harm than this one abomination.

On looking over the articles upon tobacco in the Encyclopædias, we occasionally find writers declaring or conjecturing that, as smoking has become a habit almost universal, there must be, in the nature of things, a reason which accounts for and justifies it. Accounts for it, *yes*; justifies it, *no*.

So long as man lives the life of a pure savage, he has good health without ever bestowing a thought upon the matter. Nature, like a good farmer, saves the best for seed. The mightiest bull becomes the father of the herd; the great warrior, the great hunter, has the most wives and children. The sickly children are destroyed by the hardships of savage life, and those who survive are compelled to put forth such exertions in procuring food and defending their wigwams that they are always "in training." The pure savage has not the skill nor the time to extract from the wilds in which he lives the poisons that could deprave his taste and impair his vigor. Your Indian sleeps, with scanty covering, in a wigwam that freely admits the air. In his own way, he is an exquisite cook. Neither Delmonico nor Parker nor Professor Blot ever cooked a salmon or a partridge as well as a Rocky Mountain Indian cooks them; and when he has cooked his fish or his bird, he eats with it some perfectly simple preparation of Indian corn. He is an absolutely *unstimulated* animal. The natural working of his internal machinery generates

all the vital force he wants. He is as healthy as a buffalo, as a prize-fighter, as the stroke-oar of a university boat.

But in our civilized, sedentary life, he who would have good health must fight for it. Many people have the insolence to become parents who have no right to aspire to that dignity; children are born who have no right to exist; and skill preserves many whom nature is eager to destroy. Civilized man, too, has learned the trick of heading off some of the diseases that used to sweep over whole regions of the earth, and lay low the weakest tenth of the population. Consequently, while the average duration of human life has been increased, the average tone of human health has been lowered. Fewer die, and fewer are quite well. Very many of us breathe vitiated air, and keep nine tenths of the body quiescent for twenty-two or twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four. Immense numbers cherish gloomy, depressing opinions, and convert the day set apart for rest and recreation into one which aggravates some of the worst tendencies of the week, and counteracts none of them. Half the population of the United States violate the laws of nature every time they take sustenance; and the children go, crammed with indigestion, to sit six hours in hot, ill-ventilated or unventilated school-rooms. Except in a few large towns, the bread and meat are almost universally inferior or bad; and the only viands that are good are those which ought not to be eaten at all. At most family tables, after a course of meat which has the curious property of being both soft and tough, a wild profusion of ingenious puddings, pies, cakes, and other abominable trash, beguiles the young, disgusts the mature, and injures all. From bodies thus imperfectly nourished, we demand excessive exertions of all kinds.

Hence, the universal craving for artificial aids to digestion. Hence, the universal use of stimulants, — whiskey, Worcestershire sauce, beer, wine, coffee, tea, tobacco. This is the only reason I can discover in the nature of

things here for the widespread, increasing propensity to smoke. As all the virtues are akin, and give loyal aid to one another, so are all the vices in alliance, and play into one another's hands. Many a smoker will discover, when at last he breaks the bond of his servitude, that his pipe, trifling a matter as it may seem to him now, was really the power that kept down his whole nature, and vulgarized his whole existence. In many instances the single act of self-control involved in giving up the habit would necessitate and include a complete regeneration, first physical, then moral.

Whether the Coming Man will drink wine or be a teetotaler has not yet, perhaps, been positively ascertained; but it is certain he will not smoke. Nothing can be surer than that. The Coming Man will be as healthy as Tecumseh, as clean as Shirley, and as well groomed as Dexter. He will not fly the female of his species, nor wall himself in from her approach, nor give her cause to prefer his absence. We are not left to infer or conjecture this; we can ascertain it from what we know of the messengers who have announced the coming of the Coming Man. The most distinguished of these was Goethe,—perhaps the nearest approach to the complete human being that has yet appeared. The mere fact that this admirable person lived always unpolluted by this seductive poison is a fact of some significance; but the important fact is, that he *could not* have smoked and remained Goethe. When we get close to the man, and live intimately with him, we perceive the impossibility of his ever having been a smoker. We can as easily fancy Desdemona smoking a cigarette as the highly groomed, alert, refined, imperial Goethe with a cigar in his mouth. In America, the best gentleman and most variously learned and accomplished man we have had,—the man, too, who had in him most of what will constitute the glory of the future,—was Thomas Jefferson, Democrat, of Virginia. He was versed in six languages; he danced, rode, and hunted as well as General

Washington; he played the violin well, wrote admirably, farmed skilfully, and was a most generous, affectionate, humane, and great-souled human being. It was the destiny of this ornament and consolation of his species to raise tobacco, and live by tobacco all his life. But he knew too much to use it himself; or, to speak more correctly, his fine feminine senses, his fine masculine instincts, revolted from the use of it, without any assistance from his understanding.

There is no trace of the pipe in the writings of Washington or Franklin; probably they never smoked; so that we may rank the three great men of America—Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson—among the exempts. Washington Irving, who was the first literary man of the United States to achieve a universal reputation, and who is still regarded as standing at the head of our literature, was no smoker. Two noted Americans, Dr. Nott and John Quincy Adams, after having been slaves of the weed for many years, escaped from bondage and smoked no more. These distinguished names may serve as a set-off to the list of illustrious smokers previously given.

Among the nations of the earth most universally addicted to smoking are the Turks, the Persians, the Chinese, the Spanish,—all slaves of tradition, submissive to tyrants, unenterprising, averse to improvement, despisers of women. Next to these, perhaps, we must place the Germans, a noble race, renowned for two thousand years for the masculine vigor of the men and the motherly dignity of the women. Smoking is a blight upon this valuable breed of men; it steals away from their minds much of the alertness and decision that naturally belong to such minds as they have, and it impairs their bodily health. Go, on some festive day, to "Jones's Woods," where you may sometimes see five thousand Germans—men, women, and children—amusing themselves in their simple and rational way. Not one face in ten has the clear, bright look of health. Nearly all the faces have a certain tallowy as-

pect, — yellowish in color, with a dull shine upon them. You perceive plainly that it is not well with these good people ; they are not conforming to nature's requirements ; they are not the Germans of Tacitus, — ruddy, tough, happy, and indomitable. To lay the whole blame of this decline upon smoking, which is only one of many bad habits of theirs, would be absurd. What I insist upon is this : Smoking, besides doing its part toward lowering the tone of the bodily health, deadens our sense of other physical evils, and makes us submit to them more patiently. If our excellent German fellow-citizens were to throw away their pipes, they would speedily toss their cast-iron sausages after them, and become more fastidious in the choice of air for their own and their children's breathing, and reduce their daily allowance of lager-bier. Their first step toward physical regeneration will be, must be, the suppression of the pipe.

One hopeful sign for the future is, that this great subject of the physical aids and the physical obstacles to virtue is attracting attention and rising into importance. Our philanthropists have stopped giving tracts to hungry people ; at least, they give bread first. It is now a recognized truth, that it takes a certain number of cubic yards for a person to be virtuous in ; and that, consequently, in that square mile of New York in which two hundred and ninety thousand people live, there must be — absolutely *must* be — an immense number of unvirtuous persons. No human virtue or civilization can long exist where four families live in a room, some of whom take boarders. The way to regenerate this New York mile is simply to widen Manhattan Island by building three bridges over the East River, and to shorten the island by making three lines of underground or over-ground railroad to the upper end of it. We may say, too, there are circles — not many, it is true, but some — in which a man's religion would not be considered a very valuable acquisition,

if, when he had "got" it, he keep on chewing tobacco. Such a flagrant and abominable violation of the Creator's laws, by a person distinctly professing a special veneration for them, would be ludicrous, if it were not so pernicious.

The time is at hand when these simple and fundamental matters will have their proper place in all our schemes for the improvement of one another. The impulse in this direction given by the publication of the most valuable work of this century — Buckle's "History of Civilization in England" — will not expend itself in vain. If that author had but lived, he would not have disdained, in recounting the obstacles to civilization, to consider the effects upon the best modern brains of a poison that lulls their noblest faculties to torpor, and enables them languidly to endure what they ought constantly to fight.

It is not difficult to stop smoking, except for one class of smokers, — those whom it has radically injured, and whose lives it is shortening. For all such the discontinuance of the practice will be almost as difficult as it is desirable. No rule can be given which will apply to all or to many such cases ; but each man must fight it out on the line he finds best, and must not be surprised if it takes him a great deal longer than "all summer." If one of this class of smokers should gain deliverance from his bondage after a two years' struggle, he would be doing well. A man who had been smoking twenty cigars a day for several years, and should suddenly stop, would be almost certain either to relapse or fall into some worse habit, — chewing, whiskey, or opium. Perhaps his best way would be to put himself upon half allowance for a year, and devote the second year to completing his cure, — always taking care to live in other respects more wisely and temperately, and thus lessen the craving for a stimulant. The more smoke is hurting a man the harder it is for him to stop smoking ; and almost all whom the

practice is destroying rest under the delusion that they could stop without the least effort, if they liked.

The vast majority of smokers — seven out of every ten, at least — can, without the least danger or much inconvenience, cease smoking at once, totally and forever. I managed it in this way: whenever my time came to smoke, which was four times a day, I drank a good stiff glass of whiskey and water. This I did for two days. On the third day, I drank three times, and on the fourth twice. For about a week after, I drank a little whiskey once a day, whenever the desire to smoke became dangerous, generally after breakfast. Before one bottle of Bourbon had been imbibed, I had forgotten both the pipe and the liquor, and have never since had an uncomfortable desire to indulge in

either. Yet I had been a smoker for thirty years. As I have now given a trial to both sides of the question, I beg respectfully to assure the brotherhood of smokers that it does *not* pay to smoke. It really does not. I can work better and longer than before. I have less headache. I have a better opinion of myself. I enjoy exercise more, and step out much more vigorously. My room is cleaner. The bad air of our theatres and other public places disgusts and infuriates me more, but exhausts me less. I think I am rather better tempered, as well as more cheerful and satisfied. I endure the inevitable ills of life with more fortitude, and look forward more hopefully to the coming years. It did not pay to smoke, but, most decidedly, it pays to stop smoking.

GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION.

SIXTH CHAPTER.

BROTHER HAWKYARD (as he insisted on my calling him) put me to school, and told me to work my way. "You are all right, George," he said. "I have been the best servant the Lord has had in his service for this five-and-thirty year, (O, I have!) and he knows the value of such a servant as I have been to him, (O yes, he does!) and he'll prosper your schooling as a part of my reward. That's what *he* 'll do, George. He 'll do it for me."

From the first I could not like this familiar knowledge of the ways of the sublime inscrutable Almighty, on Brother Hawkyard's part. As I grew a little wiser and still a little wiser, I liked it less and less. His manner, too, of confirming himself in a parenthesis, — as if, knowing himself, he doubted his own word. — I found distasteful. I cannot tell how much these dislikes cost me, for I had a dread that they were worldly.

As time went on, I became a Foundation-Boy on a good Foundation, and I cost Brother Hawkyard nothing. When I had worked my way so far, I worked yet harder, in the hope of ultimately getting a presentation to College and a Fellowship. My health has never been strong (some vapor from the Preston cellar cleaves to me I think), and what with much work and some weakness, I came again to be regarded — that is, by my fellow-students — as unsocial.

All through my time as a Foundation-Boy I was within a few miles of Brother Hawkyard's congregation, and whenever I was what we called a Leave-Boy on a Sunday, I went over there, at his desire. Before the knowledge became forced upon me that outside their place of meeting these Brothers and Sisters were no better than the rest of the human family, but on the whole were, to put the case mildly, as bad as most, in respect of giving short weight in their shops, and not speaking the

truth, — I say, before this knowledge became forced upon me, their prolix addresses, their inordinate conceit, their daring ignorance, their investment of the Supreme Ruler of Heaven and Earth with their own miserable meannesses and littlenesses greatly shocked me. Still, as their term for the frame of mind that could not perceive them to be in an exalted state of Grace was the "worldly" state, I did for a time suffer tortures under my inquiries of myself whether that young worldly-devilish spirit of mine could secretly be lingering at the bottom of my non-appreciation.

Brother Hawkyard was the popular expounder in this assembly, and generally occupied the platform (there was a little platform with a table on it, in lieu of a pulpit) first, on a Sunday afternoon. He was by trade a drysalter. Brother Gimblet, an elderly man with a crabbed face, a large dog's-eared shirt-collar, and a spotted blue neckerchief reaching up behind to the crown of his head, was also a drysalter, and an expounder. Brother Gimblet professed the greatest admiration for Brother Hawkyard, but (I had thought more than once) bore him a jealous grudge.

Let whosoever may peruse these lines kindly take the pains here to read twice my solemn pledge, that what I write of the language and customs of the congregation in question I write scrupulously, literally, exactly from the life and the truth.

On the first Sunday after I had won what I had so long tried for, and when it was certain that I was going up to college, Brother Hawkyard concluded a long exhortation thus: —

"Well, my friends and fellow-sinners, now I told you, when I began, that I did n't know a word of what I was going to say to you, (and no, I did not!) but that it was all one to me, because I knew the Lord would put into my mouth the words I wanted."

("That's it!" From Brother Gimblet.)

"And he did put into my mouth the words I wanted."

("So he did!" From Brother Gimblet.)

"And why?"

("Ah! Let's have that!" From Brother Gimblet.)

"Because I have been his faithful servant for five-and-thirty years, and because he knows it. For five-and-thirty years! And he knows it, mind you! I got those words that I wanted, on account of my wages. I got 'em from the Lord, my fellow-sinners. Down. I said, 'Here's a heap of wages due; let us have something down on account.' And I got it down, and I paid it over to you, and you won't wrap it up in a napkin, nor yet in a towel, nor yet pocket-handkercher, but you'll put it out at good interest. Very well. Now, my brothers and sisters and fellow-sinners, I am going to conclude with a question, and I'll make it so plain (with the help of the Lord, after five-and-thirty years, I should rather hope!) as that the Devil shall not be able to confuse it in your heads. Which he would be overjoyed to do."

("Just his way. Crafty old black-guard!" From Brother Gimblet.)

"And the question is this. Are the Angels learned?"

("Not they. Not a bit on it." From Brother Gimblet, with the greatest confidence.)

"Not they. And where's the proof? Sent ready-made by the hand of the Lord. Why, there's one among us here now, that has got all the Learning that can be crammed into him. I got him all the Learning that could be crammed into him. His grandfather" (this I had never heard before) "was a Brother of ours. He was Brother Parksop. That's what he was. Parksop. Brother Parksop. His worldly name was Parksop, and he was a Brother of this Brotherhood. Then was n't he Brother Parksop?"

("Must be. Could n't help hisself." From Brother Gimblet.)

"Well. He left that one now here present among us to the care of a Brother-Sinner of his, (and that Brother-Sinner, mind you, was a sinner of a

bigger size in his time than any of you, Praise the Lord!) Brother Hawkyard. Me. *I* got him, without fee or reward, — without a morsel of myrrh, or frankincense, nor yet Amber, letting alone the honeycomb, — all the Learning that could be crammed into him. Has it brought him into our Temple, in the spirit? No. Have we had any ignorant Brothers and Sisters that did n't know round O from crooked S, come in among us meanwhile? Many. Then the Angels are *not* learned. Then they don't so much as know their alphabet. And now, my friends and fellow-sinners, having brought it to that, perhaps some Brother present — perhaps you, Brother Gimblet — will pray a bit for us?"

Brother Gimblet undertook the sacred function, after having drawn his sleeve across his mouth, and muttered: "Well! I don't know as I see my way to hitting any of you quite in the right place neither." He said this with a dark smile, and then began to bellow. What we were specially to be preserved from, according to his solicitations, was despoilment of the orphan, suppression of testamentary intentions on the part of a Father or (say) Grandfather, appropriation of the orphan's house-property, feigning to give in charity to the wronged one from whom we withheld his due; and that class of sins. He ended with the petition, "Give us peace!" Which, speaking for myself, was very much needed after twenty minutes of his bellowing.

Even though I had not seen him when he rose from his knees, steaming with perspiration, glance at Brother Hawkyard, and even though I had not heard Brother Hawkyard's tone of congratulating him on the vigor with which he had roared, I should have detected a malicious application in this prayer. Unformed suspicions to a similar effect had sometimes passed through my mind in my earlier school-days, and had always caused me great distress; for they were worldly in their nature, and wide, very wide, of the spirit that had drawn me from Sylvia.

They were sordid suspicions, without a shadow of proof. They were worthy to have originated in the unwholesome cellar. They were not only without proof, but against proof. For was I not myself a living proof of what Brother Hawkyard had done? And without him, how should I ever have seen the sky look sorrowfully down upon that wretched boy at Houghton Towers?

Although the dread of a relapse into a state of savage selfishness was less strong upon me as I approached manhood, and could act in an increased degree for myself, yet I was always on my guard against any tendency to such relapse. After getting these suspicions under my feet, I had been troubled by not being able to like Brother Hawkyard's manner, or his professed religion. So it came about, that, as I walked back that Sunday evening, I thought it would be an act of reparation for any such injury my struggling thoughts had unwillingly done him, if I wrote, and placed in his hands, before going to College, a full acknowledgment of his goodness to me, and an ample tribute of thanks. It might serve as an implied vindication of him against any dark scandal from a rival Brother and Expounder, or from any other quarter.

Accordingly I wrote the document with much care. I may add with much feeling, too, for it affected me as I went on. Having no set studies to pursue, in the brief interval between leaving the Foundation and going to Cambridge, I determined to walk out to his place of business and give it into his own hands.

It was a winter afternoon when I tapped at the door of his little counting-house, which was at the farther end of his long, low shop. As I did so (having entered by the back yard, where casks and boxes were taken in, and where there was the inscription, "Private Way to the Counting-house"), a shopman called to me from the counter that he was engaged.

"Brother Gimblet," said the shopman (who was one of the Brotherhood), "is with him."

I thought this all the better for my purpose, and made bold to tap again. They were talking in a low tone, and money was passing, for I heard it being counted out.

"Who is it?" asked Brother Hawkyard, sharply.

"George Silverman," I answered, holding the door open. "May I come in?"

Both Brothers seemed so astounded to see me that I felt shier than usual. But they looked quite cadaverous in the early gaslight, and perhaps that accidental circumstance exaggerated the expression of their faces.

"What is the matter?" asked Brother Hawkyard.

"Ay! What is the matter?" asked Brother Gimblet.

"Nothing at all," I said, diffidently producing my document. "I am only the bearer of a letter from myself."

"From yourself, George?" cried Brother Hawkyard.

"And to you," said I.

"And to me, George?"

He turned paler, and opened it hurriedly; but looking over it, and seeing generally what it was, became less hurried, recovered his color, and said, "Praise the Lord!"

"That's it!" cried Brother Gimblet. "Well put! Amen."

Brother Hawkyard then said, in a livelier strain: "You must know, George, that Brother Gimblet and I are going to make our two businesses one. We are going into partnership. We are settling it now. Brother Gimblet is to take one clear half of the profits. (O yes! And he shall have it, he shall have it to the last farthing!)"

"D. V.!" said Brother Gimblet, with his right fist firmly clenched on his right leg.

"There is no objection," pursued Brother Hawkyard, "to my reading this aloud, George?"

As it was what I expressly desired should be done, after yesterday's prayer, I more than readily begged him to read it aloud. He did so, and Brother Gimblet listened with a crabbed smile.

"It was in a good hour that I came here," he said, wrinkling up his eyes. "It was in a good hour, likewise, that I was moved yesterday to depict for the terror of evil-doers a character the direct opposite of Brother Hawkyard's. But it was the Lord that done it. I felt him at it, while I was perspiring."

After that, it was proposed by both of them that I should attend the congregation once more, before my final departure. What my shy reserve would undergo, from being expressly preached at and prayed at, I knew beforehand. But I reflected that it would be for the last time, and that it might add to the weight of my letter. It was well known to the Brothers and Sisters that there was no place taken for me in *their* Paradise; and if I showed this last token of deference to Brother Hawkyard, notoriously in despite of my own sinful inclinations, it might go some little way in aid of my statement that he had been good to me, and that I was grateful to him. Merely stipulating, therefore, that no express endeavor should be made for my conversion, — which would involve the rolling of several Brothers and Sisters on the floor, declaring that they felt all their sins in a heap on their left side, weighing so many pounds avoirdupois, as I knew from what I had seen of those repulsive mysteries, — I promised.

Since the reading of my letter, Brother Gimblet had been at intervals wiping one eye with an end of his spotted blue neckerchief, and grinning to himself. It was, however, a habit that Brother had, to grin in an ugly manner even while expounding. I call to mind a delighted snarl with which he used to detail from the platform the torments reserved for the wicked (meaning all human creation except the Brotherhood), as being remarkably hideous.

I left the two to settle their articles of partnership, and count money; and I never saw them again but on the following Sunday. Brother Hawkyard died within two or three years, leaving all he possessed to Brother Gimblet, in

virtue of a will dated (as I have been told) that very day.

Now, I was so far at rest with myself when Sunday came, knowing that I had conquered my own mistrust, and righted Brother Hawkyard in the jaundiced vision of a rival, that I went, even to that coarse chapel, in a less sensitive state than usual. How could I foresee that the delicate, perhaps the diseased, corner of my mind, where I winced and shrank when it was touched, or was even approached, would be handled as the theme of the whole proceedings?

On this occasion it was assigned to Brother Hawkyard to pray, and to Brother Gimblet to preach. The prayer was to open the ceremonies; the discourse was to come next. Brothers Hawkyard and Gimblet were both on the platform; Brother Hawkyard on his knees at the table, unmusically ready to pray; Brother Gimblet sitting against the wall, grinningly ready to preach.

"Let us offer up the sacrifice of prayer, my brothers and sisters and fellow-sinners." Yes. But it was I who was the sacrifice. It was our poor sinful worldly-minded Brother here present who was wrestled for. The now-opening career of this our unawakened Brother might lead to his becoming a minister of what was called The Church. That was what *he* looked to. The Church. Not the chapel, Lord. The Church. No rectors, no vicars, no archdeacons, no bishops, no archbishops in the chapel, but, O Lord, many such in the Church! Protect our sinful Brother from his love of lucre. Cleanse from our unawakened Brother's breast his sin of worldly-mindedness. The prayer said infinitely more in words, but nothing more to any intelligible effect.

Then Brother Gimblet came forward, and took (as I knew he would) the text, My kingdom is not of this world. Ah! But whose was, my fellow-sinners? Whose? Why, our Brother's here present was. The only kingdom

he had an idea of was of this world ("That's it!" from several of the congregation). What did the woman do when she lost the piece of money? Went and looked for it. What should our Brother do when he lost his way? ("Go and look for it," from a Sister.) Go and look for it. True. But must he look for it in the right direction or in the wrong? ("In the right," from a Brother.) There spake the prophets! He must look for it in the right direction, or he could n't find it. But he had turned his back upon the right direction, and he would n't find it. Now, my fellow-sinners, to show you the difference betwixt worldly-mindedness and unworldly-mindedness, betwixt kingdoms not of this world and kingdoms *of* this world, here was a letter wrote by even our worldly-minded Brother unto Brother Hawkyard. Judge, from hearing of it read, whether Brother Hawkyard was the faithful steward that the Lord had in his mind only t' other day, when, in this very place, he drew you the picter of the unfaithful one. For it was him that done it, not me. Don't doubt that!

Brother Gimblet then grinned and bellowed his way through my composition, and subsequently through an hour. The service closed with a hymn, in which the Brothers unanimously roared, and the Sisters unanimously shrieked, at me, that I by wiles of worldly gain was mocked, and they on waters of sweet love were rocked; that I with Mammon struggled in the dark, while they were floating in a second Ark.

I went out from all this with an aching heart and a weary spirit; not because I was quite so weak as to consider these narrow creatures interpreters of the Divine majesty and wisdom; but because I was weak enough to feel as though it were my hard fortune to be misrepresented and misunderstood, when I most tried to subdue any risings of mere worldliness within me, and when I most hoped, that, by dint of trying earnestly, I had succeeded.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GENIUS.

THE finest spirits of all time concur in ascribing their best effects to a higher power. The genial flow of successful production registers itself in our consciousness, as a special grace beyond the command of the private will. The experience of every true artist, of every great poet, prophet, discoverer, of every providential leader of his time, attests the action of an alien force transcending the calculated efforts of the mind, and working the surprises of art and life.

This latent and reserved power in man the Greeks called *δαίμων* (dæmon). Plutarch, in his gossiping discourse on the dæmon of Socrates, reports the vision of one Timarchus, who descended into the cave of Trophonius to consult the oracle on the subject. He there saw spirits which were partly immersed in human bodies, and partly exterior to them, shining luminously above their heads. He was told that the part immersed in the body is called the soul, but the external part is called dæmon. Every man, says the oracle, has his dæmon, whom he is bound to obey; those who implicitly follow that guidance are the prophetic souls, the favorites of the gods. Goethe, in his mysterious way, speaks of the dæmonic in man as a power lying back of the will, and inspiring certain natures with miraculous energy. He disclaims this power for himself, yet in his autobiography represents the poetic faculty dwelling in him as something beyond his control,—as a kind of obsession.

It is this involuntary, incalculable force that constitutes what we call *genius*. The word was originally synonymous with the *δαίμων* of the Greeks. It denoted a guardian power beyond the consciousness and above the will of the individual,—a power which determined and controlled his action, but over which he had no control. It is comparatively a recent use to speak of genius as a quality of mind; a power

possessed by, instead of a power possessing. We still make use of the phrase “good genius” in the sense of guardian spirit.

Genius is the higher self, and common to all men. What, then, distinguishes men of genius, so called, from the rest of mankind? We may suppose that the higher self is more active in some than in others, or that it finds more docile subjects. Or we may suppose that its quality differs with different individuals. I only contend that genius is not a special faculty which he who has it employs at will, as the painter his brush or the sculptor his chisel, but the higher nature, the man of the man.

It is not, however, of genius as a psychological principle, but of genius as an intellectual phenomenon,—of genius as manifested in science, art, life,—that I wish to speak.

So viewed, its great and distinguishing characteristic is originality. In the etymology of the word lies the sense of productive force, and in vulgar opinion it stands for originating power. In science it appears as discovery and invention, always as newness. It is the mediator between the known and the unknown, the possible and impossible. In science, as in nature, there is always a leap from stage to stage. The beginning of the animal is not the organic sequent of the vegetable kingdom, nor the viviparous animal of the oviparous, nor man of the chimpanzee. At each stage there is a lift between successive orders, a break in the sequence where plastic Nature interpolates a new thought; and the *præsens numen* makes the bridge from kind to kind. The history of intellectual genesis exhibits similar interpolations. The succession between old and new, in science and art, is not a mechanical sequence, but a lift and a leap. The transition from stage to stage is not the measured increment of an arith-

metrical series, but a mediation of originating genius. Genius is the bridge-builder, the *pontifex maximus*, in the passage from period to period in science and art.

Such a bridge was built by Kepler, for the science of astronomy, which, after the pregnant conjecture of Copernicus, had come to a stand in the sixteenth century. Tycho Brahé had accumulated at his observatory a mass of facts which he wanted the wit to apply to further progress, still maintaining, in spite of Copernicus, the earth's immobility. Kepler saw these facts, and in his productive imagination they immediately germinated into new discoveries. A discrepancy of eight minutes between the position of Mars as noted by Brahé, and that which it should have had as calculated by the Copernican hypothesis, suggested to him the ellipse as the true orbit of planetary motion. With this discovery, to which he added that of the equal areas in equal times of the *radius vector*, and the true proportion of the times of revolution to the distances of the planets from the sun, he inaugurated the new era in astronomy. Kepler's "Three Laws" are the three arches of the bridge by which the sublimest of the sciences crossed the gulf from the Ptolemaic to the modern system.

In later time, when Laplace by victorious arithmetic had solved the portentous problems of the *Mécanique Céleste*, and reduced to order the seeming irregularities of the heavenly bodies, when every planet but one was exactly timed in sidereal horology; when even the revolution of distant Saturn was computed to the day, the hour, the very second of his arrival at the home station after an annual journey of nearly thirty earthly years,—Uranus alone defied arithmetic, and refused to conform to the time set down for him on the heavenly dial. No calculus could fix this extreme member of the spherul school, no equation could dispose of his rebellious eccentricity. "What ails the refractory planet?" asked the star-timing sentinels of science, at their

watch-posts. There was a chasm between Uranial and cis-Uranial astronomy. A bridge was needed to span that gulf. Who will build the bridge from Saturn to Uranus? Then said Leverrier, "That bridge must be a planet." And he set himself to work to construct a planet. It must be of such and such dimensions, it must be at such and such distances from the sun and other planets, it must have such and such periods of rotation and revolution. And now, gentlemen at the sentinel-posts of science, your bridge is ready; and if, at a certain hour of a certain night you will turn your telescopes on a certain quarter of the heavens, you will see a planet which was never yet noted by terrestrial eye. And the sentinels pointed their tubes, and saw Neptune emerge from the upper deep, and respond with ray serene to the searching interrogatory of his brother orb.

But before the problems of the *Mécanique Céleste* could be solved, a higher arithmetic was required than any known to ancient science. The methods employed by the old astronomers were not applicable to these new exigencies. A bridge was needed between the old computation and the new problems. That bridge was furnished by Leibnitz, the mathematical genius of the seventeenth century. He examined the methods then in use for determining the values of unknown and variable quantities; and found that by considering number as continuous, and of gradual growth, the process might be simplified, and the values of unknown quantities ascertained by equations established between their derivatives, instead of directly between themselves. The result was the infinitesimal calculus,—the serviceable tool without which astronomy could not have achieved its greatest triumphs.

Richer than science itself in illustrations of originating genius is the application of science to art. Art is the issue to which science necessarily tends. As spirit cannot remain spirit in unconditioned abstraction, but is bound to

precipitate itself in material creations ; so knowledge rushes into life, and science hastens to realize itself in art. In whatever department of scientific inquiry, however remote from practical life, a new fact is discovered, the genius of humanity will sooner or later translate that fact into use.

In 1820 a Danish professor, in the midst of a lecture on electricity, was suddenly seized with a thought which so overwhelmed him that he straightway closed his delivery, adjourned with his class from the lecture-room to the laboratory, there to test his idea by a practical experiment. The experiment demonstrated that the electric current is accompanied by a magnetic circulation, and exerts, under certain conditions, a determining influence on the direction of the magnetic needle. In a word, he discovered electro-magnetism. Twelve years later, an American artist returning from Europe hears a fellow-passenger in the home-bound packet-ship recount some experiments with the electro-magnet recently witnessed in Paris. He conceives the idea that the rapid transmission of electricity might be turned to account in the communication of intelligence. After several fruitless experiments, he succeeds in constructing a machine by which the action of the electro-magnet on a lever puts in motion an iron pen, and deposits marks which, used as equivalents of alphabetic signs, produce on paper an intelligible record. Another twelve years, and a message is sent from Baltimore to Washington by this miraculous agent. Meanwhile the pregnant idea has fructified abroad ; lightning has become a medium of communication between the capitals of Europe ; England builds a colossal steamship, which having miscarried in every other enterprise, and conjugated in her brief history all the moods and tenses of failure, serves at last a providential purpose in threading the Atlantic with an insulating cable which binds the hemispheres in social converse. In less than fifty years from the date of Oersted's experiment, the Old World is

wired to the New ; continent converses with continent by electro-magnetism. At this rate, how long will it be before the whole earth, girdled round and round with electric lines of intelligence, shall repair the disaster of Babel, and have all her children united once more in conscious communication ?

One more illustration of the many which suggest themselves. There has grown up of late an art which, though strictly mechanical in its methods, is nearly allied to beautiful art in its products, and surpasses beautiful art in its faithful rendering of nature,—the art by which the sun is made to copy and fix the pictures he paints on the eye. When we gaze on a beautiful or beloved object which time and distance must soon remove, the desire arises to have what is next to the object itself,—the “counterfeit presentment” that shall reproduce the image when the original is withdrawn. The frolic grace of childhood, the radiant bloom of youth, are charms which the swift years are hastening to obliterate. The fond parent whose house these visions of beauty bless is anxious to preserve in the impress what he cannot retain in the life. The tourist bound for distant lands, intending protracted absence, would fain leave behind some image of himself that may represent him in the home circle, and take with him the images of his beloved. The same tourist bound for home desires some memorial that shall reproduce for him in after years the scenes and wonders of foreign lands. The painter's art may, to some extent, supply these wants, for such as are able to command its service. But the products of pencil and brush are luxuries not accessible to all. A cheaper artist has been secured for these occasions. The same celestial limner that painted the originals is engaged by modern invention to repeat the picture in miniature and portable form. Photography answers the demand of unerring accuracy in the product, with the smallest cost in the process. The history of this invention illustrates the opportuneness of genius

in the application of science to art. The art of photography was impossible until chemistry, the most recent of the sciences, had discovered the physical fact on which it is based. No sooner was the fact discovered than genius was ready to appropriate and translate it into use. It was near the close of the last century that Senebier, investigating the laws of vegetable processes, discovered that the light of the sun is required to enable the leaves of plants to fix the carbon and disengage the oxygen of the earth's atmosphere. Subsequent experiments, suggested by this discovery, established the fact that the violet rays of the prismatic spectrum, and those which bound it on the outer side, possess the property of blackening chloride of silver. To ordinary minds there was no particular significance in this fact, no relation to pictorial art. But the genius of Daguerre came in contact with it. He saw in it the germ of a new and wondrous invention; saw in it the possibility of pictures painted by the light,—copies of its own originals,—and gave us in the photograph a bridge of triumph from the laboratory to the easel. By means of this invention, which renders with impartial fidelity every trait in nature and art, the tourist brings home the lands he visits, in his portfolio. Venice and Rome, Switzerland and the Rhine, are sold at the print-shops, and Europe may be seen without the inconvenience of seasickness.

In beautiful art, as in mechanical, the mark of genius is still originality. And here this trait is most conspicuous in the great transitions by which art passes from its rude and elementary stages to its full development,—transitions which culminate in some marked individual, who bursts the trammels of convention, and leads his age by one decisive step from bondage to freedom. Such a deliverer was Praxiteles, when he set before his countrymen the daring novelty of the Cnidian Venus, proclaiming the complete beauty of the human form, and proving that beauty

undraped and unadorned, to the eye of the spirit, is sufficient covering. Such a deliverer was Leonardo, who emancipated art from the bonds of Umbrian spiritualism, and instaurated simple humanity in the schools of Italy.

Next to originality, the most distinctive characteristic of genius is a right proportion between the productive and regulative forces of the mind. A certain exceptional amount of intellectual vigor being presupposed, what most distinguishes minds of the first from those of a lower order is that due command of their powers which precludes all wildness and excess, and secures for their works the crowning grace of proportion. The mind of man, like the planet he inhabits, and like all the great agencies of nature, is bipolar. It has its positive pole and its negative,—antagonist forces, which, for want of a better designation, we will call Imagination and Reflection. Imagination is the positive force, reflection the negative; imagination creates, reflection limits and defines. The one gives the stuff, the other the form. Imagination, although the most exalted of the intellectual powers, is also the most universal. It is the first faculty which the infant exercises, and the last to become extinct in old age. Its universality is seen in dreams. The clown dreams as well as the poet; and the dreams of either are just as poetic at one time, and just as absurd at another. Dreaming is an act of pure imagination, attesting in all men a creative power which, if it were available in waking, would make every man a Dante or a Shakespeare. Our night-history is a series of poetic compositions, each one of which, however absurd as a whole, contains, perhaps, some one passage or trait which would make the fortune of a work of art. But though the raw capacity is universal, the trained faculty is peculiar. Out of this unorganized prose imagination the conscious artistic power must develop itself, like the winged bird from the senseless egg. The artist differs from the common man, not so much in the amount

of mind possessed as in the amount taken up into consciousness. Imagination alone does not constitute genius. There may be an excess of that element, unbalanced by the regulative powers. "Men of unbounded imagination," says Dryden, "often want the poise of judgment." In actual life, that excess produces or rather constitutes insanity, — a phenomenon very similar to that of dreaming. The maniac, like the dreamer, is taken out of his true position in space and time. But the reason of the disturbance is not the same in both. In the maniac the imagination, owing to some morbid action of the brain, overrules the impressions derived through the senses; in the dreamer the predominance of the imagination arises from the torpid state of the sentient organs. The dreamer is a madman quiescent, the madman is a dreamer in action.

In intellectual efforts, the excess of imagination over the negative faculty shows itself in overstrained and fantastic productions, in poetic "ambition that o'erleaps its self." Phaeton, in the Greek mythology, borrows the sun-chariot, but, unable to guide the steeds, is hurried away by them to his own destruction. There are Phaetons in every walk of life, — men of great capacity and vast ambition, who fail in serious undertakings for lack, as we say, of "judgment," that is, of negative power. They are carried away by great conceptions which they are unable to manage and bring to successful execution. They have the positive element of genius, imagination; but want reflection, — that reaction of the mind on its own forces which fixes their limits, and binds them with law and form. Unlimited force is force without effect. The sun's rays would be powerless without the refracting and reflecting planets, which oppose their denser spheres to the prodigal efflux. The planets would fly asunder, and be dissipated in nebulae, without the centripetal force, which negatives their eager striving for limitless expansion. The vegetable growths of the earth would

exhaust themselves in rank excess of leaf and stalk, and never ripen into fruit, were it not for the concentrative power which checks this overgrowth, and, reducing the volume for the sake of the product, collects the luxuriant juices of the plant into edible pulp and marrow. What the centripetal power is to the planet, what concentration is to the plant, that reflection is to the mind, — the power which sets bounds, which corrects and defines, which moulds and perfects and renders available the raw material of imagination.

For want of this negative power, unbalanced minds become the victims of their own ideality. Like the magician's apprentice in Goethe's deep fable, they are drowned by the spirits they evoke. As artists, as poets, they often astonish, but never satisfy. They lacerate the soul with over-excitement. But genius is always self-possessed. The masters in art know how to lay as well as to summon; they command the spirits they conjure, and dismiss them promptly when their work is done.

" In die Ecke
Besen ! Besen !
Seid's gewesen ! "

They never harrow with excessive emotion. Whatever horrors their subject may bring, the general harmony is not disturbed. If they summon Furies, as in the Eumenides and in Macbeth, they put music in their mouths and a solemn measure in their feet. If they picture deeds of violence, as in Othello, they half envelop them in their own deep shadows. They "use all gently"; "in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind" of their "passion," they "acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." Whether dealing with elemental fury or wielding the lightnings of vengeance, they never transgress the severe boundary line of beauty, and "o'erstep not the modesty of nature." With the grandest themes they combine the most diligent details. For genius is quite as apparent in elaboration as in conception. It has not only to create the soul of a work, but to mould, part by part, the body that soul

is to inhabit. The flow of thought and feeling, when tending to issues the most tremendous, must be guided with studied care and measured strokes through subtleties the most perplexing; through the marble folds of tangled serpents to Laocoön-struggles, through difficult flesh-tints and anatomical processes to miracles of pictured passion, through rhythmic cadences and dexterous balance of feet and accent to Aias's grief and Lear's despair. In works like these, where passion gives soul to art, and art gives form to passion, true genius unites intense fervor with intenser calm, the fiercest glow of conception with the utmost sobriety of judgment. However imagination may soar, reason must hold it in check. However passion may seethe and foam, a reconciling thought must span the tumult, as the rainbow spans Niagara.

Genius should be carefully discriminated from talent, with which it is apt to be confounded. Talent sometimes culminates into the altitude of genius, but is never at home on those august heights. It is the forced hyperbole of the rocket, not the easy swell of *Mo-nad-noc*. Talent is some one faculty unusually developed; genius commands all the faculties. The one is a distinct quality; the other, the entire man. Talent manufactures; genius creates. From a summer full of roses and berries talent concocts its essences and preserves; but genius is the summer itself, which grows the roses and berries of its own fecundity. Talent is phenomenal, a spectacle which we contemplate as something foreign and external; but genius makes us a party to its doings, it carries us with it like the course of things. Works of talent are accidental; they might not have happened, or might be other than they are, without seriously affecting the issues of life. But works of genius seem a necessity of nature,—as if they could not be other than they are, and could not but have been. I can as easily imagine Italy or England left out of the map of Europe as I can the *Divina Commedia* or Ham-

let expunged from the world's literature. Talent egotizes, and is always reminding you of itself; it is always conscious. But genius, sufficient to itself, never seems to know what it does. Like nature, it informs its creations with a spirit everywhere present, but nowhere egotistically prominent. Like nature, it works with equal ease and equal satisfaction in the highest and the lowest, and never seems in one thing more than another to take either pleasure or pride. It performs trifles with an air which makes them seem great, and performs wonders with an air which makes them seem trifles. With equal hand it dispenses thunderbolts and thistle-down; thinks as much of the robin's note as it does of the ocean's roar, as much of the daisy in the rock-cleft as it does of the cataract by whose spray it is nourished. It makes the most refractory problems seem absurdly easy, so adroit the simplicity with which it handles them,—as men of great muscular strength make the bodies they lift seem divested of their gravity. We wonder less at the ready solution than we do at our own stupidity, which failed to discover it. As in the story of Columbus and the egg, while school-learning ponders and plods, genius, with easy assurance, marches straight to the goal.

What somnambulism is to ordinary sleep, that genius is to ordinary waking,—a conscious clairvoyance, as somnambulism is an unconscious one. It is a higher waking; it dissolves the dream-band, which in ordinary men interposes between the subject and the object, lifts the heavy lid, and informs with new and sincere perceptions the quickened sense. Something of prophetic insight is proper to it. When Copernicus propounded the *sol*-central hypothesis, astronomers objected that, if his position were correct, Venus ought to have phases like the moon. Copernicus, nothing abashed, admitted the inference, but immediately added, that, if men should ever come to see Venus more distinctly, they would find that she had phases. This was before

the invention of the telescope. When that instrument was given to science, one of its earliest fruits was the discovery of the phases of Venus. The composition of the diamond was conjectured by Newton on theoretic grounds, before it was ascertained by Lavoisier; and Goethe, in his Morphology, is said to have anticipated some of the leading discoveries of modern science.

Genius, in close *rapport* with nature, discovers new expressions in the old familiar face of things, and so enlarges the vocabulary of metaphor. Until Shakespeare spoke of moonlight sleeping, the peculiar expression of a lunar reflection had never been exactly defined. Now that the word has been spoken, we wonder that any other could ever have been applied to it. "Who," says Coleridge, "has not a thousand times seen snow fall upon water? Who has not watched it with a new feeling from the time when he read Burns's comparison of sensual pleasure to

'Snow that falls upon a river, —
A moment white, then gone forever?'"

Above all, genius is humane. It esteems nothing common or unclean; it is no respecter of persons. In politics it is oftenest found on the side of the people, as against exclusive and prescriptive rights. Talent is exclusive, because conventional. Holding not of original nature, but of custom, it exaggerates the artificial distinctions which custom has established. Genius absolves from the ban of convention; it restores to common life its sacred rights. Wherever it appears, humanity is renewed.

I have spoken of genius as manifest in science and art, but these are by no means its exclusive province. Its characteristics are nowhere more conspicuous than in action. There are deeds which bear its stamp as unmistakably as the masterpieces of art. When Themistocles, by a ruse, cuts off the retreat of the Allies, provokes the enemy's attack, and risks the destinies of

Greece on a single battle; when Cæsar confounds Pompey at Pharsalus with a fourth cohort; when William of Normandy scuttles the ships which have brought him and his counts from the coast of France, shutting up his expedition within the alternative of victory or death; when Arnold von Winkelried at the battle of Sempach breaks the Austrian line by gathering the enemy's lances in his arms; when Cromwell with a stamp of his foot dissolves the Long Parliament "for the glory of God and the good of the people"; when Israel Putnam, at Reading, baffles the British dragoons by urging his horse over the impracticable precipice; when Napoleon I., with forced marches, crosses the Alps, and surprises the Austrians on the plains of Lombardy, — I discern in those acts a power akin to that which makes the greatness of Kepler or Michel Angelo.

In these cases genius appears linked with fortune. And this is one of its characteristics. Genius approves itself by success. It is vain to talk of what this or that person might have been or have done, if only —. The result is the test. What a man does that he is.

"One thing is forever good,
That one thing is success."

And yet there are instances in which something in the nature of genius is manifest in endurance, in passive resistance and negation. Such examples as that of Aristides writing his name on the ballot that was to condemn him; Julius Cæsar, foregoing his revenge on Quintus Ligarius; Cato, self-possessed and self-respecting in the failure of his party, saying, "The victorious cause pleased the gods, but Cato prefers the losing one"; David in his extreme thirst declining the water which his followers had brought him at the risk of their lives; Sir Thomas More refusing to acquiesce in the divorce of Henry VIII., — such examples, I say, exhibit the same quality, in a passive form, which we had learned to admire in its active demonstrations. For genius has its moral side as well as its intellectual. In all the best products

of the intellect there is a moral element, and in every beautiful act there is something of intellectual life. Virtue in its highest form is also a species of genius.

Is it asked to what individuals on the roll of fame the praise of genius is especially due? The question is one which craves liberal handling. It will not bear a peremptory answer. It is a question on which no one likes that another should dogmatize. The number is small of those to whom all will accord the foremost rank in their Valhalla. The stars of first magnitude in the intellectual firmament are soon catalogued. Some dozen names from Homer to Goethe are all that three thousand years of Indo-Germanic culture have inscribed among the *dii majores* of poetry; a few more in science, and as many in the plastic arts. And even within this innermost court of the sanctuary of fame, our grateful homage demands a separate shrine for such as Plato, Michel Angelo, and Shakespeare, who "rear their starry fronts sublime" above the electest heraldry of genius.

In the realms of poetry and art the boundary line which separates genius from talent is more distinctly marked than it is in the world of affairs. Men distinguished by intellectual creations are more easily classed and graded than men of action. But of those who have become eminent in action, there are some who, by virtue of their position, their ability, or their character, are so linked and implicated with the course of events, that their individuality constitutes a crisis in the history of their time. We call them "providential" men. Moses and Solon, Sakya Mouni, Alexander of Macedon, Julius Cæsar, Mohammed, belong to this class. Napoleon I., who fills so large a place in modern history, has been commonly regarded as, among moderns, the highest instance of genius in action. But one fatal deduction invalidates this claim,—the want of final success for himself or his work.

The chained Prometheus, who suffers for heavenly gifts communicated to men, loses nothing of our reverence by "the vulture and the rock"; but the vanquished captive, eating his own heart in an island jail, is a figure that throws too dense a shadow on the pomps of empire and the triumphs of ambition. There was wanting to the genius of Napoleon a Waterloo victory; or, failing that, an early death.

Martin Luther, also and emphatically a providential man, without brilliancy and without grace, possessed many of the radical elements of genius. In him the antagonist forces, the positive and the negative, were signally and marvellously blended and balanced. "He had qualities," says Heine, "which are seldom found united, which we are apt to regard as irreconcilable antagonisms. He was at once a dreamy mystic and a practical man of action; his thoughts had not only wings, but hands; he was not only the pen, but the sword of his time. He was at the same time a scholastic word-thresher and an inspired, God-intoxicated prophet. . . . He was wild as the storm that uproots the oak, and gentle as the zephyr that dallies with the violet. A complete man, I might say an absolute man, one in whom body and spirit were not divided. He had something original, incomprehensible, miraculous, such as we find in all providential men; something awfully *naïf*, blunderingly wise, sublimely narrow; something invincible, dæmonic."

A signal instance of genius in action is the Emperor Charlemagne, the foremost figure in mediæval history. Not even Augustus so completely identified his age with himself. The world of his day was but the circling frame which held this lustrous *solitaire*, the pliant setting of this "Mountain-of-light." In him were united the gallant warrior, the sagacious general, the profound statesman, the wise potentate, the friend of letters and art, the devout Christian and zealous son of the Church. Christendom found in him a champion who compelled at length the

homage of Islam; and when the "Commander of the Faithful" in the East stretched forth his hand with gifts to the commander of the faithful in the West, the civilized world was irradiated by their friendship. A great actor requires a great field. "You cannot," says Harrington, "plant the oak in a flower-pot; she needs the earth for her roots and the heavens for her branches." The empire of Charlemagne repeated in its ample sweep the dominion of the Cæsars of the West. With one foot of his command on the Spanish peninsula and the other on the banks of the Tiber, he rose in colossal grandeur, the noblest man of his millennium, — rose not like "heaven-daring Teneriffe" abrupt from the plain, but lifted Europe with him as he rose; and when he subsided in the final event of the grave, Europe sank with him into long lugubrious mediæval night.

"Dark was the night, and darker rose the morn,
That saw the western earth
Of the divinest presence stript and shorn
It ever woke to birth."

"It seemed beyond the common lawful sway
Of death and nature o'er our kind,
That such a one as he should pass away
And aught be left behind."

To an American jealous of national fame the question presents itself, What is our part and lot in this matter? What have we that may vie with the splendid examples of the Old World? "Brag to me not yet," says Carlyle, "of our American cousins. Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry, and resources I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship or loyally admire has been produced there? Not one; the American cousins have done none of these things." To this peevish judgment no American born will assent, or hesitate to answer with venerated names of military, civil, and scientific renown. In art, if we have nothing that competes with ancient celebrities, we need not shun comparison with living artists

of other lands. But in literature, it must be confessed that, while we excel in productive energy, we are poor in finished products, and can boast of few masterpieces in proportion to the whole amount produced. The national mind is too diffusive as yet to admit of supreme excellence. We have good positive qualities, but want the negative. Our mental energy, like our physical, lacks the restraining power. The consequence is a fatal "too-muchness" in our style. In our haste to "flog creation," we neglect to discipline ourselves. Some sagacious philosopher discovered that gunpowder would make a capital motive-power, if only, he said, we could find out a way to "make it work slower." The American mind is somewhat in the same predicament, subject to the same infirmity of over-haste. Flashy, impatient, unskilled to wait, it does not take conditions enough with it. It shrinks from careful elaboration; it spends itself with a flash. But without careful elaboration literary eminence was never yet attained.

The bane of American genius is popularity, the pursuit and the tyranny of the popular vote. Without the popular vote no American is great or blest. Our heaven is an elective privilege; not to be popular is the American hell. So the custom of the ballot extends its sway over letters and art; no standard of success is acknowledged but a numerical one. So many readers, so many copies sold, so much merit. As if intellectual pre-eminence, like political, could be conferred by the ballot-box. The writer will never prosper with that prosperity which the genuine artist desires, who has the fear of the majority before his eyes, or thinks more of his readers' judgment than his own. The best works are never popular. Milton's *Lycidas* has probably fewer admirers than Poe's *Raven* or Macaulay's *Lays*. M. F. Tupper has a hundred readers to one of Wordsworth. Let him who seeks popularity renounce the higher walks of art. Whoever is conscious in himself of creative power

must make up his mind whether he will please the many or satisfy the few ; whether he will have his pay in puffs and pudding, or in the consciousness of having, like Milton, produced a work which "the world will not willingly let die" ; like Kepler, a work "to be read whether by present or future ages it matters not."

As to the influence of foreign models which is thought by some to act unfavorably on native genius, I can see no hindrance in that direction. European art can no more extinguish ours than the old European could preclude the new, or Sophocles extinguish Schiller. Other minds are to native genius but so much nature, one among the many ingredients in the common soil from which by its own elective chemistry it draws its life.

There is a periodicity in the world of mind as in the world of material na-

ture. Epochs of creative power recur at certain, as yet incalculable, intervals in the course of time. Every zone receives in its turn the full illumination of the sun of history. No doubt this nation will have in its turn, as others before it have had, its golden age of intellectual glory. And when that age arrives, the American poet or prophet or sage who shall worthily represent the mind of this continent, will find his place prepared for him by more commanding antecedents, his work reinforced by ampler resources, than ever yet fell to the lot of genius. The past of two worlds will be his inheritance, their funded experience his capital, their successes and their failures his teachers and guides. His tools will be the perfection of art, his position the fullness of time. Expectant nations will sit at his feet, and the future will date from his word.

ORION.

THREE worlds he wears as bosses on his belt,
 Never ungirded ; mortals theirs lay down ;
 Great Aaron his ; Moses in Moab felt
 The Sovereign Hand his high estate discrown ;
 Kings and great men, or clad in mail or gown,
 Disrobe and die ; but lo ! from year to year
 Those banded worlds the mutual distance own
 Which Adam saw when Night came up the sphere.
 God's golden compasses there measure still.
 Night unto night by this great symbol shows
 Far forth this counsel : Ever be the same,
 Planted by God, and fear no shame, no ill.
 "Canst loose Orion's bands ?"—this to thy foes,
 O faithful soul ! nightly the heavens proclaim.

A WEEK IN SYBARIS.

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1867, was published a short description of the visit I made to Sybaris, at the head of the Gulf of Tarentum, when I was serving on Garibaldi's staff. At the close of that article, I explained the reason why I did not then print my journal of "A Week in Sybaris." The passages which I copied from it have attracted the attention of some friends, who have been curious to see the rest. Some of these passages, indeed, needed the explanation which other extracts would afford.

The remainder of the journal is therefore printed here. It has the fault which all journals have, that their memoranda are apt to be fullest when one has the most time to write, and that they are therefore most barren just at those points of crisis when the writer really has most to tell. This remark will be found near the beginning of "John Adams's Journal," of which it is signally true.

After the passage first copied in the *Atlantic* for July, the journal proceeds as follows.

The *πρόξενος*, Proxenus, as this officer is called, (officer whose business is to care for strangers, quite after the old Athenian system,) was very civil, though a short-metre kind of person, used evidently to affairs in the time of affairs, and to nothing else. He offered Greek at first for talk, as the man had done at the station; but, finding I preferred Italian, fell into that readily. I am too tired to-night, not to say sleepy, to try to write out much of what he told me, or I told him. He was very expeditious, when he heard about the boat, in sending to her relief. He led me to a good map of the city and harbor which hung on the office wall, and in five minutes had sent a despatch which he said would fit out a tug which would bring the old man and the boys up to the city. I offered to go with them.

But he said, no, — that I should be of no use there, — or rather of none which a note from me would not serve as well; and that, as I must have had a fatiguing night, I should be much better off at my inn. I observed he used the telegraph constantly, even sending his own despatches by his own instrument, at his office desk, — writing as readily so as I do these words. In answer to a question of mine, he said there were delivery offices almost everywhere, and that they hardly ever had occasion to use a special messenger. But, when he wanted to send my note to the tug, and afterwards to send me here, he beckoned to his son, a tall, pleasant-looking boy, who brought me, to show me the way.*

The inn covers a good deal of ground for the number of rooms, but there is not a staircase in it. The whole is of one story, as is every other house I have so far seen in Sybaris.† The mistress is a jolly-looking person, who for all her jollity seems careful and thoughtful, and desirous to be of service; and, without worrying me, she has really made me very comfortable. She knocked just now herself, and, in quite a studied speech, said that I was the first American she had ever had here; that she was wholly unacquainted with our customs, but that she would be much obliged to me if I would indicate to her any improvements which the inns of my own country might suggest to me. The poor soul had been at the

* After I knew the Proxenus better, I told him that this ready and constant use of the telegraph was one of the first of their conveniences I noticed. He said the telegraph was an old affair with them, and he wondered other nations had been so slow in copying it; that they used it as long ago as what he called their day of horrors, when Sybaris was crushed by the Crotoniates, more than five centuries before Christ. I was amazed at this, but in their public library afterwards I found in Pliny that that defeat was known at Olympia in Greece on the day it happened, and the same statement is in Cicero *De Naturâ Deorum*. See Pliny, VII. 22. (1), and compare Plutarch in *Paulus Æmilius*.

† Stair-builders are not permitted in the state.

pains to look up "United States" in some book of travels, and had even written to the Proxenus to ask how she should cook pork and beans for me, and what she should give me instead of salt codfish. He had written her a funny note, which she showed me, in which he said that I should be satisfied with pheasants and quails for a day, and that the next day he would tell her.

Experience of my own country indeed! There was not a fly in the room where the *table d'hôte* is served, nor is there in this apartment.* This consists of a pretty, airy sitting-room with a veranda opening from it, and in the next room the bed and its appurtenances. I found on the table pen, ink, and paper, which I never found ready in my own room at the Brevoort; I found in the bedroom a foot-tub, a shower-bath, more towels than I could count, and hot and cold water ready to run for me. I have not smelled a smell since I came into the house, excepting the savory breakfast and dinner which she gave me, and these lovely Italian violets which stand on the writing-table; and, of course, my cigar on the veranda. But I shall write no more. Now we will see if there are any smooth rose-leaves in the beds of Sybaris.

Friday, 9th Kal. Θαγγηλιών. — Everything seems to be new here. Place, language, and all are changed, — and so my old book for these memoranda gave out last night, and I have had to rummage up another from my stores. Fortunately the traps came up from the boat even before I was awake this morning. One does sleep well in such a bed, — without steam-whistles or cockerels or brass-founders. It was as quiet as the mid-country.

The calendar is as new as the book, (of which the paper is not half as good

as the old was). It seems an odd mixture of Italian and Greek, and I do not yet understand it. But I put at the top of the page what the Proxenus tells me to, were it only for practice. This is, he says, the ninth of the Kalends of Thargelion, but he counts it Friday, as I did. For my part, I thought the Greeks had no Kalends; but it would seem that the Sybarites have.

It has been a rainy day, but I have managed with their convenient arrangements here to do about ten times as much as I should have done at home. If I do not get too sleepy, I will go into a little more detail than I have been apt to do since the campaign began. The peculiarity of this place seems to be, that everybody has plenty of time.

I slept late after the excitement of the night before, and if the lady Myrtis's nice mattresses are made of rose-leaves, none of the leaves were crumpled. I rang, as I had been bidden, as soon as I woke; and a ravishing cup of coffee appeared almost on the moment, on the strength of which I dressed slowly, and went down to the *table d'hôte*. Breakfast was very nicely served; but I do not stop to describe it, because some rainy day I will make a chapter on the cookery of Sybaris, so different from that of our Sicilian allies, — alas! so different from the taverns of my beloved New England. While I was at breakfast there came in this clever little note in this pretty Greek *Hand-schrift* from the Proxenus, whose name, it appears, is George: —

[Translation.]

OFFICE OF THE PROXENUS, 1
Sybaris, 9th Ka. Thar. 1

COLONEL INGHAM, &c., &c.: —

DEAR SIR, — The report from Py-lades, chief of boat-builders, is that your boat will require a new stern-post as well as rudder, and that one whole streak on her larboard side must be renewed. She was ordered to the government works last night, and the men undoubtedly went to work on her this morning.

* I put my foot in it afterwards by complimenting my hostess on this. She took the remark as a lady at home would have taken my compliment, had I said at breakfast that I had found no fleas nor worse in my bed. In Sybaris they consider the house-fly a disgusting, unclean beast of prey, and do not tolerate it.

I shall have the pleasure of calling on you at seven minutes after noon, when I shall be relieved from office duty here. If you have no pleasanter engagement, let me take you in my carriage to see our granite quarries and to bathe. We can do this before dinner. My wife will be very happy if you will join our family party at four.

Farewell,

GEORGE, *the Proxenus.*

What his other name is, I do not yet know. They seem to sign like English bishops.

I strayed round a little before noon, and made a little sketch of a seat for passengers waiting for the street railroad cars. At twelve I rendered myself on the hotel veranda, and at seven minutes past the Proxenus drove up in a pretty covered buggy, with a nice little trotting mare. He apologized for the cover; said, if the day had been fine he could have shown me more of the country, but as it rained, why, we must e'en bear it as we could.

We drove first to the granite quarries, which are worked with great precision by a fine-looking set of men,—who have much more of the Lombard, not to say Yankee, look about them in their promptness of movement than I have seen anywhere else in Southern Italy. Then the Proxenus asked me if I were used to swimming as early as this in the season. When I said there were few seasons and few waters in which I did not swim, and that I should greatly enjoy a plunge, he turned his horse's head, and we drove by a charming up-and-down-hill drive, I should think six miles down the old course of the Crastis River till we came to a signal station,—what one might call Watch Hill,—where was a beautiful view of the gulf, grand bluffs, smooth beaches, and a fine surf for bathers. It almost seemed as if we had been expected. A quaint old fisherman fastened the horse to a fence, provided towels, pointed out two little sheds for undressing, and we had a brisk swim in the surf. How delicious

this Mediterranean water is, swept off the Syrtes by that tremendous Euroclydon! I hardly thought yesterday morning that I should be speaking of it so good-naturedly.

Home to dinner. The Proxenus said his wife would excuse my frock-coat. And at his house, at dinner, and in the garden, and on the veranda, I have stayed ever since, till now. The family was charming,—his wife sweet pretty (reminds you of S— G—), and seven children,—four boys, three girls,—my friend James, who showed me the way yesterday, being the second son. He and I are great friends, and his father says I may take him from the office any day when I want a guide. The girls have pretty Greek faces,—the youngest about as big as little Fan-fan, only her name is Anna, say nine years old.

As for the dinner, I leave that till I can write the essay on cookery into which the breakfast is to go. But I do not wonder that that old fellow took his cooks with him when he went from here to Athens.

It was not exactly the family party which the note promised. The Chief Justice was there,—who, if I understand, is the cousin of my hostess,—and his pretty wife; a young man named Joannes Isocrates, whom I accused of being a great-grandson of the orator; and Philip, the brother of the Proxenus. It was a round table for twelve. Some of the children had to sit at a side table, and they were very merry there.

The talk was very ready and free,—generally general; but sometimes I got off into a separate private talk with Kleone—as I shall begin to call George's wife—and with the Chief Justice's wife. Her husband calls her Lois. We sat long at table, spending more than half the time over the fruit and coffee. There was no wine. The dessert, however, had been served in another room than that we ate the meats in. We passed from room to room, as we used to when we dined with Howqua, at Canton. And in the new

room we did not take the same places as before.

I said in the course of talk, that either they were all very much at leisure here, or that I had taken an unconscionable amount of George's time. . . .

[In the original journal follows a passage which has been substantially reprinted in the Atlantic, pp. 75, 76, of the last volume.]

The Chief Justice said that he thought George hardly answered my question. He said that their system compelled everybody to do what he could do best, and to a large extent secured this by inviting people to do what they could do best. A messenger in a public office, for instance, is invariably a man who has legs and a tongue, but who has no arms. That is, if such a place is vacant, search is at once made for some person who shall fill this place well; and if he can show that there is no other place he can fill, on that showing he is almost sure of the appointment. "We have not a copying-clerk in the Court-House," said the Chief Justice, "who has two legs. Most of them in fact have no tongues, which is a convenience." Starting from this, as George had said, it followed that there were no *vauriens*, and of course the amount of work fell lighter on each. But this is not the whole. Custom in part, statute in part, and in part this terrible verdict which they all so dread, — the verdict of *ἀρπαγμός* they call it,* — have so wrought on them that they destroy very little which they have once created. "Time will do that for us," said Philip, laughing. "My rear wall tumbles down fast enough without my helping the fall."

I said I remembered that Judge Merrick said that, if the thousand million men now in the world could be set to work in intelligent organized labor, they could in a generation duplicate the present monuments of the race of men. The existing farms, roads,

bridges, ships, piers, cities, villages, and all the rest, could be produced in one generation. All the other generations have been spent in men's cutting each other's throats, and in destroying what other people have been at work upon.

The Chief Justice said this was undoubtedly true. They tried as far as they could to prevent such waste of life, and to a large extent he thought they succeeded. The solidity of their building is such that they have dwelling-houses which have been occupied as such for two thousand years.

I said that in London they had told me their houses tumbled down in eighty.

"Exactly," said the Chief Justice, "and what a waste that is! When my father was in London, they were greatly delighted with a system of sewers they had just turned into the Thames. When I was there, they were as much delighted, because they had discovered a method of leading their contents away from the Thames."

"When my father was in Boston," said George, "they were all very proud to show him their success in digging down their highest hill. When I was there, they were building it up to the old height, to make a reservoir on top of it."

"We have come to the conclusion," said the Chief Justice, "that it is rather dangerous interfering much with nature. That is to say, when a large body of men have nestled down in a region, it was probably about what they wanted. If one of them tries to mend, he is apt to mar. We had a fellow over on the Crastis there, who was stingy about using steam-power; so he made a great high dam on the river, — and, by Jupiter, Colonel Ingham, five hundred thousand people lost their fish because that fellow chose to spin cotton a ten-millionth part of a drachma cheaper than the rest of mankind."

"He got *ἀρπαγμός* with a vengeance," growled Philip, who is a little touchy.

"He got *ἀρπαγμός*," said the Chief Justice, "and he had to put in fish-

* The verdict of *ἀρπαγμός* is given on an indictment brought by the state's attorney in a criminal court. It means, "He has taken from a citizen what he cannot restore."

ways. You must take our friend out to see the fish go up his stairways, George. But what happened at Pæstum was worse than that. They had some salt marshes there, — what they called flats. They undertook to fill them up so as to get land in place of water. They got more than they bargained for. They disturbed the natural flow of the currents, and they lost their harbor. Land is plenty in Pæstum now. The last time I was there the population was two owls and four lizards, and there was never a rose within five miles!"

I called him back to this universal occupation, resulting in universal leisure. He said I should understand it better after I had been about a little. I said we had difficulty at both ends, — the poorest people did not know how to work, and the richest people were apt not to want to, and did not know what to do. I said I was at one time asked to become secretary of the "Society for providing Occupation for the Higher Classes." He said, as to the first they clung to the old apprenticeship system. Every child must be taught to do something. If the parents cannot teach, somebody else does. The other difficulty he had seen in travelling, but he did not believe it was necessary. They have here but few very large fortunes transmitted from father to son. They have no such transmission by will, and unless a man has given away his property before his death the state becomes his executor. Of course, in practice, except in cases of sudden death, people are their own executors. Then they give every man and woman who is over sixty-five a small pension, — enough to save anybody from absolute want. They insist on it that this is the most convenient arrangement. They know almost nothing of drunkenness; and what follows is, that everybody does something somewhere.

As the chief explained this to me, I saw his wife and Philip were laughing about something, and when the learned talk was done Philip made her tell me what it was. It was the story of one of

their attempts to save time, which had not succeeded so well. Two or three enterprising fellows, in those arts which rank as the disagreeable necessities, went into partnership, offering to their customers the saving of time gained by getting through the minor miseries together. You sat in 'a chair to have your hair cut, and a dentist at the same time filled your teeth.* Then you were permitted at the same time to have any man up who wanted to read his poems to you, and you could hear them as you sat. While the dentist was rolling up the gold, they had a photograph man ready to take your likeness. Lois declared she would show me a likeness of her husband that was so savage she was sure it was taken there. But of course this was running the thing into the ground. It was only an exaggeration, and did not last after the novelty was gone.

I said they certainly had got the right men in the right places in administration, as far as I had seen, bowing to the Proxenus.

He parried the compliment by pretending to think I meant the railroad people, and said I was right there, that they had a very good staff in the transportation department.

I said that we had tried the experiment, in some cases, of placing idiots in charge of the minor railway stations, and to drive the little railway cabs or flies from such stations. He said he had observed this in America, but he should not think it would work well. I said the passengers generally knew what they wanted, — that we had an excellent class of men as train conductors, and that these idiots must be put somewhere. Yes, he said, but that you never could tell what station might be important; that I might depend upon it it was cheaper in the long run to have a man competent for the full conceivable duty of the place, even if we had to pay him something more.

* I believe a part of the plan was to have a chiropodist look at your feet; but at table they did not speak of that.

About eight o'clock, I bowed myself out. George walked home with me, and we had a cigar on the veranda. They raise their own tobacco, in some cross valleys they have running east and west, and the cigars are splendid, — real *Vuelta d' Abajo*, I should have thought them.

[The close of this day's entry has already been printed, *Atlantic* for July, p. 76.]

Saturday, Θαγγηλιών, 8th Kal. — A fine day. But I find one does not rise very early in the morning.

Spent the morning from nine to twelve with the Chief Justice in court. Business very prompt, very interesting, of which more at another time. I have full notes of all the cases, in the printed briefs which the Judge gave me. At twelve the court closed with absolute promptness. All their public offices of administration work four public hours, as they say. But an office where one calls for information — as the Post-Office, the Public Library, or any of the charities — is open night and day the century round. The Public Library has not been closed, they say, since Herodotus wrote there. They showed me his pen, and the place where he sat. This seems a little mythical. Of course the same people are not on duty. But they say there is no harm in changing clerks on duty. There can be no secrets then, no false accounts, no speculation, and no ruts. At all events, they say, that if a man chooses to go and read at three in the morning, he has a right to; and that the Post-Office is established for the convenience of the citizen, and not for that of the clerks, which certainly seems true.

The Chief Justice, at twelve, said he was at my service; and at my request he took me to the Public Library, where we spent a couple of hours, — of which at another time. We then called at his house, where we found his wife and daughters just entering their carriage. We did not leave his little wagon, but all drove off together. The object was again a bath, with a chowder and fish dinner at a little extemporized sea-

shore place. The drive was charming, and the bath Elysium. The ladies bathed with us. I complimented Mrs. Lois, as I led her down into the surf, on their punctuality, — saying that they had not kept us waiting an instant. But she hardly understood me. "Why should we have kept you?" said she. "I had a despatch at noon from my husband, proposing that we should all start at two." And when I asked if they had been waiting, "Why should we have been waiting?" said she. "We all knew you were not to be at home before two." The Chief Justice laughed and said: "People are so used to punctuality here, that Lois, who is a homebody, hardly knows what you are talking about. The truth is, that, if she had kept you thirty seconds, while she went back for her gloves, she would have been afraid of *ἀρπαγμός*; and these girls, — why, if one of their watches had been a twenty-thousandth part of a second wrong when the ball fell at noon to-day, I should have had no peace till I had bought such a love of a diamond-mounted little repeater that there is at Archippus's." And he laughed at his joke heartily, and the girls said, "O papa!"

Girls and boys, men and women, all swim like fishes, — taught at a very early age. No scholar is permitted to go forward in any school after seven years of age, unless he can swim, just as we require vaccination. "If you mean to be at the charge of training them," said the Chief Justice, "it is a pity to have them drowned just when they are fit for anything." And so we had a brisk, jolly swim, and dressed, and went to old Strepsiades's little cabin, where were fish baked, fish broiled, fish cooked in every which way conceivable, hot from the coals, and we with the real sea appetite. We lounged round on the bluffs and shore for an hour or two, the girls sketched and botanized a little, and by another pretty drive we came home. I took a cup of tea with them, came back here to dress, and they then called for me and took me to a pretty dancing-party.

But I am too tired to write it out to-night. *Xaίpe*.

Sunday, 7th Kal. Tharg. — We have a lovely morning. I have this pretty little note from the charming Kleone, asking me whether I will go to their little parish church or to the more grand cathedral service. Of course I have elected the parish church with them at eleven. Meanwhile, I seize this half-hour to fill out one or two gaps above.

I see I have said nothing about their going and coming. The sidewalks are all well laid; and I have thus far been nowhere, where, on one side of the way at least, there was not one in perfect order. But I can see that they are very much tempted not to walk; and I think they get their exercise more in rowing, swimming, riding, drill, and so on. This shows itself in the fine chests of boys and girls, men and women. Not only are the public conveyances admirable, and dog-cheap, — very rapid too, so that you feel as if you could hardly afford to walk, — but they have any number of little steam dog-carts, which run on the public rail, or, if necessary, on the hard Macadam road. The fuel is naphtha, or what we call petroleum; the engines are really high-pressure, but the discharge-pipe opens into a chamber kept very cold by freezing mixtures, which you can change at any inn. Philip, who told me about these things, says they are used, not so much as being better than horses, but as an economy for that immense class of people who keep no servants, do not choose to be slaves to a coachman, have no one to care for a horse, or indeed do not want the bother. This little steam wagon stands in a shed at the back of the house. Whoever fills the other lamps fills and trims the wicks of their burners. When you sit down to breakfast, you light the lamps. And when your breakfast is done, steam is up, and you can drive directly to your store or office. When you get there, it stands a month if you choose, and

is a bill of expense to nobody. It gives the roads a very brisk look to see these little things spinning along everywhere.

The party, last night, was charming in the freshness and variety and ease of the whole thing. I hope the host and hostess enjoyed it as much as I did, and they seemed to. How queer the effect of this individuality is when you come to see it in costume! Of course the whole thing was Greek. You saw that, from the girls' faces down to the buckles of their slippers. But then the individual right, to which everything I have seen in Sybaris seems dedicated, appeared all through, and fairly made the whole seem like a fancy ball. If I thought of Gell's Greek costumes, it was only to think how he would have stared if anybody had told him that a hundred and fifty miles from Naples, would he only risk the cutting of his throat by brigands, he might see the thing illustrated so prettily. I danced with —

Philip has come to take me to church.

[The substance of the diary for Sunday has been printed in the *July Atlantic*, pp. 79, 80.]

Father Thomas, as they all call him, took me home to his house to dinner. He had one of those little steam wagons which I have described, of which there were sixty-five standing in the grounds around the church. His wife and children went home in a large one. As soon as the doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced, the sexton went round with a lantern and lighted their lamps, and while we stood round talking in the porch, the steam was got up, so that I suppose everybody was off in twenty minutes. Father Thomas said the talk then and there, in the church and in the porch, was one of the most satisfactory parts of the whole service, and was pleased when I quoted *μη ἐγκαταλείποντες τὴν ἐπισυναγωγὴν ἑαυτῶν*.* I said I had never heard the Greek of the Greek

* "Not forsaking the assembling ourselves together."

Testament read in service before. He said that the people all followed, with entire interest and understanding of it, though it is not as near their Greek as our Bible is to modern English, and probably never would be. For they regard their Greek as being better than the Attic Greek of Demosthenes's time, — and of course they will not cede an inch towards the Alexandrianisms of late centuries. "Indeed," said he, "the Academy and the Aristarchs are a deal too stiff about it. They are very hard on us theologues, and seem to me absurd." I said I had been a little dashed in my poor efforts both to speak and to write, instancing the Πλήρον of the horse-cars. He caught my idea at once, and said, "You would have said Πήρες, of course. That is a perfectly fair illustration. Really there are men here who would send you to Coventry* for saying Πήρες, just because that is the Greek of Demosthenes and the New Testament." "But," said I, "it is the Greek of Homer, Hesiod, and your own Herodotus." "It is," said he, "in the manuscripts which come down through Alexandrian copyists, and of course it is very good Greek. But what I mean is, there are plenty of sticklers here who would say that πλήρον was the older form; and they will show you manuscripts in the library which have it, I do not know how many million years old."

Father Thomas's house is one such as they say there are a great many of, which show their only concession to a community system. With all this intense individualism, one can see that Robert Owen would hang himself here. But Father Thomas says this arrangement works well, and is a great economy both in time and money. Four houses, each with its half-acre garden, standing near each other, there is built, just on the corner where the lots meet, a central house, — *μεσοικία*, they call it, — for the common purposes of the four. There is one kitchen, and they unite in

* "To little Thozene" is their proverb. I do not know what either proverb springs from.

hiring one cook, who gets up all the meals for the four several families in their own homes, according to their several directions. There is one large play-room for the children. I asked if there were one nurse; but he said, not generally, though families settled that as they chose. What he laid most stress on was one book-room or library for the four. And certainly this was a lovely room. There were four book-cases, — one on each side, — which held severally the books of the four families. All Father Thomas's were together. But, in the long run, it happened that none of them duplicated the other's books, so far as they kept them in this room. There would be but one Herodotus, one Dante, one Shakespeare, one French Dictionary, for the four. Then this room made a pleasant place of reunion among the families, without mutual invitation, and without the feeling that you might be boring the others. Indeed, I spent the evening there, — as will appear, if this narrative ever comes down to the evening.

In the afternoon I had a long walk with Father Thomas in his parish. We went first to one of the four cathedrals, where he had the three o'clock service. (There are seven services each Sunday in each cathedral, and a daily service on week-days.) The congregation was from all parts of the town and neighborhood, — many people attending there, he said, who never went to any of the parish churches. The different clergymen take these services in order. I should think there were four or five thousand persons here. The service lasted an hour, and he then took me from place to place with him, showing me, as he said, how people lived. And so I have had, in very short time, insight into a wider range of homes than I have ever had in Europe. Everywhere comfort, and the most curious illustrations of what comfort is.

Their system seems to give more definiteness to the work of the clergy and of the churches than ours does. Thus Father Thomas preaches regularly

in the church I was in this morning (τῆς Ζωῆς αἰωνίου is its name, — the Church of Life Eternal). There gather perhaps a hundred families, from all parts of the city and neighborhood. And, as I understand it, his relations to them are much like those of one of our Congregational ministers to his flock, — say Haliburton's to his in Cairo, or mine to my people when I was settled in Naguadavick. But this is rather a personal relation between him and these people, who have, so to speak, gravitated towards him. He preaches there usually once every Sunday, and, as I understand it, our practise of exchanging pulpits is wholly unknown. They would be as much surprised, on going into the "Church of Life Eternal," to find any minister but Father Thomas, as they would be, on going into court for the trial of a case, to find that the counsel they had engaged had made an "exchange" with some other man, who had come to plead in his place. As I have said, the service here seems to be regarded, at law at least, as a secondary part of the matter. This Church of Life Eternal is regarded as in a thousand ways responsible for a whole *nomos* or territorial district, in one corner of which, indeed, it stands. It is exactly like the theory of our territorial parish; but they do not use the word "parish," *παρoικία*, or rather they use it for a different thing. Everybody in the *nomos* of "Life Eternal," numbering say four hundred families, is under the oversight, not so much of Father Thomas, as of all the committees, visitors, deacons, deaconesses, and people with names unknown to me, who are the workers of this church. "Under the oversight" means that this church would be disgraced if there were a typhus-fever district in this *nomos*, or if a family starved to death here, or if there were a drunken row. It would be considered that the church of the *nomos* was not doing the thing for which churches are established here.

Father Thomas reminded me that, in the newspaper reports of criminal trials, I always see, next the name of the of-

fender, the name of his *nomos*, as "St. Paul's," "Old North," "South Congregational," "Disciples," — "Life Eternal," said he, "if we had been so unlucky. But none of our people have been before the court for thirty-one years. In consequence," he said, "if such a misfortune did happen to us, I should not hear the last of it for a month. Every man I met in the street would stop me to sympathize with me; and I should know that people considered that we had made some bad mistake in our arrangements, if we should have a series of such things happen. Of course, we cannot help people's throwing themselves away. But it is supposed that, if Christianity means anything, it means that Jesus Christ came to take away the sins of the world; and this church is regarded as his representative, at least so far as that vulgar or concrete form of sin goes which men call crime."

I take it this arrangement by which a fixed organization is responsible in every locality for the prevention of poverty and the prevention of crime has a great deal to do with the curious insignificance of their criminal business in the courts.

I am terribly tired, but feel as if I understood them a little better than I did yesterday. Χαίρε.

Monday 6th. — A busy day; but, warned by yesterday, I have not fagged myself out as I did then. Or, rather, I ought to say, I have taken their advice, instead of living in my own fashion. I am really becoming a Sybarite myself, and therefore sit down here at 9.30 at night, not dead knocked up by the day's work, as a Yankee would be, and as I was yesterday.

The programme was, breakfast with the boat-builder Pylades; then to go through the schools with Kleone, who takes a good deal of interest in them; to drive and bathe with Philip's people; to dine with the Angelides, — nice people whom I met at the party, Friday, — and with them go to their theatre, where their daughters were to act. All this is

over, and I am here at 9.30, as before said.

They make much account of breakfast parties. I noticed on Saturday, that the Chief Justice said he liked to see people before they had begun to go to sleep, and that most people did begin to go to sleep at noon. Here was, at eight o'clock in the morning, a charming party, just evenly divided between men and women, round a large, circular table, in a beautiful room opening on a veranda. The table blazed with flowers, and even with early fruit from the forcing-houses. I took out Kleone, but the talk was general.

[The greater part of this day's entry has already been printed. See July Atlantic, pp. 80, 81.]

Being so much with Kleone,—spending, indeed, an hour quietly at their house, after our school tramp, and before we went to bathe,—I got a chance to ask her about household administration. I did not know whether things did go as easily as they seemed, or whether, as with most households, when strangers are visiting for a time, they seemed to go easier than they did. But I think there cannot be much deception about it. Kleone is not in the least an actress, and she certainly wondered that I thought there could be so much difficulty. She finally took me out into her kitchen, pantry, and so on, and showed me the whole machine.

I do not understand it a great deal better than I did before. But here are a few central facts. First, no washing of clothes is done in any private house. For every thirty or forty families, there is one laundry.—*λουτρόν* they call it; and the people there send twice a week for the soiled linen, and return it clean at the end of forty-eight hours. Kleone said that these establishments were so small that she knew all the work-people at that near hers; and if she had any special directions to give, she ran in and told what she wanted. Of course they could have all the mechanism they wanted,—large mangles, steam-dryers, folding-machines, and so on. Next, I should think their public baking estab-

lishments must be better than ours. Kleone no more thought of making her own bread than my Polly thinks of making her own candles. "I can make it," said she, with a pretty air; "but what 's the good (*τῷ καλῷ*), when I know they do it as well as I?" For other provant, there is the universal *trattoria* system of all Italy, carried on with the neatness and care of individual right, not to say whim, which I find everywhere here.

I took care to ask specially about servants, and the ease or difficulty of finding and of training them. Here Kleone was puzzled. It was evident she had never thought of the matter at all, any more than she had thought of water-supply, or of who kept the streets clean. But, after a good deal of pumping and cross-questioning, I came at some notion of why this was all so easy. In the first place, there is not a very great amount of what we call menial service to be done in establishments where there are no stairs, no washing, no ironing, no baking, no moving, few lamps to fill, little dusting or sweeping (because all roads and streets here are watered), few errands, and little sickness. But Kleone did not in the least wink out of sight the fact that there was regular service to be done, and that it did not do itself. But, as she said, "as no girl goes to school between fourteen and eighteen, and no boy or girl ever goes to school more than half the time,—as no girl under eighteen or boy under twenty-one is permitted to work in the factories, or indeed anywhere, unless at home,—there is an immense force of young folks who must be doing something, and must be trained to do something. You see," said Kleone, "no girl is married before she is eighteen, and perhaps she may not be married before she is twenty-five. From these unmarried women, who are of age after they are eighteen, we may hire servants. And we may receive into our houses girls under that age, if only we exact no duties of them but those of home. Now, if you will think," said

she, "in any circle of a hundred people, — say in any family of brothers, sisters, and cousins, — there are enough young people to do all this work you ask about. All we have to do is to exchange a little. That pretty girl who let you in at the door is a cousin of my husband's, who is making a long three months' visit here, — glad to come, indeed, for it is a little quiet, I think, at Træzene, where her people live. I do not pretend to be a notable housekeeper you know; but if I were, I should have any number of girls' mothers asking me if I would not have them here to stay, and they would do most of my dusting and bed-making for me. Elizabeth, whom I believe you have not seen, is the only person I hire, in the house. She will be married next year, but there are plenty more when she goes."

Speaking of Sophia's letting me in at the door, there is a pretty custom about door-bells. To save you from fumbling round of a dark evening, the bell-pulls are made from phosphorescent wood, or some of them of glass with a glow-worm on a leaf inside, so that you always see this little knob, and know where to put your hand.

The plays were as good and bright as they could be. The theatre is small, but large enough for ordinary voices and ordinary eyes. There are ever so many of them. Then the actors and actresses were these very people whom I have been meeting, or their children, or their friends. The Chief Justice himself took a little part this evening, and that pretty Lydia, his daughter, sang magnificently. She would be a *prima donna assoluta* over at Naples yonder. Father Thomas's daughter is a contralto. She does not sing so well. I do not suppose the Chief is often on the stage; but he was there to-night, just as he might be at a Christmas party in his own house. He said to me, as he walked home with me: "We are not going to let this thing slip into the hands of a lot of irresponsible people. As it stands, it brings the children pleasantly together; and they always

have their entertainments where their fathers and mothers do."

A funny thing happened as we left the play. A sudden April shower had sprung up, and so we found the porches and passage-ways lined with close-stacked umbrellas; they looked like muskets in an armory. Every gentleman took one, and those of the ladies who needed. Angelides handed one to me. It proves that the city owns and provides the umbrellas. When I came to the inn, I put mine in the hall, and that was the last I shall see of it. But I have inquired, and it seems that, as soon as the rain is over, the agent for this district will come round in a wagon and collect them. If it rain any day when I am here, a waiter from the inn will run and fetch me one. I shall carry it till the rain is over, and then leave it anywhere I choose. The agent for that district will pick it up, and place it in the umbrella-stand for the nomos. In case of a sudden shower, as this to-night, it is, of course, their business to supply churches or theatres.

Tuesday, 5th. — Fine again. I have been with the boys a good deal to-day. They took me to one or two of the gymnasiums, to one of the swimming-schools, to the market for their nomos, and afterwards to an up-town market, to the picture-gallery, *πινακοθήκη*, and museum of yet another nomos, which they thought was finer than theirs, and to their own sculpture gallery.

[This entry has been copied already in the July Atlantic, pp. 78, 79.]

.... We bathed in the public bath for this nomos, which is not the same as George's. The boys took me home with them to dine, and George came round here this evening. We have had pleasant talk with some lemon and orange farmers from the country.

I have not said anywhere that their *acquajuoli* are everywhere in the streets; and a little acid in the water, with plenty of ice and snow, seems to take away the mania for wine or liquor, just as it does in Naples. The temperance

of Naples is due, not to the sour wine people talk of, for the laboring men do not drink that, but to the attractive provision made of other drinks. And it is very much so here. These *acqua-fuoli* are just like those in Naples.

But here no street cuts another at right angles. There is always a curve at the corner, with a chord of a full hundred feet. This enables them to have narrower streets,—no street is more than fifty feet between the sidewalks,—and it gives pretty stands for the fruit-sellers and lemonade-sellers at the quadrants. There is iced water free everywhere, and delicious coffee almost free.

[See July Atlantic, p. 79, for the remainder of this entry.]

Wednesday, 9th.—As soon as breakfast was over, I went down to Pylades, the boat-builder. I own it, I am distressed to say that he is exactly in time, and the boat, to all purposes, is repaired. She is a much better boat than she ever was before. They know no such thing as a mechanic being an hour late in his performance of a contract. "The man does not know his business, if he cannot tell when he will be done," said Pylades to me. And when I asked what would have happened if his men had not finished this job in time, he shook his head and said, *Ἀπαιγμός*: I should have taken from a citizen what I could not restore, namely, the time you had to wait beyond my promise." I said it was very kind in him to count me as a citizen.

As to that, he said, *ξενία*, or the duties of hospitality, were even more sacred than those of citizenship; and he quoted the Greek proverb, which I had noticed on the city seal: *Αἰσχύνῃ πόλεως πάλιν ἑμαρτία*,—"The shame of the city is the fault of the citizen."

I cannot see that there is any sort of excuse for my loitering here longer than to-morrow. The paint will be dry and the stores (what a contrast to what I sailed with!) will be on board to-night. Among them all, I believe, they will sink her with oranges and

cigars, sent as personal presents to me by my friends.

Andrew took me through some of the registration offices. They carry their statistics out to a charm; I could not but think how fascinated Dr. Jarvis would be. But they say, and truly enough, that nothing can be well done in administration unless you know the facts. Take railroads, for instance; if you know exactly how many people are going to come down town from a particular *nomos*, you can provide for them. But if you do not, they must trust to chance. They know here, and can show you, how many men they have who are twenty-three years and seven days old, or any other age; and every night, of course, they know what is the population of the country in every ward of the whole government.

By appointment, I met the Chief Justice as he adjourned the court, and we rode to the Pier for our last bath. Delicious surf!

I asked him about something which Kleone said, which had surprised me. She said no woman was married till she was eighteen, and that she might not be till she was twenty-five. I did not like to question her; but he tells me everything, and I asked him. He went into the whole history of the matter in his reply, and the system is certainly very curious.

He bade me remember the fundamental importance, as long ago as the laws of Charondas, of marriage in the state. "The unit, with us," he said, "is the 'one flesh,' the married man and women. We consider no unmarried man as more than a half, and so with women." Then he went on to say that they had formerly a hopeless imbroglio of suits,—breach of promise cases, divorce cases, cases of gossip, and so on, which had resulted in the present system; and, without quoting words, I will try to describe it. Kleone was right. No woman may marry before she is eighteen. They hold it as certain that, before she is twenty-five, she will have met her destiny. They say that, if no gossip, or

manœuvring, or misunderstanding intervene, it is certain that before she is twenty-five, in a simple state of society like this, which places no bar on the free companionship of men and women, the husband appointed for her in heaven will have seen her and made himself known to her. They say that there is no unfair compulsion to his free-will, if they intimate to him that he must do this within a certain time. If it happen that she do not find this man before that age, she must travel away from Sybaris for thirty years, or until she has married abroad. They regard this as exile, which these people, so used to a comfortable life, consider the most horrible of punishments. To tell the truth, I do not wonder. Practically, however, it appears that the punishment is never pronounced. More male children are born into the State than female. This alone indicates that the age of marriage for men must be somewhat higher than that of women. Their custom is, keeping the maximum age of men's marriage at thirty, for the Statistical Board to issue every three months a bulletin, stating what is the minimum age. Just now it is twenty-three years, one month, and eleven days. If a man does not choose to marry here when he is thirty, he spends thirty years in travel, looking for the wife he has not found at home. But, as I say of the women, practically no one goes.

I said that I thought this was a very stern statute, and that it interfered completely with the right of the individual citizen, which they pretend was at the bottom of their system. The Chief Justice said, in reply, that everybody said so. "L'Estrange said so to me in England," "and Kleber said so to me in Germany, and Chenowith said so to me in America, and Juarez said so to me in Bolivia. But the truth is, that it is absolutely certain that before a woman is twenty-five, and before a man is thirty, each of them has met his destiny or hers. If the two destinies do not run into one, it is because some infernal gossip,

or misunderstanding, or ignorance, or other cause, — I care not what, — intervenes. Now," said he, "you know how hard we are on gossip, since Charondas's time. 'No talebearer shall live.' What is left is to see that sentiment, or modesty, or self-denial, or the other curse, as above, shall not intervene to defeat the will of Heaven. For in heaven this thing is done. I can assure you," said he, "that this calm, steady pressure of an expressed determination that people shall carry out their destiny, saves myriads of people from misunderstanding and misery; and that, in practice, no individual right is sacrificed. I know it," he added, after a moment, "for I am the person who must know it. It is not true that all marriages are made here by the Lord Chancellor, — as Dr. Johnson proposed. But it is true that I send into exile the people who will not marry. How many do you think I have exiled, now, in thirteen years?"

I guessed, for a guess's sake, five hundred.

"Not one," said the Chief Justice. "No, nor ever seemed to come near it but once. Every three months there is a special day set apart when the Statistical Board shall send me the lists. For a fortnight before the day, there are a great many marriages. When the day comes, I go, Colonel Ingham, into an empty court-room, and sit there for three hours. No officers of court are permitted to be present but myself. Once it happened that when I went in I found a fine young officer, a man whom I knew by sight, sitting there waiting his sentence. I bowed, but said nothing. I took my papers, and asked him if he would come in again at eleven. At half past ten came in a woman whom I had watched since she was a child. — one of those calm, even-balanced people, who are capable of blessing the world, but are so unselfish that they may be pushed one side into washing dishes for beggars. She had her veil down, but walked to the bench, and laid her card before me. I pointed her a seat, and went on with my writ-

ing. As the clock struck eleven, I asked her to excuse me for a moment, and I withdrew. I stayed in my private room an hour. I came back at noon, — and my lieutenant-colonel and my queenly Hebe were both gone. It was the victory of a young love. He had worshipped her since they were at school together, and she him. But some tattling aunt — she died just in time to save herself from the galleys — put in some spoke or other, I know not what, that blocked their wheels; she had calmly said “No” to a hundred men, and he had passed like a blind, deaf man among a thousand women. Both of them were ready to go into exile, rather than surrender the true loyalty of youth. But I had the wit to leave them to each other. They were married that afternoon, and all is well!”

And to-morrow night I shall be jotting my entries here as the sea pitches me up and down in the gulf. When shall I see all these nice friends again? I feel as if I had known them since we were born. I cannot yet analyze the charm. I believe I do not want to. They certainly do not pretend to be saints. They have rather the complete self-respect of people who do not think of themselves at all. The state cares for the citizen, and for nothing else. There is no thought of conquest; nay, they court separation from the world outside. But, on the other hand, the citizen cares for the state, — seems to see that he is lost if this majestic administration is not watching over him and defending him. Because the law guards their individual

rights, even their individual caprices, there is certainly less tyranny of Mrs. Grundy and of fashion. But yet I never lived among people who had so little to say about their own success, — about “I said,” “I told him,” or “my way,” or “I told my wife.”

When I spoke to the chief one day of their homage to individual right, he said they made the citizen strong because they would make the state strong, and made the state strong that it might make the citizen strong. I quoted Fichte: “The human race is the individual, of which men and women are the separate members.” “Fichte got it out of Paul,” said he. “If you mean to have a sound mind in a sound body, you must have a sound little finger and a clear eye. But you will not have a clear eye, or a sound little finger, unless you have a sound mind in a sound body. Colonel Ingham, Love is the whole!”

It has been a pretty bleak evening. I have been running round with George to say good by. Kleone asked me, so prettily, when I would come with *Μαριάδιον*. It was half a minute before I reflected that *Μαριάδιον* is Greek for Polly!

Thursday, 3d Θαργηλ. — At the boat at 8.30. The old man was there without the boys.

[See July Atlantic, p. 84.]

Wind N. N. W., strong. I have been pretty blue all day. And the old man is too. It is just 7.30 P. M. The lights of the Castle of Otranto are in sight, and I shall turn in. *Χαίρε.*

THE VICTIM.

I.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe ;
So thick they died the people cried,
"The Gods are moved against the land."
The priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife !
What would you have of us ?
Human life ?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life."

II.

But still the foeman spoiled and burned,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turned
And whitened all the rolling flood ;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame :
And ever and aye the priesthood moaned :
Till at last it seemed that an answer came :
"The king is happy
In child and wife ;
Take you his nearest,
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

III.

The priest went out by heath and hill ;
The king was hunting in the wild ;
They found the mother sitting still ;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seemed a victim due to the priest.
The priest exulted,
And cried with joy,
"Here is his nearest,
Here is his dearest,
We take the boy."

IV.

The king returned from out the wild,
 He bore but little game in hand ;
 The mother said, "They have taken the child,
 To spill his blood and heal the land :
 The land is sick, the people diseased,
 And blight and famine on all the lea :
 The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
 So I pray you tell the truth to me.
 They have taken our son,
 They will have his life.
 Is *he* your nearest ?
 Is *he* your dearest ?
 (Answer, O answer)
 Or I, the wife ?"

V.

The king bent low, with hand on brow,
 He stayed his arms upon his knee :
 "O wife, what use to answer now ?
 For now the priest has judged for me."
 The king was shaken with holy fear ;
 "The Gods," he said, "would have chosen well ;
 Yet both are near, and both are dear,
 And which the dearest I cannot tell !"
 But the priest was happy,
 His victim won.
 "We have his nearest,
 We have his dearest,
 His only son !"

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
 The knife uprising toward the blow,
 To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
 "Me, me, not him, my darling, no !"
 He caught her away with a sudden cry ;
 Suddenly from him brake the wife,
 And shrieking, "*I am his dearest, I —*
I am his dearest !" rushed on the knife.
 And the priest was happy,
 "O, Father Odin,
 We give you a life.
 Which was his nearest ?
 Which was his dearest ?
 The Gods have answered :
 We give them the wife !"

Alfred Tennyson.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, MASSINGER, AND FORD.

WE have seen, in what has been already said of the intellectual habits of the Elizabethan dramatists, that it was a common practice for two, three, four, and sometimes five writers to co-operate in the production of one play. Thus Dekkar and Webster were partners in writing "Northward Ho!" and "Westward Ho!" Ben Jonson, Marston, and Chapman, in writing "Eastward Ho!" Drayton, Middleton, Dekkar, Webster, and Munday, in writing "The Two Harpies." These unions were evidently sometimes formed, as in the case of Webster and Dekkar, from a mutual belief that the sombre mind of the one was unsuited to the treatment of certain scenes and characters which were exactly in harmony with the sunny genius of the other; but they were doubtless often brought about by the demand of theatre managers for a new play at a short notice, in which case the dramatist who had the job hurriedly sketched the plan, and then applied to his brother playwrights to take stock in the enterprise, payable in daily or weekly instalments of mirth or passion. But there were two writers of the period, twins in genius, and bound together by more than brotherly affection, whose literary union was so much closer than the occasional combinations of other dramatists, that it is now difficult to dissociate, in the public mind, Francis Beaumont from John Fletcher, or even to change the order of their names, though it can easily be proved that the firm of Beaumont and Fletcher owes by far the greater portion of its capital to the teeming brain of the second partner.

The materials for their biography are scanty. Beaumont was the son of a judge, was born about the year 1586, resided a short period at Oxford, but left without taking a degree, and, at the age of fifteen, was entered a member of the Inner Temple. Fletcher, the son of the "courtly and comely" Bishop

Fletcher, was born in December, 1579, and was educated at Cambridge, but seems to have been designed for no profession. At what time and under what circumstances the poets met we have no record. The probability is, that, as both were esteemed by Ben Jonson, he it was who brought them together. It is more than probable that Fletcher, the elder of the two, had written for the theatres before his acquaintance with Beaumont began; and that in "The Woman-Hater" and "Thierry and Theodoret" he had proved his ability both as a comic and tragic dramatist before Beaumont had thought of dramatic composition. When they did meet, they found, in Aubrey's words, a "wonderful consimilarity of phansy" between them, which resulted in an exceeding "dear-ness of friendship"; and the old antiquary adds: "They lived together on the Banke side, not far from the playhouse, both bachelors, lay together," and "had the same cloths and cloak" between them. Their first joint composition was the tragi-comedy of "Philaster," produced about the year 1608; and we may suppose that this community of goods as well as thoughts continued until 1613, when Beaumont was married, and that the friendship was unbroken in 1616, when Beaumont died. Fletcher lived until August, 1625, at which time he was suddenly cut off by the plague, in his forty-sixth year.

In regard to the question as to Beaumont's share in the authorship of the fifty-two plays which go under the name of Beaumont and Fletcher, let us first quote the indignant doggerel which Sir Aston Cokaine addressed to the publisher of the first edition, in 1647:—

"Beaumont of those many writ in few;
And Massinger in other few: the main
Being sole issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.
But how came I, you ask, so much to know?
Fletcher's chief bosom-friend informed me so."

This gives us no information touching

the special plays which Beaumont assisted in producing. None of them were published as joint productions during his life, and only three during the nine or ten years that Fletcher survived him. Of the fifty-two dramas in the collection, fifty were written in the eighteen years which elapsed between 1607 and 1625. During the first years of their partnership neither seemed to be dependent on the stage for support; and it is almost certain that Beaumont's income continued to be adequate to his wants, and that his pen was never spurred into action by poverty. The result was that the earlier dramas were composed more slowly and carefully than the later. A year elapsed between the production of their first play, "*Philaster*," in 1608, and "*The Maid's Tragedy*," in 1609. In 1610 Fletcher alone brought out "*The Faithful Shepherdess*." In 1611, "*A King and No King*" and "*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*" were acted. These five dramas, one exclusively by Fletcher, the other joint productions, are commonly ranked as their best works, and are considered to include all the capacities of their genius. If we suppose that after 1611 they wrote two plays a year, we have fifteen as the number produced up to the period of Beaumont's death, leaving thirty-five which were written by Fletcher alone in nine years. We do not think that Beaumont's hand can be traced in more than fifteen of the plays, or that it is predominant in more than six.

With individual differences as to mind and temperament, these dramatists had some general characteristics in common. They agreed in being tainted with the fashionable slavishness and fashionable immorality of the court of James. They believed in the divine right of kings as piously as any bishop, and they violated all the decencies of life as recklessly as any courtier. The impurity of Beaumont, however, seems the result of elaborate thinking, that of Fletcher the running over of heedless animal spirits. They agreed also in certain leading dramatic con-

ceptions and types of character; and they agreed, in regard to the morality of their plays, in subordinating their consciences to their audiences. But the mind of Beaumont was as slow, solid, and painstaking as his associate's was rapid, mercurial, and inventive. The tradition runs that his chief business was to correct the overflowings of Fletcher's fancy, and hold its volatile creativeness in check. Everybody of that age commended his judgment, and even Ben Jonson is said to have consulted him in regard to his plots. The plays in which he had a main hand exhibit a firmer hold upon character, a more orderly disposition of the incidents, and greater symmetry in the construction, than the others. The verse is also simpler, sweeter, more voluble, with few of the double and triple endings and harsh pauses of Fletcher's. Take, for example, the passage in which *Philaster* recounts his meeting with *Bellario*:—

"Hunting the buck,

I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me; but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again."

Now contrast this with a characteristic passage from Fletcher:—

"All shall be right again; and, as a pine,
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again, and made a mast, defies
Those raging winds that split him; so will I
Pieced to my never-failing strength and fortune,
Steer through these swelling dangers, plough their
prides up,
And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests."

Beaumont also, though his general temperament was not so poetical as his partner's, had a thin vein of poetry in him, which was superior in quality and depth to Fletcher's, though sooner exhausted. Beaumont, we think it was, who conceived that beautiful type of womanhood of which *Bellario* in "*Philaster*," *Panthea* in "*A King and No King*," and *Viola* in "*The Coxcomb*," are perhaps the most exquisite

embodiments, and which also appears, somewhat dissolved in sentimentality, in Aspasia in "The Maid's Tragedy." It is true that Shakespeare had already represented this type of character with even more force and purity in his Viola; but still Beaumont's mind appears to have penetrated to its ideal sources, and not to have copied it from his greater contemporary. Beaumont could only repeat it under other names, after its first embodiment in Bellario; but it was too delicate and elusive for Fletcher even to repeat, and it never appears in the dramas he wrote after Beaumont's death. Fletcher has given us many examples of womanly virtue, devotion, and heroism; but he had a bad trick of disconnecting virtue from modesty, and the talk of his best and noblest women is often such as would scare womankind from any theatre of the present day. Beaumont alone could combine feminine innocence with feminine virtue, the most ethereal softness and sweetness with martyr-like heroism, knowledge of good with ignorance of evil, and invest the whole representation with a visionary charm, so that it affects us as Panthea did Arbaces:—

"She is not fair
Nor beautiful; these words express her not;
They say her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name."

Fletcher could not, we think, have written Bellario's account of her love for Philaster, as it runs in Beaumont's limpid verse:—

"My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised. But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you,) enter our gates;
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
Like breath; then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you forever; I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so: alas, I found it love!"

With this superior fineness of perception, Beaumont also excelled his associate in solid humor. The chief proof of this is to be found in his delineations, in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," of the London citizen and his wife. These have a geniality, richness, and raciness, a closeness to nature and to fact, unexcelled by any contemporary pictures of Elizabethan manners and character, not excepting even Ben Jonson's. A more extravagant, but hardly less delicious, example of Beaumont's humor is his character of Bessus, in "A King and No King,"—a braggart whose cowardice is sustained by assurance so indomitable as to wear the aspect of courage; one who is too base to feel insult, who cannot be kicked out of his chirping self-esteem, but presents as cheerful a countenance to infamy as to honor.

After, however, awarding to Beaumont all that he can properly claim, he must still be placed below Fletcher, not merely in fertility, but in force and variety of genius. Of Fletcher, indeed, it is difficult to convey an adequate idea, without running into some of his own extravagance, and without quoting passages which would shock all modern notions of decency. He most assuredly was not a great man nor a great poet. He lacked seriousness, depth, purpose, principle, imaginative closeness of conception, imaginative condensation of expression. He saw everything at one remove from its soul and essence, and must be ranked with poets of the second class. But no other poet ever had such furious animal spirits, a keener sense of enjoyment, a more perfect abandonment to whatever was uppermost in his mind at the moment. There was no bar in his rakish and dissolute nature. Everything in him—wit, humor, fancy, appetite, sentiment, passion, knowledge of life, knowledge of books, all his good and all his bad thoughts—met no impediment of taste or principle in their rush into expression. His eyes flash, his cheeks glow, as he writes. His air is hurried and eager; the blood

that tingles and throbs in his veins flushes his words; and will and judgment, taken captive, follow with reluctant steps and half-averted faces the perilous lead of the passions they should direct. As there was no reserve in him, there was no reserved power. Rich as were the elements of his nature, they were never thoroughly organized in intellectual character; and as no presiding personality regulated the activity of his mind, he seems hardly to be morally responsible for the excesses into which he was impelled. Composition, indeed, sets his brain in a whirl. He sometimes writes as if inspired by a satyr; he sometimes writes as if inspired by a seraph; but neither satyr nor seraph had any hold on his individuality, and neither could put fetters on his caprice. There is the same gusto in his indecencies as in his refinements. Though an Englishman, he has no morality, except that morality which is connected with generous instincts, or which is awakened by the sense of beauty. Though the son of a bishop, he had no religion, except that religion which consists in an alternate worship of Venus, Bacchus, and Mars. An incurable mental and moral levity is the characteristic of his writings,—a levity which has its source in an intoxication of the soul through an excess of feeling and sensation, and which makes him moral or immoral, sentimental or sensual, according to the impulse or temptation of the moment.

This giddiness of soul, in which decorum is ignored rather than denied, is most brilliantly and buoyantly exhibited in his comedies. In "The Chances," "The Spanish Curate," "The Custom of the Country," "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," "The Wild-Goose Chase," and especially in "Monsieur Thomas" and "The Little French Lawyer," we see the comic muse emancipated from all restraint, loose, free-spoken, sportive, sparkling,—indeed almost madly merry. It is not so much any quotable specimens of wit and humor as it is the all-animating spirit of frolic and mischief, which gives to

these comedies their droll, equivocal power to please. In Fletcher's serious plays the same levity is displayed in pushing sentiment and passion altogether beyond the bounds of character; and the volatile fancy which, in his comedy, riots in fun, in his tragedy riots in blood. What lifts both into a poetic region is the tone of romantic heroism by which they are almost equally characterized. His coxcombs and profligates, as well as his conquerors and heroes, are all intrepid. They do not rate their lives at a pin's fee,—the first in comparison with the gratification of a passing desire or caprice; the second, in comparison with glory and honor. The peculiar life, indeed, of Fletcher's characters consists in their being careless of life. Wholly absorbed in the feeling or object of the instant, their action is ecstatic action, and flashes on us in a succession of poetic surprises. This is the great charm of Fletcher's plays; this gilds their grossness, and has kept them alive. You find it in his *Monsieur Thomas* as well as in his *Cæsar*. All the comic characters profess a sportive contempt for consequences, and startle us with unexpected audacities. Fear of disease, danger, or death never dissuades them from the rollicking action or expression of eccentricity and vice. Their concern is only for the free, wild, reckless whim of the moment. Thus, in the play of "The Sea Voyage," Julietta, enraged at the jeers of Tibalt and the master of the ship, exclaims:—

"Why, slaves, 't is in our power to hang ye!"

"Very likely," retorts the jovial Master, —

"'T is in our powers then to be hanged, and scorn ye!"

This heroism of the blood, when it passes from an instinct into some semblance of a principle, adopts the chivalrous guise of honor. Honor, in Fletcher's ethical code, is the only possible and admissible restraint on appetite and passion. Thus in the drama of "The Captain," Julio, infatuated with the wicked Lelia, thinks of marrying her;

and confesses to his friend Angelo that her bewitching and bewildering beauty has entirely mastered him. When she speaks, he says :—

"Then music
(Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts
Lay by their rages ; and tall trees, that knew
No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,
And hear, and wonder ; and the sea, whose surges
Shook their white heads in heaven, to be as mid-
night

Still and attentive) steals into our souls
So suddenly and strangely, that we are
From that time no more ours, but what she pleases !"

Angelo admits the temptation ; says he would be willing himself to sacrifice all his possessions, even his soul, to obtain her ; but then adds :—

"Yet methinks we should not dole away
That that is something more than ours, our honors ;
I would not have thee marry her by no means."

Again : Curio, in "Love's Cure," when threatened by his mistress with the loss of her affection if he fights with her brother, replies that he would willingly give his life, "rip every vein," to please her, yet still insists on his purpose :—

"Life is but a word, a shadow, a melting dream
Compared with essential and eternal honor."

In the plays of "The Mad Lover," "The Loyal Subject," "Bonduca," and "The False One," Fletcher attempts to portray this heroic element, not as a mere flash of courageous inspiration, but as a solid element of character. He strains his mind to the utmost, but the strain is too apparent. There is no calm, strong grasp of the theme. His heroes are generally too fond of vaunting themselves, too declamatory, too screechy, too much like embodied speeches. In his own words, they carry "a drum in their mouths" ; and what they say of themselves would more properly and naturally come from others. Thus Memnon, in "The Mad Lover," tells his prince, in apology for his roughness of behavior :—

"I know no court but martial,
No oily language but the shock of arms,
No dalliance but with death ; no lofty measures
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,
'Larums at midnight Valor's self would shake at ;
Yet I ne'er shrunk. Balls of consuming wildfire,
That licked men up like lightning, have I laughed
at,

And tossed 'em back again, like children's trifles.
Upon the edges of my enemies' swords
I have marched like whirlwinds, Fury at this hand
waiting,
Death at my right, Fortune my forlorn hope :
When I have grappled with Destruction,
And tugged with pale-faced Ruin, Night, and Mis-
chief
Frighted to see a new day break in blood."

This is talk on stilts ; but it is still resounding talk, full of ardor and the impatient consciousness of personal prowess. In the characterization of Cæsar in "The False One," the same feeling of individual supremacy is combined with a haughtier self-possession, as befits a mightier and more imperial soul. We feel, throughout this play, that there is power in the mere presence of Cæsar, and that his words derive their force from his character. The very minds and hearts of the Egyptians crouch before him. He sways by disdaining them ; even his clemency is allied to scorn. "You have found," he says, —

"You have found me merciful in arguing with ye ;
Swords, hungers, fires, destruction of all natures,
Demolishment of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators."

When they bring him the head of Pompey, whom they have slain for the purpose of propitiating him, his contempt for them breaks out in a noble tribute to his great enemy :—

"Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Ni-
lus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness ;
To which I leave him."

When he is besieged in the palace by the whole Egyptian army, he prepares, with his few followers, to cut his way to his ships. Septimius, a wretch who has been false to all parties, offers to show him safe means both of vengeance and escape. Cæsar's reply is one of the finest things in Fletcher :—

"Cæsar scorns
To find his safety or revenge his wrongs
So base a way ; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous traitor ! I have towered
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,
Not digged for't like a mole. Our swords and cause

Make way for us : and that it may appear
 We took a noble course, and hate base treason,
 Some soldiers that would merit Caesar's favor
 Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
 The lane this sword makes for you."

But perhaps the play in which the heroic and martial spirit is most dominant is the tragedy of "Bonduca"; and the address of Suetonius, the Roman general, to his troops, as they prepare to close in battle with the Britons, is in Fletcher's noblest vein of manliness and imagination:—

"And, gentlemen, to you now:
 To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans,
 The name will fight itself.

Go on in full assurance: draw your swords
 As daring and as confident as justice:
 The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
 Pitched on the topless Apennine, and blows
 To all the under-world, all nations, the seas,
 And unfrequented deserts where the snow dwells;
 Wakens the ruined monuments; and there,
 Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
 Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
 Go on, I say: valiant and wise rule heaven,
 And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow
 Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
 Cannot deserve that name; and like a mist,
 A lazy fog, before your burning valors
 You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all.
 We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
 Heirs to their endless valors: fight and conquer!"

The maxim here laid down, that "Valiant and wise rule heaven," is much better or worse than Napoleon's, that "Providence is always on the side of the heaviest columns."

It might be supposed that the extreme susceptibility of Fletcher, the openness of his nature to all impressions, ludicrous, romantic, heroic, or indecent, would have made him a great delineator of the varieties of life and character. But the truth is, it made him versatile without making him universal. He wrote a greater number of plays than Shakespeare, and he has between five and six hundred names of characters; but two or three plays of Shakespeare cover a wider extent of human life than all of Fletcher's. To compare them is like comparing a planet with a comet,—a comet whose nucleus is only a few hundred miles in diameter, though its nebulous appendage flames millions of leagues behind.

Fletcher's susceptibility to the surfaces of things was almost unlimited; his vital sympathy and inward vision were confined to a few kinds of character and a few aspects of life. His variety is not variety of character, but variety of incident and circumstance. He contrives rather than creates; and his contrivances, ingenious and exhilarating as they are, cannot hide his constant repetition of a few types of human nature. These types he conceived by a process essentially different from Shakespeare's. Shakespeare individualized classes; Fletcher generalized individuals. One of Shakespeare's characters includes a whole body of persons; one of Fletcher's is simply an idealized individual, and that often an exceptional individual. This individual, repeated in play after play, never covers so large a portion of humanity as Shakespeare's individualized class, which he disdains to repeat. But, more than this, the very faculties of Fletcher, his wit, humor, understanding, fancy, imagination, though we call them by the same words we use in naming Shakespeare's, stand for different things. Shakespeare was a great and comprehensive man, whose faculties all partook of his general greatness. The man Fletcher was so much smaller and narrower, and the materials on which his faculties worked so much more limited, that we are fooled by words if, following the example of his contemporaries, we place any one of his qualities or faculties above or on a level with Shakespeare's.

Keeping, then, in view the fact that the man is the measure of the poet, let us glance for a moment at Fletcher's poetic faculty as distinguished from his dramatic.

As a poet he is best judged, perhaps, by his pastoral tragi-comedy of "The Faithful Shepherdess," the most elaborate and one of the earliest of his works. It failed on the stage, being, in his own phrase, "hissed to ashes"; but the merits, which the many-headed monster of the pit could not discern, so enchanted Milton that they were vividly in his

memory when he wrote "Comus." The melody, the romantic sweetness of fancy, the luxuriant and luxurious descriptions of nature, and the true lyric inspiration, of large portions of this drama, are not more striking than the deliberate desecration of its beauty by the introduction of impure sentiments and images. The hoof-prints of unclean beasts are visible all over Fletcher's pastoral paradise; and they are there by design. Why they are there is a question which can be answered only by pointing out the primal defect of Fletcher's mind, which was an incapacity to conceive or represent goodness and innocence except as the ideal opposites of evil and depravity. He took depravity as the positive fact of life, and then framed from fancy a kind of goodness out of its negation. The result is, that, in the case of "The Faithful Shepherdess," Chloe and the Sullen Shepherd, the depraved characters of the play, are the most natural and lifelike, while there is a sickliness and unreality in the very virtue of Amoret. It is not, therefore, as some critics suppose, the mere admission of vicious characters into the play that gives it its taint. Milton, whose conceptions both of good and evil were positive, and who represented them in their right spiritual relations, entirely avoided this error in "Comus," while he availed himself of much in "The Faithful Shepherdess" that is excellent. In "Comus" it is virtue which seems most real and permanent, and the vice and wickedness represented in it do not mar the general impression of moral beauty left by the whole poem. But Fletcher, having no positive imaginative conception of the good, and feeling for depravity neither mental nor moral disgust, reverses this order. His vice is robust and prominent; his virtue is vague, characterless, and fantastic; and though his play has a formal moral, it has an essential impurity.

But if the general effect of the pastoral is not beautiful, none can deny its beauty in parts, especially in the lyrical portions. What Milton condescended

to copy everybody must be delighted to applaud. But not merely in "The Faithful Shepherdess" is this lyric genius displayed. Scattered over all his plays are exquisite songs and short poems, representing every variety of the poet's mood, and each perfect of its kind. As an example of the softness, sweetness, and melody of these we will quote the hymn to Venus from "The Mad Lover":—

"O divinest star of heaven,
Thou, in power above the seven;
Thou, sweet kindler of desires,
Till they grow to mutual fires;
Thou, O gentle queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart;
Thou, the fuel and the flame;
Thou, in heaven, here, the same;
Thou, the wooer and the wooed;
Thou, the hunger and the food;
Thou, the prayer and the prayed;
Thou, what is or shall be said;
Thou, still young and golden tresséd,
Make me by thy answer blessed!

Fletcher died in 1625, and the dramatist who succeeded him in popular esteem was a less fiery and ebullient spirit, PHILIP MASSINGER. Massinger, the son of a gentleman in the service of the Earl of Pembroke, was born in 1584, was educated at Oxford, left the University without taking a degree, and about the year 1606 went to London to seek his fortune as a dramatist. Here he worked obscurely for some sixteen years; the only thing we know about him being this, that in 1614, in connection with Field and Daborne, he was a suppliant to old Manager Henslowe for five pounds, to relieve him and them from the most pinching pecuniary distress. In 1622 "The Virgin Martyr," a play written in connection with Dekkar, was published, and from this period to his death, in 1640, his most celebrated dramas were produced. He wrote thirty-seven plays, twenty of which have perished. Eleven of them, in manuscript, were in the possession of a Mr. Warburton, whose cook, desirous of saving what she considered better paper, used them in the kindling of fires and the basting of turkeys; and would doubtless have treated the manuscript of the "Faery Queene" and the "Novum Organum"

in the same way, had Providence seen fit to commit them to her master's custody.

Massinger's life seems to have been one long struggle with want. The price for a play in his time varied from ten to twenty pounds; if published, the copyright brought from six to ten pounds more; and the dedication fee was forty shillings. The income of a successful dramatist, who wrote two or three plays a year, was about fifty pounds, equivalent to some twelve hundred dollars at the present time. But it is doubtful if even Fletcher could count on so large an income as this, as some of his plays failed in representation, great master of theatrical effect as he undoubtedly was. Massinger was always poor, and, by his own admission in one of his dedications, depended at times on the casual charity of patrons. When poverty was not present, it seems to have been always in prospect. He had a morbid vision of approaching calamities, as —

"Creeping billows
Not yet to shore yet."

It is difficult to determine how far his popular principles in politics interfered with his success at the theatre. Fletcher's slavish political doctrines were perfectly suited to the court of James and Charles. We are, says one of his characters, —

"We are but subjects, Maximus. Obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours."

Massinger, on the contrary, was as strong a Liberal as Hampden or Pym. The political and social abuses of his time found in him an uncompromising satirist. Oppression in every form, whether of the poor by the rich or the subject by the king, provoked his amiable nature into unwonted passion. In his plays he frequently violates the keeping of character, in order to intrude his own manly political sentiments and ideas. There are allusions in his dramas which, if they were taken by the audience, must have raised a storm of mingled applause and hisses. Though more liberty seems to have been allowed to playwrights than to members of Par-

liament, Massinger sometimes found it difficult to get his plays licensed. In 1631 the Master of the Revels refused to license one of his pieces, on the ground that it contained "dangerous matter"; and the dramatist had to pay the fee, while he lost all the results of his labor. In 1638, in the height of the dispute about ship-money, he wrote a drama, now lost, called "The King and the Subject." On looking it over, the Master of the Revels was horrified to come upon the following passage: —

"Moneys? we 'll raise supplies which way we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We 'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The
Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify; the wives
And daughters of the senators bowing to
Their wills as deities."

The play was shown to King Charles, and he, marking the obnoxious passage, wrote with his own hand: "This is too insolent, and to be changed." It is, however, to be mentioned to his honor, that he allowed the piece to be acted after the daring lines had been expunged.

Massinger's spirit, though sufficiently independent and self-respectful, was as modest as Addison's. He chid his friends when they placed him as a dramatist by the side of Beaumont and Fletcher. All the commendatory poems prefixed to his plays evince affection for the man as well as admiration for the genius. But there is a strange absence of distinct memorials of his career; and his death and burial were in harmony with the loneliness of his life. We are told that, on the 16th of March, 1640, he went to bed, seemingly in good health, and was found dead in the morning. In the parish register of the Church of St. Saviour's, under the date of March 20, we read: "Buried, Philip Massinger, a stranger." No stone indicates where in the churchyard he was laid. "His sepulchre," says Hartley Coleridge, "was like his life, obscure; like the nightingale he sung darkling, — it is to be feared like the nightingale of the fable, with his breast against a thorn."

Massinger possessed a large though not especially poetic mind, and a temperament equable rather than energetic. He lacked strong passions, vivid conceptions, creative imagination. In reading him we feel that the exulting, vigorous life of the drama of the age has begun to decay. But though he has been excelled by obscurer writers in special qualities of genius, he still attaches us by the harmony of his powers, and the uniformity of his excellence. The plot, style, and characters of one of his dramas, all conduce to a common interest. His plays, indeed, are novels in dialogue. They rarely thrill, startle, or kindle us, but, as Lamb says, "are read with composure and placid delight." "The Bondman," "The Picture," "The Bashful Lover," "The Renegado," "A Very Woman," "The Emperor of the East," fasten our interest as stories. "The Duke of Milan," "The Unnatural Combat," and "The Fatal Dowry" are his nearest approaches to the representation of passion, as distinguished from its description. The leading characters in "The City Madam" and "A New Way to pay Old Debts" are delineated with more than common power, for they are embodiments expressing the author's hatred as well as his genius. Massinger's life was such as to make him look with little favor on the creditor portion of the British people; and when creditors were also oppressors, he was roused to a pitch of indignation which inspired his conceptions of Luke and Sir Giles Overreach.

Massinger's style, though it does not evince a single great quality of the poet, has always charmed English readers for its dignity, flexibility, elegance, clearness, and ease. His metre and rhythm Coleridge pronounces incomparably good. Still his verse, with all its merits, is smooth rather than melodious; the thoughts are not born in music, but mechanically set to a tune; and even its majestic flow is frequently purchased at the expense of dramatic closeness to character and passion.

Though there is nothing in Massinger's plays, as there is in Fletcher's, indicating profligacy of mind and morals, they are even coarser in scenes; for as Massinger had none of Fletcher's wit and humor, he made his low and inferior characters, whether men or women, little better than beasts. As even his serious personages use words and allusions which are now banished from all respectable books, we must suppose that decorum, as we understand it, was almost unknown in the time of James and Charles. Thus "The Guardian," one of the most mellifluous in diction and licentious in incident of all Massinger's works, was acted at the court of Charles I., and acted, too, by order of the king on *Sunday*, January 12, 1633. This coarseness is a deplorable blot on Massinger's plays; but that it is to be referred to the manners of his time, and not to his own immorality, is proved from the fact that his vital sympathies were for virtue and justice, and that his genius never displayed itself in the depravities he aimed to represent. As a man he seems to have had not merely elevated sentiments, but strong religious feelings. If his unimpassioned spirit ever rose to fervor, the fervor was moral; his best things are ethically, as well as poetically, the best; and in reading him we often find passages like the following, which leap up from the prosaic level of his diction as by an impulse of ecstasy:—

"When good men pursue:
The path marked out by virtue, the blest saints
With joy look on it, and seraphic angels
Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits.

"Honor is
Virtue's allowed ascent; honor, that clasps
All perfect justice in her arms, that craves
No more respect than what she gives, that does
Nothing but what she 'll suffer.

"As you have
A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire
To have it made a star there, make the means
Of your ascent to that celestial height
Virtue winged with brave action: they draw near
The nature and the essence of the gods
Who imitate their goodness,

"By these blessed feet
That pace the paths of equity, and tread boldly
On the stiff neck of tyrannous oppression,

By these tears by which I bathe them, I conjure you
With pity to look on me."

We now come to a very different dramatist, JOHN FORD, whose genius and personal appearance are shrewdly indicated in a ragged couplet from a contemporary satire:—

"Deep in a dump, John Ford by himself sat,
With folded arms and melancholy hat."

In that somewhat dainty mental loneliness, and under that melancholy hat, the mind of the poet was absorbed in the intensest meditation of the ideal possibilities of grief and guilt, and the strange aberrations of the passions. Massinger has little sway over the heart; but Ford was not merely the poet of the heart, but of the broken heart,—the heart bending under burdens, or torn by emotions, almost too great for mortality to bear. In reading his tragedies, as in reading Webster's, we are fretfully conscious of being shut up in the sultry atmosphere of one morbid mind, deprived of all companionship with healthy nature and genial human life, and forced into a shuddering or sickly sympathy with the extremes of crime and suffering. But the power of Webster lies in terror; the power of Ford, in tenderness. Out of his peculiar walk, Ford is the feeblest of finical fine writers. His attempts at liveliness and humor excite, not laughter, but rather a dismal feeling of pitying contempt. His great gift is displayed only in the tragedies of "The Broken Heart," in "Tis Pity," and in two or three thrilling scenes of the tragedy of "Love's Sacrifice." In "The Broken Heart," the noblest of his works, our sympathies are on the whole rightly directed; and the death of Calantha, after enduring the most soul-crushing calamities, concealed from others under a show of mirth, is exquisitely pathetic:—

"O my lords,

I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death, and death, and death, still I danced forward";

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart
strings;

Let me die smiling."

Of another of Ford's tragedies, which can hardly be named here, Campbell

justly remarks: "Better that poetry should cease to exist, than have to do with such subjects." But it is characteristic of Ford, that his power and tenderness are never so great as in their worst perversions. Without any austerity of soul, diseased in his sympathies, a sentimentalist rather than a man of sentiment, he brooded over guilt until all sense of its wickedness was lost in a morbid pity for its afflictions, and the tears he compels us to shed are rarely the tears of honest and manly feeling.

Ford died, or disappeared, about the year 1640, and with him died the last original dramatist of the Elizabethan age; for Shirley, though his plays fill six thick volumes, was but a faint echo of Fletcher. Thus, in a short period of fifty years, from 1590 to 1640, we have the names of thirteen dramatists, varying in power and variety of power and perversion of power, but each individual in his genius, and one the greatest genius of the world,—the names of Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Middleton, Marston, Dekker, Webster, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford. Though little is known of their lives, it is through them we learn the life of their time, the manners, customs, character, the ideas, habits, sentiments, and passions, the form and the spirit, of the Elizabethan age. And they are all intensely and audaciously human. Taking them in the mass, they have much to offend our artistic and shock our moral sense; but still the dramatic literature of the world would be searched in vain for another instance of so broad and bold a representation of the varieties of human nature,—one in which the conventional restraints both on depravity and excellence are so resolutely set aside,—one in which the many-charactered soul of man is so vividly depicted, in its weakness and in its strength, in its mirth and in its passion, in the appetites which sink it below the beasts that perish, in the aspirations which lift it to regions of existence of which the visible heavens are but the veil.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

PART II.

JOEY stood silent, with down-clasped hands, full in the light, while Geordie was just behind her. Group by group the fire attracted others. All paid their tribute to it as they came; and, so supplied, it roared higher, and sent great clouds of sparks flickering away upon the blackness; and scattering its radiance on the surge that seemed to break in a dust of fire, and far off to soar in shooting spires of spume; the wind-swept flashes cut sharply into tremendous shadows, and with all the faces and figures assembled there made as wild a sea-shore scene as foam ever fell on. While they clustered there, a crazy woman from the town, long since bereft on such a night as this, came down among them, separating each knot, and stood close upon the brink, her hair flying over her face, and her lifted hand sheltering her eyes that peered deep into the shadow of the elemental tumult. All at once she turned and laughed, and began hurriedly to smooth her hair. "Lord! here comes my husband!" cried she. "Wing and wing! Both mainsels on one side! Gunnel under water! I must go home." Which—not finding it convenient to crowd more impossibilities into one sentence—she accordingly did. Suddenly, while Joey sent a terrified glance after her, as if she saw her own fate in hers, and while the woman spoke, all eyes but Joey's seemed simultaneously to light on one object, a bright thing glittering out upon the margin of the stormy dark. Was it a sail, or was it only a towering wave? It came nearer, reddening in the light, gathered shape, took outline, rose and fell, slid up the slope of a mounting wave, plunged down its hollow, lost in the gulfs and flashing out again, cut the water to right and left, and came ploughing up the sand with a shock that started all its seams.

A shout of welcome rose. "Did that handsomely!" cried Geordie.

"O, there are two of them,—they're bringing him home!" cried Joey, turning and hiding her face on Geordie's arm. He put the arm round her a moment, holding her from sinking upon the sand. Nobody heard the words, but every one saw the movement. In a moment Lucian's voice was ringing cheerily in her ears, though he was speaking not to her but to others; and the good Doctor was patting Joey's shoulder, as his profession's prerogative allowed, lifting her bewildered face, and laughing in it.

"Well, Miss Joey, am I a bad penny?" said he. "Come now, take my arm; we're all right."

Joey looked round, startled and blushing, and gathering her cloak about her. "Are you sure, Doctor?" whispered she. But the Doctor heard no whisper, and went on. "To tell you the truth, your young friend here rather frightened me before we set out. I never had any sea-legs to find. And when it seemed fairly impossible to get across, I made Mr. Lucian 'bout ship and back again!"

"I think we could have made in, Doctor," said Lucian, joining them.

"Into the other world, without doubt," replied the Doctor.

"I declare, it's beginning to rain!" said Joey, as if nothing at all had happened. "Doctor, can you run? I shall be wet through!"

"O you selfish atom!" cried the Doctor, "when neither Lucian nor I have a dry thread about us. There! that will do; you must remember I'm not Ulysses, to carry the winds in a bag."

"Ah! here's Mr. Thurlow come down in his wagon," said Joey; "now you and Lucian get in, and Geordie and I will follow on foot"; and as she was a little

despot in her own way, things were done as she chose, and Joey followed, with Geordie, trolling in strange levity, as it seemed to the townspeople, considering how near they had been to danger and death, the refrain of a rollicking boat-song, snatches of which came down on the rain and wind as the pair left the main street, and wound their way up a back path to the Widow Hazard's cottage.

Lucian had laid a fire on the great hearth that extended half across the room, and the flames were wallowing up the flue, while the Doctor, having induced such garments of Lucian's as he would not be completely lost in,—for it would have taken logarithms to calculate the difference between Lucian's longitude and the Doctor's latitude,—was now turning round and round, like a jack, before the fire, endeavoring to dry the rest of him, the steam rising on every side, till he must have looked like an ancient god in his cloud, when Joey and Geordie, with their uproarious chorus, came in.

Joey stood a moment, dripping. "So Lucian," said she, carelessly, "I thought we had seen the last of you."

"I told you I would come back, Joey," said Lucian.

"Lucian always keeps his promises," said Geordie.

"Those that are made to be kept," said Lucian, looking at Joey peculiarly.

Joey turned carnation. "I never keep any promises, for I never make any!" said she, and flirted out of the room.

"Now, Geordie," said Lucian, "I'll see if there's such a thing as a dry jacket up stairs, while you go out and shed those seven-leaguers."

"Yes," said Geordie, looking down at the great boots in which he was encased almost to the waist, "I'd about forgotten there was a joint in my knee; I feel like a whole troop of Hessians. Well, Mother Hazard," opening the door into the kitchen, "you've more than you bargained for in the house to-night."

If anything could have increased Mrs. Hazard's hostility, this address was calculated to do so; but after a moment's struggle, as nothing perhaps occurred to her sufficiently tart to annihilate him, she only retorted, "The more the merrier."

"Come now," said Geordie, "I like that." And he removed the boots outside, and washed his hands at the sink. "D' you suppose there are enough peeps to go round?" said he then, lifting the cover of the pot, and looking in.

"Go along with you for a cotquean!" exclaimed she. "Had n't you better be tasting it?"

"Jove! I should like to!" he replied.

"There's the spoon," said she, grimly anticipating her revenge.

"With the fate of the man in the south before my mouth? Not I, Mrs. Hazard," returned he, and beat a laughing retreat.

Joey had come down in a white woolen wrapper that was perhaps her morning-gown for best occasions, of which her mother would probably consider the Doctor's visit one, and, with her pale face and glittering eyes that night, as she took her seat by the fire, looked like nothing but a little white wraith of herself. Geordie went and sat beside her.

"I never saw one walk over the water in better style than Lucian to-night. Did that neatly,—did n't he?" said he.

"O, I was n't looking," answered Joey.

"Well, this is the way it was," said Geordie; and he bent forward with animation, drawing, with the tongs, a map of the situation, in the ashes, and explaining to her how anybody but Lucian would have been in the deep sea-caves before then, while Joey, with her face turned towards him, seemed to hang upon his words, and they were still so when Lucian entered. "That's how it was," said Geordie, putting a period to his sentence, as with the tongs he returned the last coal that had

snapped out to its place beneath the log.

"Toasting your feet, Joey?" said Lucian.

"Yes," answered Joey.

And seeing her so short, the Doctor wondered how Lucian had offended her now,—it must have been something serious, since he fancied that if she had spoken two words instead of one the stone would have been rolled away from a perfect Undine's spring of tears. Men are so stupid! now a doctor ought to have known better. Geordie might have been excused for supposing a misunderstanding; it would have been the fault of his sex, which can never comprehend the source of a nervous woman's crying. Lucian, however, was as wise as the Doctor. He left Joey to entertain Geordie, and got down a case of shells and specimens that he had brought from the South Seas, and exhibited them to his visitor, and was to all appearance as deeply lost in his explanations as the Doctor himself,—who had to travel all the way from Otaheite, he says,—when called to supper, though Joey and Geordie had been setting the table between them with enough clatter of tongues and dishes, Mrs. Hazard declared, for a swarming, all the time the others had been studying the corals.

"Well, Doctor," said Mrs. Hazard, "I have n't had time to ask you about your sail."

"It's a sore storm that blows both ways," said Geordie; "on the other side, I suppose there's somebody walking the floor and looking out every two minutes; on our side we've an evening with the Doctor."

"My wife's not a nervous woman," replied the Doctor. "And, so far as the sail goes, it's well enough to remember, but I think it will do my nerves good to *ride* round the bay to-morrow."

"I'm never afraid when Lucian's at the helm," said Mrs. Hazard.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I must say that every time I saw his head relieved against the belt of fire that the breakers

made, I felt as if a young sea-god had come up to take me safe to shore.

"Are you listening, Jouvency?" asked Geordie.

"Go on," answered Lucian. "You can't be so famished as I am, though. For if you continue your subject, there will be no peeps left."

"Fair play now, Jouvency."

"That is rather late for you, Geordie," said Lucian with a sudden flash and a strange accent. Geordie stared an instant, and the Doctor remarked to himself that, if Lucian were famished, a very little satisfied him.

"O, we're not all of us praising you, Lucian," said Mrs. Hazard. "Here's Joey don't think it's anything remarkable."

"I don't really suppose, though," added Mrs. Hazard, "you'd have made in so well if it had n't been for Geordie's fire—"

"Nothing for Lucian," said Joey.

"To give the Devil his due," laughed Geordie, who knew very well that Mrs. Hazard hated him, and why she did it.

"That saved us," said Lucian.

"Geordie brought the spars as if they had been splinters," said Joey. "He burned the whole of a wreck."

"We always see our way, I have heard," said the Doctor, "by the light of other people's misfortunes."

"And he comforted Mr. Thurlow, and saw his boat for him, and quieted the women, and kept them out of the blaze."

"And was, in short," said Geordie, "the hero of the occasion. If I had only known that when your keel scattered the sand!"

"Any one that had caught sight of him, mother, standing in the glow, would have said it was a giant. Did n't you see him, Lucian?"

"I saw *you*," said Lucian.

"What did I look like?" asked Joey, suddenly.

"Like Hop o' my Thumb," said Lucian, with his smile. And afterwards, when I knew him, Lucian's smile always put me in mind of golden autumn sunlight.

"I'm not so very small," was the pouting reply.

"Just large enough to fill a man's heart," interpolated Geordie.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Hazard. "Lucian, have some more tea? Joey, pass the Doctor's cup. Do let me give you another. No? I don't know what makes it so weak to-night, of all nights in the year"; lifting the lid and pensively gazing in, while stirring the contents with a spoon. "And the bread's slack-baked," continued Mrs. Hazard, with proper housekeeping depreciation. "'Most finished your Fate-lady, Joey?"

"It has almost finished me," said Joey.

"She does look good enough to eat," said Geordie.

"Come, come, Mr. Romilly. I don't allow Joey to hear that kind of talk."

"Going to make a nun of her?"

"I'll see to that," answered Mrs. Hazard. "Doctor, I'm afraid your trip has tired you out."

"Not at all," said the Doctor. "One is always quiet when reading a romance," he added in undertone for Miss Joey's ears.

Joey turned upon him for an instant a roguish look like a battle-gage, then she grew as white as she had been all the evening, and her starry eyes shone over her face as large and serious as before. The Doctor could not make up his mind whether she were the more lovely in this pale phase, or in that of the morning when she had varied every shade between white and red, and rung every change between laughter and tears.

"You don't like that our little Miss Joey here should receive compliments then?" said the Doctor.

"No," answered Mrs. Hazard. "I never had them myself when I was a girl. And unless she's going to be married for her beauty—"

"Which isn't at all likely," was Geordie's gay aside.

"No," said Lucian, quietly.

Meanwhile the color came and went again in Joey's face.

"It would be a case out of my experience, if it were," said the Doctor.

"Few people are so sensitive to beauty as that, though it undoubtedly fires the spark."

"'T would n't be safe for me," said Geordie. "I should never cleave to one woman if nothing else bound me. I should fall away when her beauty did."

"How is that, Mr. Lucian?" said the Doctor.

"I should love her still," replied Lucian, gravely, "because it was she who once had the beauty that I loved."

"That rings true," said the Doctor.

Suddenly, as Joey gave her head its little shake, all the bright hair, that with the rain had insisted on its rights and its ringlets, shook from the comb and fell about her face,—and suddenly Joey was surprised with sobs.

"There, there!" cried Mrs. Hazard, catching her gown before she could rush from the room. "It's nothing but excitement,—let her alone. There, Joey, have a hysteric, if you want this water in your face! Now,—it's all right. Don't make me so much trouble, child!"

"I don't know what you'll all think," said the quivering voice of the little wretch.

"Only that your walk on the beach, and up the hill in the storm, was too much for you," responded the Doctor.

"And singing too, Joey," said Lucian, coming behind her chair from the closet where he had gone. "Sip this wine. They said that Crazy Jane was down there on the beach, and she's enough to upset stronger people than you are."

"'T was n't that," said Joey. "O, I'm a little hypocrite! I don't want your wine, it strangles me"; and she threw it on the coals. Lucian walked back to the table.

"Well," said Geordie, "I've made way with everything in reach. It's a desert round my place, with nothing but damson-stones for the ostriches. Did you ever see an ostrich's eye, Joey? It's a—a—what do you call it, Doctor, in spy-glasses?"

"Lens?"

"A lens of lustre. As if the rays had entered but never escaped. Are you going to let two jolly tars have a smoke, Mrs. Hazard?"

"Not a whiff of one. If you want to smoke, Geordie Romilly, you can go out in the shed."

"Just as you please, ma'am," said Geordie, lighting his pipe with a coal. "Only if your house and shed go to blazes before morning, don't you blame us. Come along, mate."

"Geordie does n't seem a favorite of yours, Mrs. Hazard," said the Doctor, when the two young men had withdrawn, and Joey was bustling about again in the fire-light.

"No, that he is n't, to be plain!" exclaimed the worthy woman. "A vagrant fellow that my boy picks up in the foretop and fetches home here, brought up above his place as any one can see with his words and ways, what business has he to play the common sailor? nobody knowing his beginnings nor able to guess his endings, — no reverence in him, — never quiet two minutes together, — as great a gypsy as ever boiled his pot across two stolen sticks, to my mind," said Mrs. Hazard. "And that's what he is!"

The Doctor laughed. "I suppose you'll forgive me, though, if I go and join the scamp with my cigar?" said he.

"Never in the world," said Joey. "Mother'd just as lief you smoked here. Lucian always does. It was only a whim. I'll call the boys back, sir." And in a moment Geordie's hand and face came round the side of the door, as he tipped back in his chair beside the kitchen hearth.

"Not beyond earshot," said he. "You're a venturesome man, Doctor. Mrs. Hazard is disturbed enough with our hanging round the kitchen. But pipes in the parlor?"

"It's what we doctors call a counter-irritant," was the sly answer.

Pretty soon, however, Geordie knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and came in and sat by Joey again at the lamp, while she dressed her Fate-lady; and there

he fell to swallowing scissors, penknives, and thimbles, and producing them all again out of Lucian's pockets.

"Mrs. Hazard," said he, at last wearying of his accomplishments. "I am going to bring my mother to Netherby next week. She's been in this country some time. Will you see to her now and then?"

"Your mother?" she replied, with a little start. "Bless me! I did n't know you had one!"

"Yes," said Geordie, briefly, snipping then with the scissors. "I was born of woman. Perhaps you will think me less of a reptile now?" he added, with his quick look.

"Lord, Geordie Romilly, you're as sharp as a needle!"

"A thorn in the flesh," said Geordie.

"Then you are going to make Netherby your home!" exclaimed Joey.

"That's as it may be," said Geordie, looking at her, his boldness half changing to bashfulness. "Would you?"

"O, how pl—"

"Joey!" was the cry from Mrs. Hazard.

"It will be Lucian's home, you know," said Geordie; "he'll be tired of sea-faring, and settle here when he's been captain a couple of voyages. Then I'll step into his shoes—" Geordie stopped, and flung his hair back here impatiently. "I'd like to see the old fellow once a year, at all odds," added he. "I sha'n't say but what it would be pleasant to have you to come home to, too, Joey."

"Yes," said Joey, innocently. "I never should be happy out of Netherby. There, that's done!"

"Done, is it? Then I'll try my luck first, or shall Jouveney?"

"O, Lucian's too busy for such play," said Joey.

Lucian, who was carving jackstraws for Joey's fair, across the table, only kept his teeth shut tight over his lower lip, and allowed himself neither look nor answer.

Joey gave the Fate-lady a twirl, and both she and Geordie bent their heads

together over the little couplet on which the wand rested : —

"In hazel eyes
Your picture lies."

"I wonder if it does," said Geordie, looking up at her. But Joey was adjusting this pivot on which fortune turned, and did not mind him.

"Let's see how that may be," continued Geordie, and he set the poor Fate-lady spinning again till she might have been giddy.

"How can you expect an oracle from such a teetotum?" asked Joey, fearing damage.

"The poor thing's head must be turned, you think?" replied Geordie. "Now what is it?"

"Fear not, but put your fate to the touch;
That man wins little who never dares much."

"A knowing young lady. How can she tell that I have a fate to put to the touch? What would you do about it, Joey?"

"That man wins little who never dares much," replied Joey, concisely.

"Cross your palm with silver, my pretty lady," said Geordie, "and I can tell your fortune as well as another."

"My fortune's told!" answered Joey, shortly.

"Third time lucky," said Geordie, with a final twirl of the cardboard. "We shall get quite a code of signals for our instruction."

"If she blushes when she sees you,
Be assured she'd like to please you."

"Look up here, Joey," whispered he. "Is it the fire or the Fate-lady on your cheeks?"

Joey's face did redden, but only at his whisper; she was as white as before in a minute, and laughing her little laugh, that was hard to interpret, turned it full upon him.

"A lover and your blushes," then said Geordie. "is like the centurion and his servants; he says to them, Come, and they come. He has his very slaves in the blood in your veins. If I were the lord to command that color!"

"You bold boy!" whispered she in return. "If mother heard you!"

But there was no danger from Mrs. Hazard just then; for, having secured the Doctor for the night in a concentration of many calls in one, she was making the most of her opportunities, dilating upon her present diseases, and amassing a pathological fund for the future ones. Meanwhile the Doctor was answering at stated intervals, keeping the thread of her discourse, which a long similar passage made familiar, and with an ear and an eye to spare for the little farce of Joey's lovers.

So Joey put away the doll of destiny, and began to lay the jackstraws nicely together in a box, and Geordie, murmuring impertinent things in his subdued tone to her, amused himself by snuffing the candles the while, and all at once snuffed them out. In the instant of darkness that ensued before the glow of the fire filled it, the Doctor thought he saw a powerful hand reach suddenly across the table, seize Geordie's fingers in a grasp that shook the snuffers from them, and a click resounded from the chimney as they dashed upon it in two fragments and fell among the logs. Directly afterward Joey flourished a little torch about, lighted the candles; but all her efforts failed to find the snuffers, and only showed her Geordie standing and leaning one hand upon the table, and flashing his eyes across it. For a moment he seemed undecided, he glanced toward the door, then took his resolution.

"I owe you a reminder, Mr. Jouveney," said he, and pushed his seat nearer to Joey's, and, laying his arm unproved on the back of her chair, fell into the old tone, laughing or earnest as it might be, but inaudible to the others.

And Joey, apparently with a vague impression that Lucian had done some savage act, smiled upon Geordie with her white face, replied in the same key, allowed him the satisfaction of tearing her handkerchief to ribbons and making it whole again, and printing a deuce of hearts upon it, tried on a ring that he slipped from his finger, did twenty atrocious things in as many minutes,

and all as if there were not another soul in the room than themselves. Towards the close of those twenty minutes the Doctor looked at Lucian; he still sat there carving at the tiny splinters, dark, silent, but with all his strength unable now and then to keep from quivering with his self-contained wrath; and at last, as if positive personal pain were easier borne than this, he lifted the thin sharp blade, and gashed across the back of his hand from end to end.

With a step the Doctor arrested the knife. Joey gave one shuddering look, — she was of the kind constitutionally faint at sight of blood, — leaned back in her seat and shut her eyes. Mrs. Hazard flew to the rescue with her handkerchief, which had not been made subject to the deuce of hearts. As for Geordie, "It is only a scratch," said he lightly. "But you teach one, Jouvençy, that it's dangerous playing with edge tools. Miss Joey, you should be binding up your brother's hand."

Perhaps Joey would have touched a scorpion sooner after that, — Lucian was no brother of hers.

"How could you be so careless?" said she in a trembling voice. "You shall make no more jackstraws for me." And she swept them all away. "It is lucky that the Doctor happened to be here," then said she. "Now, as soon as that is dressed, I am going to play Christmas eve and make eggnog; sha'n't I, mother? You won't be a stern prophet, Doctor, and threaten us with bilious horrors and dyspepsias, — will you?"

The Doctor confessed that he was in the habit of purchasing an eggnog with a nightmare once a year.

"You can't beat it now, Lucian," said she, coming and standing beside him a minute, and puckering her little mouth as the Doctor bound the bandage, and made enough stir about it for Lucian to regret his ill-advised measure. "So Geordie 'll have to," concluded she. And having at last set every one at work, she fluttered about among them all like à little white butterfly, and did nothing.

So a lively time they had of it, and, out of all patience at length, Mrs. Hazard plainly signified what it was no use at all to hint, and Geordie began to institute a search for his hat, while Joey went and raised a sash to let a cool current of air through the room that was at a red-heat.

"Ah, what a night!" said she. "Too dark to see one's hand. A howling wilderness and raining brooks! And there's a wind to take you off your feet. You can never reach home in it all, Geordie!"

"We 'll see," said Geordie.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Hazard, going to the window where Joey was, and putting out her hand, and drawing it in as if she had burned it. "I should n't like to turn a dog out-doors on such a night —"

"Thank you, Mrs. Hazard," laughed Geordie.

"Don't you be so quick, sir," said she. "I was going to say, there are two beds in Lucian's room up stairs; and he'd be glad of your company."

"Not he!" was the reply.

"You are mistaken, Geordie," said Lucian, slowly, as if he exercised some command over himself, yet growing cordial as he spoke. "I can't set you adrift in such a gale. Share my room, old boy, and you 'll have the rain on the roof, — it's a long time since you heard the sound."

"And will be longer before I do! I hate a roof; it stifles me. I must have my walk to the inn, if only to drown out my devils. It's nothing but turning out of a warm bunk to stand my watch. Thank you all, and good night"; and he plunged out into the darkness and down the hill.

"Contrary fellow," said Mrs. Hazard. "One never knows where to find him. There's the gypsy again. I 'll be bound he'd rather sleep under a fence in a pelt of rain than in the best down that ever was plucked. If his mother was n't a high-born dame that ran off with one of the tribe, I never 'll guess again! Now, Joey, take your light.

The Doctor 'll think it no wonder we're all sick here. It's hard on eleven. Lucian, show the Doctor his room. I hope you 'll sleep well, sir; there's not such another bed this side the bay, though I say it; as fluffy eider as ever feathered a nest." And with this cheerful promise to one who had as lief be raked up in coals as in feathers, she bade him good night.

The Doctor's room was on the ground-floor, in an ell of the long rambling cottage, and opposite one of the windows was the shed, all one side of which was open to the weather; and soon hearing a quick, sharp sound there, it occurred to the Doctor to look out, and, distinct against a lantern's light, his glance rested on Lucian splitting kindlings, although there was a stack of them beside him. "Working off his vim," thought the Doctor, — "do him good," and went on with his preparations. But in a few minutes, having extinguished his own light, just as the good man was about to lay his head on the pillow, his eye was again caught, and he saw the young athlete standing erect, his head thrown back, his arm uplifted, and the hatchet whirled and glanced through the air like a meteor, and was buried to the helve in one of the side-posts of the shed. Then Lucian came out into the unroofed space, and stood in the black rain that poured upon him from open heavens, fiery and fierce; and the Doctor fancied that he could no less than see the hot breath shoot in its swift jet from the disdainful and angry nostril. There was something about the struggling fellow that the Doctor felt he had perhaps no right to see, and he silently dropped his curtain. "Alas, my man," thought he, "the temper that, being restrained, requires such vent as this, will one day betray you to a desperate deed!" But Lucian stood there till the storm must have cooled and soothed the fever of his passion; for it was several minutes before the Doctor heard his retreating step, slow and heavy, as if virtue had gone out from him, while the gleam of the lantern slid across the cornice and vanished,

and left the place dark and still save for the rush and rustle of the storm.

The next morning it was clear and fine, the great clouds were drifted over by the west-winds, and piled in pearly battlements along the east; one could still hear the sea lashing the crags of the Tusks, but everything on shore was sparkling, fresh, and fair. In good season, Geordie came up, leading the horses for Joey and himself to accompany the Doctor round the head of the bay.

"I thought you were going, Lucian," said his mother.

"No," answered Lucian, mounting Joey, "I've other work to-day."

Joey looked at him a moment, half hanging back, then sprang into the saddle, tucked her short skirt about her, and set her horse to dancing.

"Well, I don't blame you," said Mrs. Hazard in reply. "If there's anything ridiculous, it's a sailor with both feet plaited together under the girth! Look at him now, as if the nag meant to throw him!"

"Geordie has ridden the bowsprit in too many a black squall, mother, to be thrown by a hack to-day," said Lucian; and as he spoke the three waved their hands and rode off together.

And the Doctor's private opinion of Geordie that morning was, that, if to-day he was sailor, yesterday he had been first rider in the ring, and had now got the whip-hand of Joey.

Except the single time that he was called over to visit Mrs. Romilly, — one of those little pale women that appear fragile as a flower, while they cling to life with a theadly vitality of stem that neither suns nor snows impair, and who perfectly justified the theory of Mrs. Hazard concerning her, being quite that shadowy nonentity which vanishes entirely before a stronger will, — except for this occasion, when he found Miss Joey wearing the willow and taking care of her, that was the last the Doctor heard of the Netherby people, till one day he dropped the paper as he would have done a live coal, crying out, "Great Heavens, wife! here is Lu-

cian Jouvençy up for the murder on shipboard of Geordie Romilly!"

And the next day the Doctor received a polite summons himself to attend the trial, and tell the world what he knew of Lucian Jouvençy, his hate of Geordie, and his love of Joey. And the Doctor required no one but himself to "curse him the blabbing tongue" that had once laughingly mentioned to his old friend, the prosecuting attorney of the case, the trouble that pretty Joey Hazard was brewing for him.

After the Doctor had anathematized Elizabeth for receiving and introducing the summons, he hastened to ascertain on what point he was expected to testify, and in his vexation he was ready either to expatriate himself or to feign a brain-fever, since in everything but delirium he could be waited upon at his home for testimony; but to say nothing of the critical condition of one or two of his patients, the prosecution had seriously threatened to shut him up that moment, unless he promised to be in attendance as required. "For," said the lawyer, "if the man is innocent, it must be proved. If he is guilty, you have no business to shelter such a villain from justice, and put fresh lives in danger."

"No," said the Doctor, glumly. "It is my business to put them out of danger."

"As it stands," continued the other, "it is a case I don't care to handle."

Then the Doctor proceeded on a reconnaissance to Netherby. He found Mrs. Hazard in a fine condition of bodily health, real troubles having choked out her fanciful ones; but she was walking the floor from night till morning, or sitting fixedly staring at the green boughs in the chimney-place, in a state of excitement that was scarcely less than insanity.

"He was the light of my eye," was what she kept saying. "'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. But when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness.' But Lucian, my boy Lucian!"

It seemed that nearly every one in

Netherby, from his mother down, found some reason to believe in Lucian's guilt. He had never been a favorite of the village, — a moody fellow, rocking all day out alone in his boat, or clambering over the hills with his gun, — they were ready to impute much to this unsocial disposition. Every one but Joey; she went about her work more quietly, indeed, than ever before, doing all that there was to do, and a great deal that there was n't. "Yes!" thought the Doctor, "it is absolutely necessary that she should keep busy; let her sit down to think and there is this boy, like a brother, with his life and his innocence hanging on a thread, and all for her and her naughty capers. She could never be so calm as this if she cared about him. Yet the other one is gone, and where are her tears? Be hanged myself if I can understand a woman!" But if the Doctor's expression bordered on levity, it was because his heart was so full of trouble.

Before the Doctor went, Joey told him how they had first heard of the terrible affair. They were sitting without candles, she and her mother together, expecting Lucian, and watching each leaf shake white and cold in the moonlight, when a step sounded on the doorstep.

"That's he!" cried Mrs. Hazard, springing up. And before Joey could contradict her, the outer door was opened, and then the inner one, and a little woman stood before them with only a shawl thrown over her head, and it was Mrs. Romilly, but white and weird in the moonlight as some angry ghost.

"Where's my boy?" cried she.

"Who?" said Mrs. Hazard. "O, they're coming in a minute. I'm expecting Lucian with every breath I draw."

"Expecting him! expecting him!" repeated she, shrilly. "But where's my boy? Where is Geordie?"

"Where is Geordie?" echoed Joey, wondering, for there was something in the woman's voice that frightened her.

"Yes, Joey Hazard! And who should know better than you,—you who are the wicked cause of it all!"

"I?" stammered Joey.

"O, God punish you! God requite you! You have killed him, girl,—you and he between you! Ah, I pray Heaven—"

"O, hush! hush!" cried Joey. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that my boy's dead, drowned, murdered at sea! And that her boy is safe—"

"Thank Heaven for that!" cried Mrs. Hazard before she thought, and beginning to rock to and fro again.

"For that? Ah, if you can! It's less, less, less than I have to be thankful for. Ah then, I came for my revenge, woman,—your boy killed him!"

"Never in this world!" said Joey, clutching at a seat, but feeling as though for that one moment she were called upon to asseverate the truth to God.

Mrs. Hazard sat upright and icy. The little slender creature was towering in the middle of the room, like a flame, in her wild white wrath. When at last Lucian's mother spoke, it was with no assertion of his innocence, her mind had coursed over all the possibilities, and measured them; she knew his moods and methods of old. But in a dull, dead, rough voice, as if she were speaking into some hollow thing: "How do you know that?" said she, sharply.

"How do I know it?" responded the other. "Why the winds know it, and the waves. And men and women know it, and are babbling at the corners of it. And four stone walls of a prison know it!"

This was too much. Mrs. Hazard sprung to her feet, and begun to walk up and down. As she walked, there stood the woman in her way. She stopped before her, glaring at her.

"What have I ever done to you," exclaimed Mrs. Hazard, "that you come to me now like a devil in your glee?"

"In my glee?" cried she, throwing

up her arms. "In my glee? O my boy, my boy!" And she sunk down on the floor by a chair, covering her face with her shawl, and drenching it in gusty tears. "O, we knew trouble together!" cried she. "He was all I had. When he was a baby he had such blue eyes! And his little hair crept round my finger of itself, in its pretty yellow curl. Geordie, Geordie, will I never lean on your strong arm again? will I never hear your step? What a laugh you had! ah, what comfort it could send through me now! And you suffered so!—and I never shall know!—ah, that staggering moment, that one breath, that horror,—no help. O my darling, my boy, my boy!" And with her head upon her knees, and her hands along the floor, she went on wailing aloud.

Mrs. Hazard looked down at her a moment, and made as if she would stir her with her foot, gave a glance at the panic-stricken Joey, and then suddenly stooped to Mrs. Romilly's side, lifted her head and laid it on her own shoulder, stroking it with her hard hand. "We're mothers together, dear," said she; "let us help one another. If you've lost your child, I'm likely to lose mine. I never had one of my own. I wanted one; I'd have liked a tender little thing that had been a part of my own self and of him,—to have held my love and my life in my arms. But there was Lucian, and I just filled my hungry heart with him. And now—and now—" And Mrs. Hazard herself broke down, and the little woman in her arms put up a hand to still her sorrow in turn, and the two mingled their tears together.

After that they kept Mrs. Romilly among them, and her fire having fallen to ashes, she was as eager as they for Lucian's acquittal, and the defence intended to make the fact a strong point of the argument.

"Joey," said the Doctor, when she had told him all this, "I am glad to see you quiet yourself. But you mustn't use so much control as to occasion a reaction by and by. Tears are secur-

ity, just as fever is remedy. Still, I confess, I don't —"

"O," said Joey, turning all colors at once, "I have seen Lucian."

"Seen Lucian?"

"Yes. I went — to the place — one day. And they let me — I obtained permission to go in. And when he saw me, he cried out, and checked himself, and held his arms to me, — he always kissed me when he came home, you know," said Joey, simply. "But Mrs. Romilly was with me, and she held me back. It was of no use for mother to go, of course; she thinks he — did it. She won't see him till — till afterward. And there were men with him, — two lawyers. And I looked at him where I stood, and I said in a whisper, — 'Lucian, did you kill Geordie?' And he raised his — his eyes, and rested them full on mine, and his voice was clear and steady. 'No, Joey,' said he. And he never told a lie. Never, you know. And he and Mrs. Romilly spoke together; and he was so tender and compassionate to her; and she believed him. And he made me sit down in the only chair; and though he was thin and white, he was as smiling and calm as here at home, — and O, shall I ever see him here again?" and Joey threw her apron over her head, and ran from the room.

As for the rest of that scene in the cell, as it really occurred, it was not from Miss Joey, with her ruling passion actually strong in death, that the Doctor learned it.

Lucian Jouveney was brought to trial in the maritime court.

The evidence against him was opened with testimony that, ever since the marriage of Lucian's stepmother and Joey's stepfather the two children had been constantly together; that Lucian had always called Joey his little wife, and that Joey had appeared well content with the arrangement till Geordie Romilly appeared upon the scene; and the small servant — after much hesitation and frequent avowals that she was

sure Mrs. Hazard would n't like it — deposed that her mistress had often spoken confidently to her of the time when the two should be one, up to the hour of Mr. Romilly's arrival, when the said mistress had been heard to say she wished him drowned in the Red Sea before he ever set foot in Netherby. Mr. Thurlow and others were then introduced in witness of Joey's volatile behavior on the night when Lucian was in such danger from having attempted to set the Doctor across the bay; and how she threw herself into Geordie's arms, walked, singing, up the hill with him, went to ride with him next morning, and other similar items, were all rehearsed, although not without much sarcasm and objection on the part of the defence, and ruling on the part of the court. The Doctor was then called, as an expert, and a person whose words were of weight, to detail something of the incidents that had passed under his eyes, and to give his opinion with reference to the passions evinced by the prisoner. You may be sure the Doctor shortened matters, and was as close-mouthed and crusty as he dared to be, and would have said nothing at all of Lucian's disposition but for examination; but on being asked if he did not consider the circumstances narrated to evince a violent temper, subject to uncontrollable paroxysms, he was obliged to admit that such certainly appeared to be the fact, and to declare, moreover, in reply to the narrow questioning to which he was subjected, that he believed Geordie to be the possessor of Joey's favor, and that intense jealousy existed on the part of the prisoner. And although not an iota had been gained from him without questions from the prosecuting attorney himself, the Doctor retired with a crestfallen conviction that he was no better than a street-corner gossip. The next witnesses were called to prove that Lucian and Geordie had shipped together on the bark Josephine, Lucian as mate and Geordie as captain of the foretop; that during all the voyage out the former's conduct

had been variable, — now cheerful, and now sullen ; that once, being becalmed and discipline lax, there had been a wrestling-match between the two, begun perhaps in sport, but ending in such serious earnest that each had borne the marks for a week ; that the voyage having been accomplished in less time than usual, the first mail from home had been given them by an outward-bound ship ; that Lucian had received no letter, but Geordie had one that seemed to contain a daguerreotype, which he made off with, going forward, and then catching Lucian's eye as he looked back he raised his hand in his prankish way, and shook it in the air, and immediately Lucian, growing black as a thunderbolt, had seized a marline-spike in his paroxysm of rage and flung after him, and the spike had missed him, but struck the letter in his hand, and had gone with it into the sea. And Geordie, with an oath, had sprung back at him, but Lucian had cried out between his set teeth, "Don't tickle me now, or I shall kill you !" and Geordie had returned, "Kill and be damned ! The letter was from her !" And then, "Who, Geordie ?" called a half-dozen.

"From pretty Joey Hazard !" laughed he. And at that, as if her name were too good to be bandied, Lucian had flamed up again ; he was just going below, but he came back and shook his fist at Geordie, crying, "Say your prayers to-night, my man ! For, by God, we'll have a settlement before morning !" Several witnesses substantiated this. John Tarbox, having then been called, testified that, being very short of hands through sickness, on the night following this day, he having the helm, Geordie Romilly and one other were called for the last watch before sunrise ; that the mate, Jouvency, had excused the other, saying he would take his place himself ; that then, it being a clear starlight night, and the ship sailing on a straight course, the first he knew was a bucket of salt water dashed upon him, and he saw the sun coming up the horizon, and the mate standing

over him, grim as death,—for he always kept the men up to the mark when on duty,—but above or below they two were all there was between the deck and the sky, and Geordie Romilly never trod those planks again, unless it was his ghost that played in the fore-top all the rest of the voyage ; and that while he was asleep Lucian had mastered and made away with Geordie, he was as ready to swear as that his own name was Jacky Tar. Since he could not swear it, it was of no consequence how ready he was to swear it, the defence remarked, and, inquiring as to how he remembered he was asleep on that night, the witness replied that the cat-o-nine-tails printed it on his back next morning ; and being asked if the prisoner had been in the habit of carrying weapons, he replied that the mate always wore his knife in his belt, and being without it that morning, it had been found for him behind a pile of cordage, where he said he had thrown it lest he should use it. Being further questioned as to why the captain had not taken cognizance of these affairs, he gave answer that the captain thought the mate too good an officer to lose, and he was not capable of noticing the occurrence, moreover, having that night and the day before been rather set up.

"Set up ?" asked the counsel for the defence, willing to badger the man a bit.

"Too near the wind, maybe," said the witness, unsuspiciously. "He was very happy all the time ; but for a day or two had been half-snap, — what we call rather over the bay."

"Explain yourself, sir !"

"Well, pretty tight, I should say."

"That would be — ?"

"A little sprung, sir," was the puzzled reply.

"How could one be pretty tight if he were a little sprung ?"

"By seeing double !"

"How am I to understand your meaning ?"

"You must be a green-hand if you don't know what it is to be half-sea-sick !" cried Jacky Tar. "I mean the captain had been drinking !"

And having thus begun, the defence proceeded with a critical cross-examination of the witness as to his narration; and the testimony against the prisoner, damnatory in its character although circumstantial, was concluded.

The evidence for the defence was brief, a few persons being summoned to swear to the prisoner's unblemished reputation hitherto, and especially as to his temper and humanity. The captain of the bark *Josephine* bore witness that he was an invaluable officer; but the effect of what testimony he had to offer was sensibly diminished by his forced admission of the fact that he had been, as John Tarbox had testified, unable to attend to his business of sailing the ship upon the night in question. Testimony was then entered that no noise of scuffling or contention had been heard by any on board during that time, and there rested. And with all the current of opinion setting with him, the prosecutor rose for his argument.

After giving the reasons for the dark deed, he summed up conclusively such evidence as he had, and then made an argument that nothing less than an elaborate special plea could overcome,

while singling out each member of the jury, haranguing and convincing him as he was himself convinced, bringing the responsibility home to each personally, presenting the enormity of the crime in all its force, and the fatal consequences of such flagitiousness once left unpunished. That done, he took his seat contentedly, borrowed a leaf from the grave-diggers in Hamlet, and enlivened the gloom with a jest; he had wrought out his points to his own satisfaction, all his solicitude ceased at once, and he was as ready to compassionate Mrs. Hazard as Mrs. Romilly. The jury looked as solemn as if they already saw the scaffold, and the senior counsel for the defence whispered to his junior that the case looked black as murder. Everything now depended on his own eloquence merely, and even his well-known power of making black appear white must tell against the prisoner. If Lucian understood his situation, he had manifested it by no dead torpor, nor by any angry impatience to interrupt the speaker; and the lofty assurance of his quiet manner remained the same, as unruffled, stately, and serene he walked from the court-room. And there the statements and inferences of the evening paper ceased.

DOCTOR MOLKE'S FRIENDS.

CHAPTER II.

ROLFSON THE MISSIONARY.

THE reader who has followed the account of Sipsu through the last chapter will remember that when we parted with that untamable savage a shadow of suspicion hung about him. The mysterious circumstance of his appearance in the fog, at a time when all hunters should be at home, and his subsequent behavior, led Doctor Molke to believe, as was very evident, that

something was going wrong; and from the time of our first encounter until we had crept into our tent to sleep, I was conscious that the Doctor had lost something of his usual gayety. He had become thoughtful, and evidently a little anxious. What it was all about I could not pretend to guess.

For myself, the meeting with Sipsu was simply a novel experience, and one of great interest to me. It soon became clear, however, that our journey, undertaken for the gratification of curiosity, had acquired a serious aspect.

The Doctor's reticence puzzled me, and to judge from that I might have thought something particularly dreadful was going to happen. I did not, however, care to question him, seeing that he was not inclined to talk about the matter of his own free will, — if, indeed, there was anything to talk about at all. In proportion, however, as I put this restraint upon myself, my curiosity very naturally increased; and how long after we had crawled out of our fur beds I should have found myself able to keep entirely quiet I cannot pretend to say.

But the Doctor spoke at last. We had just finished an excellent breakfast that Adam had set out for us upon the flat rock where he had served the supper on the previous evening. "I have been thinking," said he, "a great deal about the behavior of Sipsu. Ordinarily the fellow is lively enough, and I thought that I should be able to show you a simple savage in his savage retreat, and give you one more novelty to carry home with you. But, although he is really acting his character perfectly, he does not reveal the side of it that I wanted you to see. To cut a long story short, I am pretty well convinced that he would cause trouble, if he only could, to some people in whom I have much interest. I am not sure of it, by any means; yet the feeling is so strong upon me that I think those people ought to know what we have seen."

"Ought to know what we have seen?"

I repeated in my mind. "Ought to know what we have seen? — an odd-looking savage, with an odd-looking boat, in an odd sort of place! That is what I have seen. If the Doctor has seen more, then the plot thickens! If the Doctor is serious, are we likely to have some work on hand?" But for the life of me I could not make out what harm this skin-clad and unwashed dweller in the ice forest, called Sipsu, could do to anybody, or what possible motive he could have for doing it.

"I feel obliged, therefore," continued the Doctor, "to go somewhat out of

my way in returning home, and I hope you will not find it greatly to your inconvenience."

The Doctor was really serious, after all! There was not the least room for doubting it.

"By no means," I answered promptly. "It will not inconvenience me in the least. On the contrary, the further the journey is prolonged the better I shall be pleased. You know I am 'enlisted for the war,' and will see you through."

"Then you would not mind seeing another of my friends?"

"Certainly not; and if he is as interesting a specimen of humanity as this fur-bound barbarian friend of yours, then my debt of thanks will be doubled."

"I think," replied the Doctor, "you will find him quite as interesting, though in a very different way."

"But let me ask, is this other friend another savage?"

"No, not a savage this time, but an honest gentleman"; and without further ado the Doctor called Adam, and told him to prepare for starting with all possible despatch.

And so, after finding a luxury-loving man, and starting a savage, I was to seek an honest gentleman! "Truly," thought I, "this home of the icebergs, and land of the glaciers, and realm of everlasting frost, is not so bad a place to come to, after all!" and thus wondering what was next going to happen, I followed the Doctor up to Sipsu's tent, while Adam got the breakfast ready.

Sipsu had not once come near our camp, and he seemed wholly indisposed (as well he might) to have anything to do with us. But if he was angry with Doctor Molke for bringing him back to the island, why should he stay there nursing his wrath? why did he not start off again while we were sleeping? I put these questions to the Doctor.

"That's easily explained," was his reply. "He knew that he was watched, or thought he was, which is pretty much the same, and would not risk a second humiliation and the chance of being shot to boot!"

"Who is the man on post?" I asked; and it struck me as something ludicrous, to see a sentry "standing post" in such a place.

"Adam," answered the Doctor, "and he hates the savage very cordially, and has just sense enough, besides, to obey orders. Sipsu would, however, be off almost as soon as we, if he had his own way. But I do not mean to let him have his own way, as you shall see."

We found Sipsu seated on a rock near his tent; and he wore the same sullen look that he had worn the day before. He tried hard, however, to look pleasant as we came up to him, and succeeded about as well as a griffin might be supposed to if he tried to laugh. But the treatment he had received at the Doctor's hands had thrown such a heavy shadow on his face, that not a ray of sunshine had yet come back to it,—if, indeed, any such thing did ever find its way to his face at all.

The Doctor did not seem to be in the least taken aback by the smile of the griffin order with which he greeted us, but hailed him in the same off-hand and easy manner with which he had before accosted him:

"Hallo, Sipsu! Looking for seals, eh?"

"No!" answered Sipsu with a fearful grunt, which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth instead of from his own.

"I want to borrow your kayak, Sipsu," continued the Doctor; and now the grunt with which the savage answered was even more fearful than before; but whether it signified "yes" or "no" I could not well make out. The Doctor did not, however, seem to be for an instant in doubt about it; but went right on to where the boat was, followed by one of our crew, who took it down, and carried it off upon his arm to the camp.

"Thank you, Sipsu," said the Doctor, "much obliged to you; will send it back in a day or so."

As soon as the Doctor's back was

turned, Sipsu came close up to me, and in a very hurried manner asked me, "What Dok-tee-mo-kee want with my kayak?"

Of course I did not know, and told him so.

"I know!" continued he. "He no want my kayak at all. He want to keep me here. Dok-tee-mo-kee one very great wise man. He know what I think, I know what *he* think too"; and the savage looked as he would say, "I'll be even with Dok-tee-mo-kee yet."

When the Doctor joined me, and we had turned to leave this strange creature of the island, he said to me, "A shrewd rascal that; but I have blocked his game this time, I think." And Doctor Molke laughed good-naturedly at the discomfiture of his friend, the savage Sipsu.

We were now soon in our boat, afloat once more upon the waters of the fiord, with one of our crew in Sipsu's kayak following after. The day was in striking contrast to the previous one. The fog had lifted and melted away, and the great forest of icebergs was glittering in a brilliant sunlight. Not a cloud was visible, the air had grown quite warm; and before a light wind we sailed on and on upon our tortuous course,—icebergs rising before us and sinking behind us, as they had done when we had first set out upon our journey,—while the same voices of their crumbling and overturning came from every side to startle us, to win our admiration and excite our wonder.

On and on we sped for hours and hours, and watched the changing forms of the icebergs as we passed them by, and the islands with the hunters' little huts upon them, until the scene became wearisome. I was not sorry, therefore, when the Doctor told me that we were near our destination. Soon afterward we rounded a point of land, and the little trading station of Karsuk stood in view, perched upon a dark, naked, rocky slope, looking much like the town where Doctor Molke lived,—exhibiting the same one-story, pitch-and-tar-coated houses, the

same stone-and-turf-built huts, the same seal-skin tents, the same unmistakable odor peculiar to every fishing-town, the same great pack of howling dogs, the same odd sort of people standing near the rocky beach gazing at us.

If these things presented little that was picturesque or pleasant to the eye, there was yet one thing there to delight the heart. A little Christian church, with its front painted white, beamed brightly in the Arctic sunshine beneath a Christian cross; and if frowned upon by "Greenland's icy mountains," it yet inspired the same emotions, and suggested the same sentiments of love and hope and faith, as if it had gleamed over the rich foliage of our own home summer above some peaceful "village of the plain."

Near the church there stood a modest-looking little dwelling, — black like all the rest. "And there," said the Doctor, pointing to it, "lives the 'honest gentleman' that I told you of."

I had a great curiosity to know something of this "honest gentleman" in advance, and said so to my companion.

"A missionary after St. Paul's, and a man after my own heart," was the reply.

"An excellent recommendation truly; but by what name might this new wonder be called?"

"His name is Eric Rolfson," answered the Doctor; "but Rolfson the missionary is the name by which he is known in all the country round."

We were fortunate in finding Rolfson the missionary at home; and seeing our boat approach, he hastened to the landing-place to meet us. I had a fine look at him, as he stood close by the margin of the water, waiting for the boat to touch the rocks, and then to help us ashore.

He appeared to be a vigorous, hearty man; and was tall and well proportioned. His dress did not differ in its general pattern from our own; but the cap, waistcoat, pantaloons, and boots were made of seal-skins instead of cloth. He wore a simple, heavy brown cloth coat. Of course such clothing

would spoil the finest figure in the world; but his was one of those on which everything hangs gracefully, and one forgot the clothing while looking at the man. His features were regular, and his complexion was very fresh and fair, as I thought, for such a climate. His hair and beard were light, and almost golden. Of the latter there was not enough to hide the outlines of his chin, and his hair was long and soft, and it curled about his temples in a gentle, tender sort of way; and, altogether, Eric Rolfson, as he stood upon the rocks waiting for us to step ashore, was an attractive-looking person, and claimed the interest instantly. He met us in a cordial, graceful manner that was very winning. "A thousand thanks for your coming." Greetings over, he instantly proposed to lead us to his "hut," as he called his residence.

"But first," broke in the Doctor, "I must tell you why we came."

"Of course you came to see me," answered Rolfson; "what else *could* have brought you here?"

"Of course to see you, good Rolfson," replied the Doctor; "but we came rather by accident than original design, I fear."

"Now, don't tell me that," remonstrated the missionary, — "don't tell me that; because you see it would be so poor a compliment."

"Poor compliment or not," went on the Doctor, "you must take it for what it's worth. But, Rolfson, come, I must have a word with you at once"; and turning to me he excused himself, and then turning to Rolfson he pulled him aside; but as they did not move more than a few paces, and as I could not move in any direction without passing nearer to them, some parts of their conversation reached my ears.

"Indeed!" I heard Rolfson exclaim. "Then he has left the island!"

"Who told you that?" inquired the Doctor.

"I do not know how the news came here," answered Rolfson; "but there are those who pretend to say that it is true."

"Then," replied the Doctor with evident satisfaction, "it is not true."

"No?" exclaimed the missionary, half questioning, half in surprise, "I am truly glad: I have been greatly worried about it, and am much rejoiced you came."

It was clear enough that both the Doctor and the missionary anticipated that harm might come to somebody through the savage Sipsu, and that both were upon their guard; but of the nature of this harm I had not yet received the slightest hint, nor could I form the least idea. By and by the Doctor raised his voice again, and I heard him say: "What! do you think me such a dunce?"

"Never that at any time," replied Rolfson, "but I cannot see what you possibly could do."

"Do!" exclaimed the Doctor as if surprised,— "do! why I brought this kayak with me, to be sure."

"And left him a prisoner on his own island!" exclaimed the missionary.

"Exactly so," said the Doctor; and the missionary laughed outright, and said it was "too good a joke to be true." Then the conversation was continued in an undertone for some moments longer, when I heard the missionary say to the Doctor, "I'll do anything you want me to"; and it was a very easy thing to see, as they stood together on the rocks, that, if the Doctor admired the missionary as an "honest gentleman," the missionary, on the other hand, gave that submission which the weaker nature always offers to the stronger one, when they are brought together.

"I want you to do just nothing at all, good Rolfson," answered the Doctor,—"nothing, at least, but entertain my friend here"; saying which he turned towards me, and made some excuse for leaving me alone so long, and then remarked that he suspected I "must be somewhat curious about this Sipsu, of whom they had been saying so much."

I told him that his suspicions were quite correct.

"Well," continued the Doctor, "it is an odd sort of a history, and I am sure it will amuse you. I have said little about the savage to you, being myself a dreadfully poor story-teller, while Rolfson here is one of the very best; and he has promised me that he will tell it to you,—eh, Rolfson?"

The missionary looked at the Doctor as if he should like to reprove him for his wickedness, and would have done it certainly had the Doctor not seemed to him a shade above that sort of thing. It was clear enough that the missionary had made no promise of the kind, and that he had no mind to be thought "one of the best of story-tellers."

"No matter, then!" exclaimed the Doctor, in his good-natured, pleasant way, seeing that the missionary was both shocked and puzzled, "Rolfson is modest, and his memory is bad; but we'll have the story none the less before we've done with him. If he does not tell it to you while I am away, I'll draw it out of him when I come back." Then turning to me he said: "It is necessary for me to go on a little farther in the boat, and I am very certain that you will enjoy a day or so here much better than you would with me"; and he turned to leave us, as if in the greatest hurry to be off.

"Come, come," cried Rolfson, intercepting him, "this will never do. It must not be said that Doctor Molke came to see the missionary and went away without tasting of the missionary's hospitality,—even although he may be able to offer but a crust of bread and a cup of coffee."

"Pardon me, Rolfson," replied the Doctor, "I meant no discourtesy; but I have need, as you know, to make some haste, rather than to break bread and drink coffee."

"Haste or no haste," expostulated the missionary, "I am sure that no enterprise can prosper which is begun by the neglect of a sacred obligation. So now, for once, you must let me give orders, and say 'Come along.'"

"Well, well," exclaimed the Doctor,

resignedly, "have your own way, good man. One who follows you cannot go very far astray, at any rate; but you see I must not tarry long."

"Tarry no longer than you please," replied the missionary, "I shall let you off right soon. 'Welcome the coming and speed the parting guest,' is as good for Greenland as elsewhere"; and while he spoke he turned about and conducted us to his house, ushering us into a small, uncarpeted, and very plainly furnished room. The walls, made of plain pine boards, were without paint, and their smoke-stained surface was unbroken by ornament of any kind except a few engravings in plain wooden frames, — all portraits of men who had been connected with the early settlement of Greenland. Among the most conspicuous were those of Hans and Paul Egede, who were the first to preach the Christian faith in these wild places, and of Count Zinzendorf, through whose pious efforts the Moravian Brothers were established at New Herrnhut.

"What a contrast to Doctor Molke's luxurious lodge!" I inwardly exclaimed. A few pine shelves were arranged along one side of the room, and they were well stocked with books. Opposite these shelves there was a huge stove, and near the stove an old-fashioned wooden lounge or settee, and three plain wooden-seated chairs were placed around a plain pine table, on which a short, stoop-shouldered, wrinkled, and altogether ancient and singular-looking woman, dressed in seal-skin pantaloons and boots, and fur-bound jacket (in general form like Sophy's, only lacking neatness), placed some ill-matched plates and knives and forks and cups, and then brought in a dish of ill-flavored seal-flesh, and an urn of steaming coffee, and a pile of Danish naval bread, which looked about as edible as bricks, and which resembled bricks in everything but its brown color. To soften the harshness of this uninviting repast there was, beside the coffee, some home-brewed beer and a bottle of Danish corn brandy.

"This is but humble fare, my friends," said the missionary, in an apologetic tone, as we drew round the table, — "very humble fare indeed; but somehow or other I was never a good caterer for the table, and I sometimes think that I trust quite too much to Barbara"; and the missionary called "Barbara, Barbara," and in an instant the stoop-shouldered, wrinkled, and ancient dame above described came waddling through the door leading from the kitchen.

"Have you nothing but this, Barbara?" inquired the missionary, in a rather hopeful tone of voice, as I thought.

At this question Barbara appeared surprised, and it was quite evident that she looked upon it in the light of a personal reflection. "What better fare than seal-meat, fried in its own fat, and smelling savory, should anybody want, I should like to know?" was the question she seemed to be coming to, as she stood before her master; and, viewed in that light, her whole body seemed to be twisted into an enlarged note of interrogation. But although she did not speak the question, she grew voluble, — told us when and where the seal was caught, and what pains and trouble she had taken with the cooking of it, and what a time she had had with the coffee, and how she had gone expressly over to the storehouse to get the bread, and had gone to another place for a cracked cup, and to another place for a battered spoon, for she had never set a table for so many people in all her life before, and she had to borrow furniture; and all the while she was making this little speech (which was an admirable speech to hear but for the ending of it, when we were plainly told that there was nothing else to eat in all the house) she seemed to be unrolling herself, for she grew several inches taller, and in this operation she appeared to aid herself by sundry shakes of her seal-skin clothes, as a rhinoceros might shake its loosely fitting hide, to get the wrinkles out, and be ready for expansion.

"Not another thing, Barbara?" repeated the missionary, in a much less

hopeful tone of voice than before. "Are you quite sure of that?"

"Quite sure! Not another thing to eat in all the house," quoth Barbara.

"Then Heaven help my hungry guests!" was, as it appeared to me, the not unreasonable appeal of our now quite hopeless host.

"Amen!" cried the Doctor, who, no longer able to restrain himself, broke out into a hearty laugh at Rolfsen's woful face. "Upon my word, good man," continued he, "I think you are very far from being sufficiently thankful for Heaven's gifts; for such rare coffee as this should of itself be enough to insure contentment to any reasonable being; and as for the corn brandy, it is excellent, as I know from former experience; but since you appear to think so poorly of its merits, and like rather the more aromatic distillations of Santa Cruz, your very reasonable and moderate desires may be satisfied by sending this very ancient and valuable Barbara down to the boat."

"Now just listen to him!" cried the missionary. "How adroitly he wants to get rid of my bad corn brandy, that he may replace it with his own fine Santa Cruz; but Barbara shall bring the Santa Cruz for all that, and (how stupid it was in me not to have thought of it before!) she shall bring all the other good things she finds there." So Barbara, being called, was despatched upon the errand, expressly charged to "bring everything in the eating and drinking line that she could lay her hands upon."

"The pious thief!" exclaimed the Doctor, when Rolfsen had finished, "who ever heard of such a cool proceeding? But I have learned to be resigned, for so this good man always treats me."

"So the Doctor treats himself," retorted the missionary. "The sinful Sybarite! he is always fearful that the hermit's hut will have nothing good enough for his fastidious palate, and hence, when he comes this way, he always crowds his boat with insubstantial luxuries."

"Of which insubstantial luxuries,"

answered the Doctor, "the said sinful Sybarite is very speedily relieved by the said abstemious hermit, as example illustrates; for here comes Barbara, waddling along like a pack-mule under a pair of panniers heavy enough to break her back. A well-instructed servant is Barbara, and used to foraging expeditions of this sort."

Thus did we in a pleasant manner fill up the time of Barbara's absence; and thus did we neglect the missionary's brickbat bread and steaks of seal-flesh.

Barbara came staggering in under her heavy burden, dropped it on the floor, straightened herself out to the extent of about half a foot, gave herself a shake or two after the rhinoceros fashion, took three long pulls at the close atmosphere of the little room, and began to unpack.

"Heavy?" said the Doctor, looking at her with interest and satisfaction.

"Ugh! Adam!" and a point at the door was the only answer.

Adam was there sure enough, and his scowling face and half his body were pushed through the half-open doorway. His arm was raised above his head, and he had thrown something into the room, with an angry "There, you forgot that! Take it!" before he saw the party at the table, or knew that we were in the house. But the deed was done, and the fellow had shrieked out "Oh!" and quickly closed the door, as if he feared the Doctor's plate was coming at his head, and he was running frightened away; and the luckless Barbara was "doubled up" in such a manner as to show that Adam had been true with his aim, and that Barbara's three pulls at the close atmosphere of the little room had proved a useless effort. The "game chicken" himself could hardly have done it more effectually.

"What's the matter?" cried the missionary.

"Matter plenty," answered Barbara (with an angry scowl at the door where Adam's head had been), as soon as she had pulled in her breath again,

— “matter plenty ; I leave him one loaf of bread to eat, and he want more or will have none ; and he get mad and run after me, and double me all up with no wind in me.”

“It was very evident that the missionary’s housekeeper had obeyed her orders to the letter, and that she had left our boat as destitute of eatables as an iceberg of warmth, and that the pilot Adam had made defence like a faithful dog, and had been overcome, and was therefore spiteful.

“Thanks, thanks, good, honest, faithful Barbara !” spoke the Doctor in a soothing tone. “Never mind the wind, but let us have the spoils, and we’ll settle with Adam by and by.”

Being thus encouraged, Barbara soon made the old pine table look quite cheery with the good things she had brought ; and a meal which had a very modest and humble beginning had a very different ending.

The Doctor was soon afterward off upon his journey, and Rolfsen and I set out to take a stroll about the hills and valleys in the neighborhood. The day was warm ; we wandered far, climbed high, and talked much.

And the walk was one long to be remembered. Strange groups of people met us everywhere as we strolled near the beach, gazing and grinning at us as we went along ; strange little seal-skin tents peeped up here and there from among the rocks ; strange little huts were found in lonely places ; and strange-looking men in their little boats were streaming in from every quarter of the sea, with fish or seals, seeking home and shelter, for the sky was threatening a storm.

The missionary proved to be a most genial and pleasant companion for a walk. He had a gentle word for every hunter, child, or woman that we passed, and they all seemed fond of him. He was fond of exercise, and was a vigorous walker, and his mind was keenly alive to whatever there was of beauty or sublimity in the scenes which broke upon us in the changing view. The cheerfulness of his spirits seemed to me

quite wonderful, when I thought of the hardships and privations he must needs endure, not only in his lonely life in this lonely place, but in his wanderings, to and fro, through the frosts and snows of winter and the storms of summer, in the performance of his missionary duties, — carrying into the huts and villages, far and near, Christian counsel and a cheerful face.

My interest in him, excited at the first moment of our meeting, increased greatly as we walked on and talked together. His character I thought quite easily read : it seemed all written in his face and manner. It appeared to me, as I watched and listened to him, that he had banished himself to this distant desert place for the simple love of doing good, and that his happiness was in his work, and that he was satisfied. And yet, as I reflected, more and more it did seem strange to me that one of such a social and sympathetic temperament could bring himself to live alone, as he was doing here, even with this incentive and this satisfying aim ; and in the end I found myself wondering how this earnest yet gentle man, with education and refinement, should be content to dwell in solitude and poverty, even more than I had wondered at the motives of Doctor Molke ; for while the latter was one of those strong, self-reliant men whose actions seem wholly independent of persons or of circumstances, Rolfsen, on the other hand, belonged to that class of mortals who are strong only when guided by the conscience, — one of those to whom the heart warms instinctively, who, hiding no action of the daily life, are ever free to give confidence when it is sought without unworthy aim, and who gain the unsolicited confidence of others.

Patient and self-sacrificing, giving everything and receiving nothing but the simple satisfaction of doing good ; humble, yet proud ; always zealous, yet ever cheerful ; pious without austerity or asceticism, — such are the true servants of the Lord and teachers of His word.

Fortunately for my curiosity in re-

gard to himself, Rolfson made no effort at concealment. During our walk he spoke frequently of himself, inquired eagerly about the world, and alluded often to his long banishment from it.

The pleasant walk came to an end, and once more we found ourselves seated in the dreary little dining-room of the missionary's hut. And here our conversation ran on as before, only it became more pointed and particular. I did not at the time observe it, but afterward I recalled the circumstance, that throughout our walk, and for some time after our return, Rolfson asked me only general questions, and seemed desirous only of hearing general news; but as the evening wore on he seemed to seek more accurate knowledge of the world. And now, as I spoke of particular events, either historical or of my own personal knowledge, that had happened on the south side of the Arctic Circle, I could perceive that his eagerness grew and grew, as if some great restraint had been removed; but as it grew, his manner became less cheerful and more intense, and the brightness vanished from his face.

Had I been watching him carefully and curiously, as at first, I might have noticed that the change was gradual; but as it was, when I came at length to a pause in my rapid speech, and fixed my eyes upon him steadily, it seemed to me almost as if another man had come to take the place where Rolfson had been sitting by the fire.

I was really startled. I was wholly unprepared for this great change in my companion, so completely had he impressed himself upon my mind as one whose life was and always had been passed in joyous sunshine. I felt that he had a warm and generous heart, and I had hastily inferred that his soul must be always tranquil if his days were passed in his Master's service. In some sense (indeed, a large one) this was true, but how impossible it is that we should ever reach the depths of the human heart with our plummet-line! how constantly we err in the conclusions that we draw! how unjust we of-

ten are! how seldom it is that we count or know the cost at which a human life has gained the privilege of a narrow footing on the narrow road!

In our silence the lines of sadness deepened in the missionary's face; and, anxious to fill the pause, I found myself asking: "In spite of all your active, pressing duties, do you not find your place at times wearisome and your life lonely?"

"Very lonely indeed my life is sometimes," replied Rolfson; "though not more so here, perhaps, than it would be in the most crowded city of the world. All places are pretty much alike to me"; and as he answered me he rose from his seat, and, crossing the room, looked vacantly out of the window.

He must have been himself conscious that his voice and manner had both changed; for, as he passed me in returning to his seat, he paused in front of me and said: "Pardon a momentary weakness. You do not know what a strange effect you produce upon me. You have come to me, as it were, with the rich perfume of the world about you, and you tell me of the world's delights and of its pleasant places. For years I have scarcely allowed the world to come across my thoughts. But your words were such as to call up, in spite of all that I could do, associations which I would place beyond the reach of memory. At first you saw me much excited and very eager. It has never been easy for me to control my emotions. These few hours of our acquaintance, of our walking and talking together, have exposed to you two very opposite features of my character."

I was much surprised with his extraordinary frankness, and felt that we were no longer strangers to each other. But I was really alarmed at the result of our conversation,—fearing that I had unwittingly said, as I hurried on, something to give him pain.

"Our conversation," said he, in answer to my expression of this feeling, "was of my own seeking,—at least that part of it which concerns the world from which you come"; saying which,

he walked once more to the window, and, for a moment, pressed his forehead against the window-pane. Then he paced two or three times up and down the room, and then resumed his seat.

The situation had, by this time, become to me embarrassing. I rose from my chair, took down a book from one of the pine shelves, and turned the leaves. Then I replaced the book upon the shelf, and, crossing the room, opened the door and looked out upon the bay. Seeing that I was not observed, I passed through the doorway, glad to get where I could think freely of the strange alteration which had taken place in the missionary.

Presently the door was opened, and Rolfson came out after me; and, putting his arm within mine, he said, "Come, let us walk."

We went down to the beach where we had landed, and then talked for a little while with a group of native men and women who were standing about some captured seals; then we went up to the little church, in which I found myself much interested, and after this we returned to the dining-room once more.

I observed now that the missionary had become more like himself again; but this proved to be only temporary; for his thoughts were clearly fixed intently upon something, and I found it impossible to lead him again into conversation.

At length he said, quite abruptly: "You have told me that you wondered to see me here, and have hinted that you would like to know why I came."

"I must own," said I, "that I have had a deep interest in your life aroused by what I have seen and by what you have told me; and, without desiring to be obtrusive, I would have learned more, for your career is very different from that of ordinary men."

"Then you shall know what brought me here," said he; "words are oftentimes a great relief to us. For years I have not spoken of myself to any human being. Of what I may tell you I have not said a word to Molke. Why I

should speak of it to you seems strange. But, as I have said before, you come to me with all the associations of the great world about you,—a world in which I have found much true happiness; and, in spite of me, your mere presence here during these past few hours has brought up at every moment a past which I thought I had put behind me forever, saying, 'God's will be done.' You would not believe how very weak I am; how constantly I am forced to struggle with myself, if I would in this life fulfil my allotted task. The cause of my being here is quickly told. I came to find a wilderness where I could bury a heavy sorrow."

The tone of voice in which he made this declaration, the sadness that was on his face, told very plainly that the sorrow, whatever it might be, still lingered in the heart, and was not buried yet, nor would be until the heart had throbbled its last throb, let him wander where he would or seek a wilderness wherever he might. One grave alone must bury it and him together.

While speaking he had risen from his seat again, and approached the door leading to his chamber. As he placed his hand upon the latch he turned to me and said: "I will let you see what I have not for a long time dared trust myself to look upon. Will you follow me?"

His face was very pale, his eyes were fixed and vacant, his step seemed to have lost its natural firmness, and as I followed him I felt amazed at the change that had come over him.

The chamber into which he conducted me was small, and, like the other room, was poorly furnished. The walls were wholly bare,—unadorned by anything whatever, except that above his narrow bed there hung a richly gilded frame, covered with a piece of black drapery, evidently put there to hide it. Advancing to this frame Rolfson lifted the drapery, and exposed the picture that it held.

It was a woman's face exquisitely painted, and very beautiful,—one of those sunny faces not often seen,—perfectly moulded, bright and loving

and lovable, — one of the most delicate and pure of blondes, — with auburn hair so massive yet so light that it did not seem to touch the forehead as it waved over it, and fell back in ringlets upon the neck and shoulders.

My whole attention was for some moments so absorbed by the portrait, that I had neglected, or forgotten, the companion at my side, standing there holding up the drapery, which seemed as if it might not have been touched before for years. When at length I did remember him, and looked into his face, a strange calmness had come over it; there was no blood there to give color to the cheeks or lips, but the agitation which I had before witnessed had disappeared.

Long and steadily he gazed upon the lovely face, and it seemed as if it was possessed with life and was speaking to him. Then he drew the drapery across it slowly and solemnly, and turned and walked away. As we passed back through the door he leaned his hand upon my shoulder and said, in a low and feeble voice, "She was my wife."

She was his wife! Those simple words told all the tale. She was his wife! No wonder for the heavy load of sorrow that this meek and pious man was carrying in his heart; no wonder that he could not wholly put the past behind him, saying in all meekness and humility, "God's will be done!"

"It has been a long, long time," said Rolfson, after he was seated, as if talking to himself, — "a long, long time indeed since I looked upon her picture; but her sweet face is ever present to my memory." And then, arousing himself suddenly, he addressed me, saying, "Shall we go into the open air? I will tell you what I promised at another time."

Once outside, the color soon returned to Rolfson's face, and the manly freshness to his spirits. We walked on over the rough rocks, and came presently upon the sea. The wind was blowing heavily, and a swell which was coming in from the open ocean was

pounding great lumps of ice against the rocks beneath our feet. The air was alive with screaming gulls; and storm-clouds, rising from beyond the line of tumbling waters, and leaving far behind the spray, which streamed over the icebergs in the sea, dashed madly against the solid cliffs above our heads, and were there shattered and broken into phantom shapes, that clung to the dark gorges and gloomy caverns among the crags, and seemed to crave protection from the shrieking winds.

"Ah, this is what I love!" cried Rolfson, with enthusiasm, as we looked out upon this troubled scene. "This is what I most enjoy! Molke loves the solemn, quiet grandeur of the hills and glaciers, and the icebergs which make a forest of the sea; but I love the storms. The screaming of these gulls is more to me than the linnets' warblings; the pounding of the ice, and the beating of the sea upon the cold gray stones are more pleasant to my ear than the dashing waterfall; these dark and fiercely rushing clouds speak to me a language more cheering than the Italian sunset; for in these things I read God's power more truly; in them I seem nearer to his throne; in them I can forget wholly the senses and the delights they bring, and, wandering from this life, which to all of us should be (though it never is) filled constantly with thoughts of the life to come, I seem to be within the heavenly light. What strength, what power, this scene seems to give me always! How it lifts me from myself, and makes me long to do some worthy thing, that, when I have fought my fight and kept my faith, I may be at peace, if it is God's will!"

The deep earnestness of Rolfson's voice as he spoke these words was most impressive. The man whom I had seen in the early afternoon; the man with whom I had wandered in the sunshine, through the valleys and on the hill-tops, stood now before me quite his former self again; stronger, no doubt, and better that the storm within had come and passed. The cheerful

smile had lighted up his face again, and showed the victory won.

We turned our backs upon the gale and walked again to the missionary's hut; and as we went along, Rolfson, speaking gently, said: "Ah, my friend, you have seen me exhibit a weakness for which I need offer no apology, for I cannot be ashamed of it. It was but human, and was caused by the mere circumstance of your coming here, as I have already said, fresh from a world that I thought I had forgotten. How little I had forgotten it I thank you for having shown me. Come," and he put his arm within my own, "let us hasten home. And since we have had our enjoyment of the storm, let it blow itself to pieces as it will; and while it blows, you shall mingle with the wailing wind the story of my life."

As we neared the hut, the gale blowing now even more fiercely than before, I said to Rolfson, "While the storm is

raging so, have you any fears for Doctor Molke in his boat?"

"What! fears for Molke, in his boat or anywhere!" exclaimed the missionary, as if the question took him by surprise, and had been no more thought of than that he himself should work a miracle,—“fears for Molke, no; I have no fears for Doctor Molke at any time or in any place. Danger and Doctor Molke seem to have parted company long ago. The one is to the other as water to the feathers of a swan. At the present moment I dare say he is having a right royal supper in some safe place; or *if* in danger, you may be sure that he will light upon his feet with not a feather ruffled, or a muscle of his genial face disturbed, or one pulsation added in the hour. Fears for him? why, I never thought of such a thing. No, indeed! no fears for him! no fears for Doctor Molke in the storm or anywhere!"

THE ROMANCE OF CERTAIN OLD CLOTHES.

TOWARD the middle of the eighteenth century there lived in the Province of Massachusetts a widowed gentlewoman, the mother of three children. Her name is of little account: I shall take the liberty of calling her Mrs. Willoughby, — a name, like her own, of a highly respectable sound. She had been left a widow after some six years of marriage, and had devoted herself to the care of her children. These latter grew up in a manner to reward her tender care and to gratify her fondest hopes. The first-born was a son, whom she had called Bernard, after his father. The others were daughters, — born at an interval of three years apart. Good looks were traditional in the family, and these young persons were not likely to allow the tradition to perish. The boy was of that fair and ruddy complexion and of that athletic mould which in

those days (as in these) were the sign of genuine English blood, — a frank, affectionate young fellow, a capital son and brother, and a steadfast friend. Clever, however, he was not; the wit of the family had been apportioned chiefly to his sisters. Mr. Willoughby had been a great reader of Shakespeare, at a time when this pursuit implied more penetration of mind than at the present day, and in a community where it required much courage to patronize the drama even in the closet; and he had wished to record his admiration of the great poet by calling his daughters out of his favorite plays. Upon the elder he had bestowed the charming name of Viola; and upon the younger, the more serious one of Perdita, in memory of a little girl born between them, who had lived but a few weeks.

When Bernard Willoughby came to his sixteenth year, his mother put a brave face upon it, and prepared to execute her husband's last request. This had been an earnest entreaty that, at the proper age, his son should be sent out to England, there to complete his education at the University of Oxford, which had been the seat of his own studies. Mrs. Willoughby valued her son three times as much as she did her two daughters together; but she valued her husband's wishes more. So she swallowed her sobs, and made up her boy's trunk and his simple provincial outfit, and sent him on his way across the seas. Bernard was entered at his father's college, and spent five years in England, without great honor, indeed, but with a vast deal of pleasure and no discredit. On leaving the University he made the journey to France. In his twenty-third year he took ship for home, prepared to find poor little New England (New England was very small in those days) an utterly intolerable place of abode. But there had been changes at home, as well as in Mr. Bernard's opinions. He found his mother's house quite habitable, and his sisters grown into two very charming young ladies, with all the accomplishments and graces of the young women of Britain, and a certain native-grown gentle *brusquerie* and wildness, which, if it was not an accomplishment, was certainly a grace the more. Bernard privately assured his mother that his sisters were fully a match for the most genteel young women in England; whereupon poor Mrs. Willoughby quite came into conceit of her daughters. Such was Bernard's opinion, and such, in a ten-fold higher degree, was the opinion of Mr. Arthur Lloyd. This gentleman, I hasten to add, was a college-mate of Mr. Bernard, a young man of reputable family, of a good person and a handsome inheritance; which latter appurtenance he prepared to invest in trade in this country. He and Bernard were warm friends; they had crossed the ocean together, and the young American had lost no time in presenting him

at his mother's house, where he had made quite as good an impression as that which he had received, and of which I have just given a hint.

The two sisters were at this time in all the freshness of their youthful bloom; each wearing, of course, this natural brilliancy in the manner that became her best. They were equally dissimilar in appearance and character. Viola, the elder, — now in her twenty-second year, — was tall and fair, with calm gray eyes and auburn tresses; a very faint likeness to the Viola of Shakespeare's comedy, whom I imagine as a brunette (if you will), but a slender, airy creature, full of the softest and finest emotions. Miss Willoughby, with her rich, fair skin, her fine arms, her majestic height, and her slow utterance, was not cut out for adventures. She would never have put on a man's jacket and hose; and, indeed, being a very plump beauty, it is perhaps as well that she would n't. Perdita, too, might very well have exchanged the sweet melancholy of her name against something more in consonance with her aspect and disposition. She was a positive brunette, short of stature, light of foot, with dark brown eyes full of fire and animation. She had been from her childhood a creature of smiles and gayety; and so far from making you wait for an answer to your speech, as her handsome sister was wont to do (while she gazed at you with her somewhat cold gray eyes), she had given you the choice of half a dozen, suggested by the successive clauses of your proposition, before you had got to the end of it.

The young girls were very glad to see their brother once more; but they found themselves quite able to maintain a reserve of good-will for their brother's friend. Among the young men their friends and neighbors, the *belle jeunesse* of the Colony, there were many excellent fellows, several devoted swains, and some two or three who enjoyed the reputation of universal charmers and conquerors. But the home-bred arts and the somewhat boisterous gallantry of these honest young colo-

nists were completely eclipsed by the good looks, the fine clothes, the respectful *empressement*, the perfect elegance, the immense information, of Mr. Arthur Lloyd. He was in reality no paragon; he was an honest, resolute, intelligent young man, rich in pounds sterling, in his health and comfortable hopes, and his little capital of uninvested affections. But he was a gentleman; he had a handsome face; he had studied and travelled; he spoke French, he played on the flute, and he read verses aloud with very great taste. There were a dozen reasons why Miss Willoughby and her sister should forthwith have been rendered fastidious in the choice of their male acquaintance. The imagination of women is especially adapted to the various little conventions and mysteries of polite society. Mr. Lloyd's talk told our little New England maidens a vast deal more of the ways and means of people of fashion in European capitals than he had any idea of doing. It was delightful to sit by and hear him and Bernard discourse upon the fine people and fine things they had seen. They would all gather round the fire after tea, in the little wainscoted parlor,—quite innocent then of any intention of being picturesque or of being anything else, indeed, than economical, and saving the expense of stamped papers and tapestries,—and the two young men would remind each other, across the rug, of this, that, and the other adventure. Viola and Perdita would often have given their ears to know exactly what adventure it was, and where it happened, and who was there, and what the ladies had on; but in those days a well-bred young woman was not expected to break into the conversation of her own movement or to ask too many questions; and the poor girls used therefore to sit fluttering behind the more languid—or more discreet—curiosity of their mother.

That they were both very nice girls Arthur Lloyd was not slow to discover; but it took him some time to satisfy himself as to the balance of their charms.

He had a strong presentiment—an emotion of a nature entirely too cheerful to be called a foreboding—that he was destined to marry one of them; yet he was unable to arrive at a preference, and for such a consummation a preference was certainly indispensable, inasmuch as Lloyd was quite too much of a young man to reconcile himself to the idea of making a choice by lot and being cheated of the heavenly delight of falling in love. He resolved to take things easily, and to let his heart speak. Meanwhile, he was on a very pleasant footing. Mrs. Willoughby showed a dignified indifference to his “intentions,” equally remote from a carelessness of her daughters’ honor and from that hideous alacrity to make him commit himself, which, in his quality of a young man of property, he had but too often encountered in the venerable dames of his native islands. As for Bernard, all that he asked was that his friend should take his sisters as his own; and as for the fair creatures themselves, however each may have secretly longed for the monopoly of Mr. Lloyd’s attentions, they observed a very decent and modest and contented demeanor.

Towards each other, however, they were somewhat more on the offensive. They were good sisterly friends, betwixt whom it would take more than a day for the seeds of jealousy to sprout and bear fruit; but the young girls felt that the seeds had been sown on the day that Mr. Lloyd came into the house. Each made up her mind that, if she should be slighted, she would bear her grief in silence, and that no one should be any the wiser; for if they had a great deal of love, they had also a great deal of pride. But each prayed in secret, nevertheless, that upon *her* the glory might fall. They had need of a vast deal of patience, of self-control, and of dissimulation. In those days a young girl of decent breeding could make no advances whatever, and barely respond, indeed, to those that were made. She was expected to sit still in her chair with her eyes on the carpet, watching the spot where the mystic handkerchief should

fall. Poor Arthur Lloyd was obliged to undertake his wooing in the little wainscoted parlor, before the eyes of Mrs. Willoughby, her son, and his prospective sister-in-law. But youth and love are so cunning that a hundred little signs and tokens might travel to and fro, and not one of these three pair of eyes detect them in their passage. The young girls had but one chamber and one bed between them, and for long hours together they were under each other's direct inspection. That each knew that she was being watched, however, made not a grain of difference in those little offices which they mutually rendered, or in the various household tasks which they performed in common. Neither flinched nor fluttered beneath the silent batteries of her sister's eyes. The only apparent change in their habits was that they had less to say to each other. It was impossible to talk about Mr. Lloyd, and it was ridiculous to talk about anything else. By tacit agreement they began to wear all their choice finery, and to devise such little implements of coquetry, in the way of ribbons and top-knots and furbelows as were sanctioned by indubitable modesty. They executed in the same inarticulate fashion a little agreement of sincerity on these delicate matters. "Is it better so?" Viola would ask, tying a bunch of ribbons on her bosom, and turning about from her glass to her sister. Perdita would look up gravely from her work, and examine the decoration. "I think you had better give it another loop," she would say, with great solemnity, looking hard at her sister with eyes that added, "upon my honor." So they were forever stitching and trimming their petticoats, and pressing out their muslins, and contriving washes and ointments and cosmetics, like the ladies in the household of the Vicar of Wakefield. Some three or four months went by; it grew to be midwinter, and as yet Viola knew that if Perdita had nothing more to boast of than she, there was not much to be feared from her rivalry. But Perdita by this time, the charming Perdita,

felt that her secret had grown to be tenfold more precious than her sister's.

One afternoon Miss Willoughby sat alone before her toilet-glass, combing out her long hair. It was getting too dark to see; she lit the two candles in their sockets on the frame of her mirror, and then went to the window to draw her curtains. It was a gray December evening; the landscape was bare and bleak, and the sky heavy with snow-clouds. At the end of the long garden into which her window looked was a wall with a little postern door, opening into a lane. The door stood ajar, as she could vaguely see in the gathering darkness, and moved slowly to and fro, as if some one were swaying it from the lane without. It was doubtless a servant-maid. But as she was about to drop her curtain, Viola saw her sister step within the garden, and hurry along the path toward the house. She dropped the curtain, all save a little crevice for her eyes. As Perdita came up the path, she seemed to be examining something in her hand, holding it close to her eyes. When she reached the house she stopped a moment, looked intently at the object, and pressed it to her lips.

Poor Viola slowly came back to her chair, and sat down before her glass, where, if she had looked at it less abstractedly, she would have seen her handsome features sadly disfigured by jealousy. A moment afterwards, the door opened behind her, and her sister came into the room, out of breath, and her cheeks aglow with the chilly air.

Perdita started. "Ah," said she, "I thought you were with mamma." The ladies were to go to a tea-party, and on such occasions it was the habit of one of the young girls to help their mother to dress. Instead of coming in, Perdita lingered at the door.

"Come in, come in," said Viola. "We've more than an hour yet. I should like you very much to give a few strokes to my hair." She knew that her sister wished to retreat, and that she could see in the glass all her movements in the room. "Nay, just

help me with my hair," she said, "and I'll go to mamma."

Perdita came reluctantly, and took the brush. She saw her sister's eyes, in the glass, fastened hard upon her hands. She had not made three passes, when Viola clapped her own right hand upon her sister's left, and started out of her chair. "Whose ring is that?" she cried, passionately, drawing her towards the light.

On the young girl's third finger glistened a little gold ring, adorned with a couple of small rubies. Perdita felt that she need no longer keep her secret, yet that she must put a bold face on her avowal. "It's mine," she said proudly.

"Who gave it to you?" cried the other.

Perdita hesitated a moment. "Mr. Lloyd."

"Mr. Lloyd is generous, all of a sudden."

"Ah no," cried Perdita, with spirit, "not all of a sudden. He offered it to me a month ago."

"And you needed a month's begging to take it?" said Viola, looking at the little trinket; which indeed was not especially elegant, although it was the best that the jeweller of the Province could furnish. "I should n't have taken it in less than two."

"It is n't the ring," said Perdita, "it's what it means!"

"It means that you're not a modest girl," cried Viola. "Pray does mamma know of your conduct? does Bernard?"

"Mamma has approved my 'conduct,' as you call it. Mr. Lloyd has asked my hand, and mamma has given it. Would you have had him apply to you, sister?"

Viola gave her sister a long look, full of passionate envy and sorrow. Then she dropped her lashes on her pale cheeks, and turned away. Perdita felt that it had not been a pretty scene; but it was her sister's fault. But the elder girl rapidly called back her pride, and turned herself about again. "You have my very best wishes," she said with a low courtesy. "I wish you every happiness, and a very long life."

Perdita gave a bitter laugh. "Don't speak in that tone," she cried. "I'd rather you cursed me outright. Come, sister," she added, "he could n't marry both of us."

"I wish you very great joy," Viola repeated mechanically, sitting down to her glass again, "and a very long life, and plenty of children."

There was something in the sound of these words not at all to Perdita's taste. "Will you give me a year, at least?" she said. "In a year I can have one little boy, — or one little girl at least. If you'll give me your brush again, I'll do your hair."

"Thank you," said Viola. "You had better go to mamma. It is n't proper that a young lady with a promised husband should wait on a girl with none."

"Nay," said Perdita, good-humoredly, "I have Arthur to wait upon me. You need my service more than I need yours."

But her sister motioned her away, and she left the room. When she had gone, poor Viola fell on her knees before her dressing-table, buried her head in her arms, and poured out a flood of tears and sobs. She felt very much the better for this effusion of sorrow. When her sister came back, she insisted upon helping her to dress, and upon her wearing her prettiest things. She forced upon her acceptance a bit of lace of her own, and declared that now that she was to be married she should do her best to appear worthy of her lover's choice. She discharged these offices in stern silence; but, such as they were, they had to do duty as an apology and an atonement; she never made any other.

Now that Lloyd was received by the family as an accepted suitor, nothing remained but to fix the wedding-day. It was appointed for the following April, and in the interval preparations were diligently made for the marriage. Lloyd, on his side, was busy with his commercial arrangements, and with establishing a correspondence with the great mercantile house to which he

had attached himself in England. He was therefore not so frequent a visitor at Mrs. Willoughby's as during the months of his diffidence and irresolution, and poor Viola had less to suffer than she had feared from the sight of the mutual endearments of the young lovers. Touching his future sister-in-law Lloyd had a perfectly clear conscience. There had not been a particle of sentiment uttered between them, and he had not the slightest suspicion that she coveted anything more than his fraternal regard. He was quite at his ease; life promised so well, both domestically and financially. The lurid clouds of revolution were as yet twenty years beneath the horizon, and that his connubial felicity should take a tragic turn it was absurd, it was blasphemous, to apprehend. Meanwhile at Mrs. Willoughby's there was a greater rustling of silks, a more rapid clicking of scissors, and flying of needles than ever. Mrs. Willoughby had determined that her daughter should carry from home the most elegant outfit that her money could buy, or that the country could furnish. All the sage women in the county were convened, and their united taste was brought to bear on Perdita's wardrobe. Viola's situation, at this moment, was assuredly not to be envied. The poor girl had an inordinate love of dress, and the very best taste in the world, as her sister perfectly well knew. Viola was tall, she was full and stately, she was made to carry stiff brocade and masses of heavy lace, such as belong to the toilet of a rich man's wife. But Viola sat aloof, with her beautiful arms folded and her head averted, while her mother and sister and the venerable women aforesaid worried and wondered over their materials, oppressed by the multitude of their resources. One day there came in a beautiful piece of white silk, brocaded with heavenly blue and silver, sent by the bridegroom himself, — it not being thought amiss in those days that the husband elect should contribute to the bride's *trousseau*. Perdita was quite at loss to imagine a

pattern and trimmings which should do sufficient honor to the splendor of the material.

"Blue's your color, sister, more than mine," she said with appealing eyes. "It's a pity it's not for you. You'd know what to do with it."

Viola got up from her place, and looked at the great shining fabric as it lay spread over the back of a chair. Then she took it up in her hands and felt it, — lovingly, as Perdita could see, — and turned about toward the mirror with it. She let it roll down to her feet, and flung the other end over her shoulder, gathering it in about her waist with her white arm bare to the elbow. She threw back her head, and looked at her image, and a hanging tress of her auburn hair fell upon the gorgeous surface of the silk. It made a dazzling picture. The women standing about uttered a little "Ah!" of admiration. "Yes, indeed," said Viola, quietly, "blue is my color." But Perdita could see that her fancy had been stirred, and that she would now fall to work and solve all their silken riddles. And indeed she behaved very well, as Perdita, knowing her insatiable love of millinery, was quite ready to declare. Yards and yards of lovely silks and satins, of muslins, velvets, and laces, passed through her cunning hands, without a word of envy coming from her lips. Thanks to her efforts, when the wedding-day came Perdita was prepared to espouse more of the vanities of life than any fluttering young bride who had yet challenged the sacramental blessing of a New England divine.

It had been arranged that the young couple should go out and spend the first days of their wedded life at the country house of an English gentleman, — a man of rank, and a very kind friend to Lloyd. He was an unmarried man; he professed himself delighted to withdraw and leave them for a week to their billing and cooing. After the ceremony at church, — it had been performed by an English priest, — young Mrs. Lloyd hastened back to her mother's house to change her wedding gear for a riding-dress.

Viola helped her to effect the change, in the little old room in which they had been fond sisters together. Perdita then hurried off to bid farewell to her mother, leaving Viola to follow. The parting was short; the horses were at the door, and Arthur impatient to start. But Viola had not followed, and Perdita hastened back to her room, opening the door abruptly. Viola, as usual, was before the glass, but in a position which caused the other to stand still, amazed. She had dressed herself in Perdita's cast-off wedding veil and wreath, and on her neck she had hung the heavy string of pearls which the young girl had received from her husband as a wedding-gift. These things had been hastily laid aside, to await their possessor's disposal on her return from the country. Bedizened in this unnatural garb, Viola stood at the mirror, plunging a long look into its depths, and reading Heaven knows what audacious visions. Perdita was shocked and pained. It was a hideous image of their old rivalry come to life again. She made a step toward her sister, as if to pull off the veil and the flowers. But catching her eyes in the glass, she stopped.

"Farewell, Viola," she said. "You might at least have waited till I had got out of the house." And she hurried away from the room.

Mr. Lloyd had purchased in Boston a house which, in the taste of those days, was considered a marvel of elegance and comfort; and here he very soon established himself with his young wife. He was thus separated by a distance of twenty miles from the residence of his mother-in-law. Twenty miles in that primitive era of roads and conveyances were as good as a hundred at the present day, and Mrs. Willoughby saw but little of her daughter during the first twelvemonth of her marriage. She suffered in no small degree from her absence; and her affliction was not diminished by the fact that Viola had fallen into a spiritless and languid state, which made change of scene and of air essential to her restoration. The

real cause of the young girl's dejection the reader will not be slow to suspect. Mrs. Willoughby and her gossips, however, deemed her complaint a purely physical one, and doubted not that she would obtain relief from the remedy just mentioned. Her mother accordingly proposed on her behalf a visit to certain relatives on the paternal side, established in New York, who had long complained that they were able to see so little of their New England cousins. Viola was despatched to these good people, under a suitable escort, and remained with them for several months. In the interval her brother Bernard, who had begun the practice of the law, made up his mind to take a wife. Viola came home to the wedding, apparently cured of her heartache, with honest roses and lilies in her face, and a proud smile on her lips. Arthur Lloyd came over from Boston to see his brother-in-law married, but without his wife, who was expecting shortly to be confined. It was nearly a year since Viola had seen him. She was glad — she hardly knew why — that Perdita had stayed at home. Arthur looked happy, but he was more grave and solemn than before his marriage. She thought he looked "interesting," — for although the word in its modern sense was not then invented, we may be sure that the idea was. The truth is, he was simply preoccupied with his wife's condition. Nevertheless he by no means failed to observe Viola's beauty and splendor, and how she quite effaced the poor little bride. The allowance that Perdita had enjoyed for her dress had now been transferred to her sister, who certainly made the most of it. On the morning after the wedding, he had a lady's saddle put on the horse of the servant who had come with him from town, and went out with the young girl for a ride. It was a keen, clear morning in January; the ground was bare and hard, and the horses in good condition, — to say nothing of Viola, who was charming in her hat and plume, and her dark blue riding-coat, trimmed with fur. They rode all the morning, they lost their way, and were

obliged to stop for dinner at a farmhouse. The early winter dusk had fallen when they got home. Mrs. Willoughby met them with a long face. A messenger had arrived at noon from Mrs. Lloyd; she was beginning to be ill, and desired her husband's immediate return. The young man swore at the thought that he had lost several hours, and that by hard riding he might already have been with his wife. He barely consented to stop for a mouthful of supper, but mounted the messenger's horse and started off at a gallop.

He reached home at midnight. His wife had been delivered of a little girl. "Ah, why were n't you with me?" she said, as he came to her bedside.

"I was out of the house when the man came. I was with Viola," said Lloyd, innocently.

Mrs. Lloyd made a little moan, and turned about. But she continued to do very well, and for a week her improvement was uninterrupted. Finally, however, through some excess of diet or of exposure, it was checked, and the poor lady grew rapidly worse. Lloyd was in despair. It very soon became evident that the relapse was fatal. Mrs. Lloyd came to a sense of her approaching end, and declared that she was reconciled with death. On the third evening after the change took place she told her husband that she felt she would not outlast the night. She dismissed her servants, and also requested her mother to withdraw, — Mrs. Willoughby having arrived on the preceding day. She had had her infant placed on the bed beside her, and she lay on her side, with the child against her breast, holding her husband's hands. The night-lamp was hidden behind the heavy curtains of the bed, but the room was illumined with a red glow from the immense fire of logs on the hearth.

"It seems strange to die by such a fire as that," the young woman said, feebly trying to smile. "If I had but a little of such fire in my veins! But I've given it all to this little spark of

mortality." And she dropped her eyes on her child. Then raising them she looked at her husband with a long penetrating gaze. The last feeling which lingered in her heart was one of mistrust. She had not recovered from the shock which Arthur had given her by telling her that in the hour of her agony he had been with Viola. She trusted her husband very nearly as well as she loved him; but now that she was called away forever, she felt a cold horror of her sister. She felt in her soul that Viola had never ceased to envy her good fortune; and a year of happy security had not effaced the young girl's image, dressed in her wedding garments, and smiling with fancied triumph. Now that Arthur was to be alone, what might not Viola do? She was beautiful, she was engaging; what arts might she not use, what impression might she not make upon the young man's melancholy heart? Mrs. Lloyd looked at her husband in silence. It seemed hard, after all, to doubt of his constancy. His fine eyes were filled with tears; his face was convulsed with weeping; the clasp of his hands was warm and passionate. How noble he looked, how tender, how faithful and devoted! "Nay," thought Perdita, "he's not for such as Viola. He'll never forget me. Nor does Viola truly care for him; she cares only for vanities and finery and jewels." And she dropped her eyes on her white hands, which her husband's liberality had covered with rings, and on the lace ruffles which trimmed the edge of her night-dress. "She covets my rings and my laces more than she covets my husband."

At this moment the thought of her sister's rapacity seemed to cast a dark shadow between her and the helpless figure of her little girl. "Arthur," she said, "you must take off my rings. I shall not be buried in them. One of these days my daughter shall wear them, — my rings and my laces and silks. I had them all brought out and shown me to-day. It's a great wardrobe, — there's not such another

in the Province ; I can say it without vanity now that I've done with it. It will be a great inheritance for my daughter, when she grows into a young woman. There are things there that a man never buys twice, and if they're lost you'll never again see the like. So you'll watch them well. Some dozen things I've left to Viola ; I've named them to my mother. I've given her that blue and silver ; it was meant for her ; I wore it only once, I looked ill in it. But the rest are to be sacredly kept for this little innocent. It's such a providence that she should be my color ; she can wear my gowns ; she has her mother's eyes. You know the same fashions come back every twenty years. She can wear my gowns as they are. They'll lie there quietly waiting till she grows into them, — wrapped in camphor and rose-leaves, and keeping their colors in the sweet-scented darkness. She shall have black hair, she shall wear my carnation satin. Do you promise me, Arthur ? ”

“ Promise you what, dearest ? ”

“ Promise me to keep your poor little wife's old gowns. ”

“ Are you afraid I'll sell them ? ”

“ No, but that they may get scattered. My mother will have them properly wrapped up, and you shall lay them away under a double-lock. Do you know the great chest in the attic, with the iron bands ? There's no end to what it will hold. You can lay them all there. My mother and the housekeeper will do it, and give you the key. And you'll keep the key in your secretary, and never give it to any one but your child. Do you promise me ? ”

“ Ah, yes. I promise you, ” said Lloyd, puzzled at the intensity with which his wife appeared to cling to this idea.

“ Will you swear ? ” repeated Perdita.

“ Yes, I swear. ”

“ Well — I trust you — I trust you, ” said the poor lady, looking into his eyes with eyes in which, if he had suspected her vague apprehensions, he might have read an appeal quite as much as an assurance.

Lloyd bore his bereavement soberly and manfully. A month after his wife's death, in the course of commerce, circumstances arose which offered him an opportunity of going to England. He embraced it as an alleviation to his sadness. He was absent nearly a year, during which his little girl was tenderly nursed and cherished by her grandmother. On his return he had his house again thrown open, and announced his intention of keeping the same state as during his wife's lifetime. It very soon came to be predicted that he would marry again, and there were at least a dozen young women of whom one may say that it was by no fault of theirs that, for six months after his return, the prediction did not come true. During this interval he still left his little daughter in Mrs. Willoughby's hands, the latter assuring him that a change of residence at so tender an age was perilous to her health. Finally, however, he declared that his heart longed for the little creature's presence, and that she must be brought up to town. He sent his coach and his housekeeper to fetch her home. Mrs. Willoughby was in terror lest something should befall her on the road ; and, in accordance with this feeling, Viola offered to ride along with her. She could return the next day. So she went up to town with her little niece, and Mr. Lloyd met her on the threshold of his house, overcome with her kindness and with gratitude. Instead of returning the next day, Viola stayed out the week ; and when at last she reappeared, she had only come for her clothes. Arthur would not hear of her coming home, nor would the baby. She cried and moaned if Viola left her ; and at the sight of her grief Arthur lost his wits, and swore that she was going to die. In fine, nothing would suit them but that Viola should remain until the little thing had grown used to strange faces.

It took two months for this consummation to be brought about ; for it was not until this period had elapsed that Viola took leave of her brother-in-law. Mrs. Willoughby had fretted and fumed

over her daughter's absence; she had declared that it was not becoming, and that it was the talk of the town. She had reconciled herself to it only because, during the young girl's visit, the household enjoyed an unwonted term of peace. Bernard Willoughby had brought his wife home to live, between whom and her sister-in-law there existed a bitter hostility. Viola was perhaps no angel; but in the daily practice of life she was a sufficiently good-natured girl, and if she quarrelled with Mrs. Bernard it was not without provocation. Quarrel, however, she did, to the great annoyance not only of her antagonist, but the two spectators of these constant altercations. Her stay in the household of her brother-in-law, therefore, would have been delightful, if only because it removed her from contact with the object of her antipathy at home. It was doubly — it was ten times — delightful, inasmuch as it kept her near the object of her old passion. Mrs. Lloyd's conjectures had fallen very far short of the truth touching Viola's feeling for her husband. It had been a passion at first and a passion it remained, — a passion of whose radiant heat, tempered to the delicate state of his feelings, Mr. Lloyd very soon felt the influence. Lloyd, as I have said, was no paragon; it was not in his nature to practise an ideal constancy. He had not been many days in the house with his sister-in-law before he began to assure himself that she was, in the language of that day, a devilish fine woman. Whether Viola really practised those insidious arts that her sister had been tempted to impute to her it is needless to inquire. It is enough to say that she found means to appear to the very best advantage. She used to seat herself every morning before the great fireplace in the dining-room, at work upon a piece of tapestry, with her little niece disporting herself on the carpet at her feet, or on the train of her dress, and playing with her woollen balls. Lloyd would have been a very stupid fellow if he had remained insensible to the rich suggestions of this charm-

ing picture. He was prodigiously fond of his little girl, and was never weary of taking her in his arms and tossing her up and down, and making her crow with delight. Very often, however, he would venture upon greater liberties than the little creature was yet prepared to allow, and she would suddenly vociferate her displeasure. Viola would then drop her tapestry, and put out her handsome hands with the serious smile of the young girl whose virgin fancy has revealed to her all a mother's healing arts. Lloyd would give up the child, their eyes would meet, their hands would touch, and Viola would extinguish the little girl's sobs upon the snowy folds of the kerchief that crossed her bosom. Her dignity was perfect, and nothing could be less obtrusive than the manner in which she accepted her brother-in-law's hospitality. It may be almost said, perhaps, that there was something harsh in her reserve. Lloyd had a provoking feeling that she was in the house, and yet that she was unapproachable. Half an hour after supper, at the very outset of the long winter evenings, she would light her candle, and make the young man a most respectful courtesy, and march off to bed. If these were arts, Viola was a great artist. But their effect was so gentle, so gradual, they were calculated to work upon the young widower's fancy with such a finely shaded *crescendo*, that, as the reader has seen, several weeks elapsed before Viola began to feel sure that her return would cover her outlay. When this became morally certain, she packed up her trunk, and returned to her mother's house. For three days she waited; on the fourth Mr. Lloyd made his appearance, a respectful but ardent suitor. Viola heard him out with great humility, and accepted him with infinite modesty. It is hard to imagine that Mrs. Lloyd should have forgiven her husband; but if anything might have disarmed her resentment, it would have been the ceremonious continence of this interview. Viola imposed upon her lover but a short probation. They were married, as was becoming, with

great privacy, — almost with secrecy, — in the hope, perhaps, as was waggishly remarked at the time, that the late Mrs. Lloyd would n't hear of it.

The marriage was to all appearance a happy one, and each party obtained what each had desired, — Lloyd "a devilish fine woman," and Viola — but Viola's desires, as the reader will have observed, have remained a good deal of a mystery. There were, indeed, two blots upon their felicity; but time would, perhaps, efface them. During the three first years of her marriage Mrs. Lloyd failed to become a mother, and her husband on his side suffered heavy losses of money. This latter circumstance compelled a material retrenchment in his expenditure, and Viola was perforce less of a great lady than her sister had been. She contrived, however, to sustain with unbroken consistency the part of an elegant woman, although it must be confessed that it required the exercise of more ingenuity than belongs to your real aristocratic repose. She had long since ascertained that her sister's immense wardrobe had been sequestered for the benefit of her daughter, and that it lay languishing in thankless gloom in the dusty attic. It was a revolting thought that these glorious fabrics should wait on the bidding of a little girl who sat in a high chair, and ate bread-and-milk with a wooden spoon. Viola had the good taste, however, to say nothing about the matter until several months had expired. Then, at last, she timidly broached it to her husband. Was it not a pity that so much finery should be lost? — for lost it would be, what with colors fading, and moths eating it up, and the change of fashions. But Lloyd gave so abrupt and peremptory a negative to her inquiry, that she saw that for the present her attempt was vain. Six months went by, however, and brought with them new needs and new fancies. Viola's thoughts hovered lovingly about her sister's relics. She went up and looked at the chest in which they lay imprisoned. There was a sullen defiance in its three great pad-

locks and its iron bands, which only quickened her desires. There was something exasperating in its incorruptible immobility. It was like a grim and grizzled old household servant, who locks his jaws over a family secret. And then there was a look of capacity in its vast extent, and a sound as of dense fulness, when Viola knocked its side with the toe of her little slipper, which caused her to flush with baffled longing. "It's absurd," she cried; "it's improper, it's wicked," and she forthwith resolved upon another attack upon her husband. On the following day, after dinner, when he had had his wine, she bravely began it. But he cut her short with great sternness.

"Once for all, Viola," said he, "it's out of the question. I shall be gravely displeased if you return to the matter."

"Very good," said Viola. "I'm glad to learn the value at which I'm held. Great Heaven!" she cried, "I'm a happy woman. It's a delightful thing to feel one's self sacrificed to a caprice!" And her eyes filled with tears of anger and disappointment.

Lloyd had a good-natured man's horror of a woman's sobs, and he attempted — I may say he condescended — to explain. "It's not a caprice, dear, it's a promise," he said, — "an oath."

"An oath? It's a pretty matter for oaths! and to whom, pray?"

"To Perdita," said the young man, raising his eyes for an instant, but immediately dropping them.

"Perdita, — ah, Perdita!" And Viola's tears broke forth. Her bosom heaved with stormy sobs, — sobs which were the long-deferred counterpart of the violent fit of weeping in which she had indulged herself on the night when she discovered her sister's betrothal. She had hoped, in her better moments, that she had done with her jealousy; but here it raged again as fierce as ever. "And pray what right," she cried, "had Perdita to dispose of my future? What right had she to bind you to meanness and cruelty? Ah, I occupy a dignified place, and I make a very fine figure! I'm welcome to what Perdita has left!

And what has she left? I never knew till now how little! Nothing, nothing, nothing!"

This was very poor logic, but it was very good passion. Lloyd put his arm around his wife's waist and tried to kiss her, but she shook him off with magnificent scorn. Poor fellow! he had coveted a "devilish fine woman," and he had got one. Her scorn was intolerable. He walked away with his ears tingling, — irresolute, distracted. Before him was his secretary, and in it the sacred key which with his own hand he had turned in the triple lock. He marched up and opened it, and took the key from a secret drawer, wrapped in a little packet which he had sealed with his own honest bit of blazonry. *Teneo*, said the motto, — "I hold." But he was ashamed to put it back. He flung it upon the table beside his wife.

"Keep it!" she cried. "I want it not. I hate it!"

"I wash my hands of it," cried her husband. "God forgive me!"

Mrs. Lloyd gave an indignant shrug of her shoulders, and swept out of the room, while the young man retreated by another door. Ten minutes later Mrs. Lloyd returned, and found the room occupied by her little step-daughter and the nursery-maid. The key was not on the table. She glanced at the child. The child was perched on a chair with the packet in her hands. She had broken the seal with her own little fingers. Mrs. Lloyd hastily took possession of the key.

At the habitual supper-hour Arthur Lloyd came back from his counting-room. It was the month of June, and supper was served by daylight. The meal was placed on the table, but Mrs. Lloyd failed to make her appearance. The servant whom his master sent to call her came back with the assurance that her room was empty, and that the

women informed him that she had not been seen since dinner. They had in truth observed her to have been in tears, and, supposing her to be shut up in her chamber, had not disturbed her. Her husband called her name in various parts of the house, but without response. At last it occurred to him that he might find her by taking the way to the attic. The thought gave him a strange feeling of discomfort, and he bade his servants remain behind, wishing no witness in his quest. He reached the foot of the staircase leading to the topmost flat, and stood with his hand on the banisters, pronouncing his wife's name. His voice trembled. He called again, louder and more firmly. The only sound which disturbed the absolute silence was a faint echo of his own voice, repeating his question under the great eaves. He nevertheless felt irresistibly moved to ascend the staircase. It opened upon a wide hall, lined with wooden closets, and terminating in a window which looked westward, and admitted the last rays of the sun. Before the window stood the great chest. Before the chest, on her knees, the young man saw with amazement and horror the figure of his wife. In an instant he crossed the interval between them, bereft of utterance. The lid of the chest stood open, exposing, amid their perfumed napkins, its treasure of stuffs and jewels. Viola had fallen backward from a kneeling posture, with one hand supporting her on the floor and the other pressed to her heart. On her limbs was the stiffness of death, and on her face, in the fading light of the sun, the terror of something more than death. Her lips were parted in entreaty, in dismay, in agony; and on her bloodless brow and cheeks there glowed the marks of ten hideous wounds from two vengeful ghostly hands.

THE MEETING.

THE elders shook their hands at last,
Down seat by seat the signal passed.
To simple ways like ours unused,
Half solemnized and half amused,
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest
His sense of glad relief expressed.
Outside the hills lay warm in sun;
The cattle in the meadow-run
Stood half-leg deep; a single bird
The green repose above us stirred.
“What part or lot have you,” he said,
“In these dull rites of drowsy-head?
Is silence worship? — Seek it where
It soothes with dreams the summer air,
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,
But where soft lights and shadows fall,
And all the slow, sleep-walking hours
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!
From time and place and form apart,
Its holy ground the human heart,
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!
Our common Master did not pen
His followers up from other men;
His service liberty indeed,
He built no church, he framed no creed;
But while the saintly Pharisee
Made broader his phylactery,
As from the synagogue was seen
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene
Through ripening cornfields lead the way
Upon the awful Sabbath day,
His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain-walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
Where mingled with His gracious words
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee.”

“Thy words are well, O friend,” I said;
“Unmeasured and unlimited,
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,
The mystic Church of God has grown.
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional.
He needs no special place of prayer

Whose hearing ear is everywhere ;
He brings not back the childish days
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.
Still less He owns the selfish good
And sickly growth of solitude, —
The worthless grace that, out of sight,
Flowers in the desert anchorite ;
Dissevered from the suffering whole,
Love hath no power to save a soul.
Not out of Self, the origin
And native air and soil of sin,
The living waters spring and flow,
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

“ Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore ;
But here, in its accustomed place,
I look on memory's dearest face ;
The blind by-sitter guesseth not
What shadow haunts that vacant spot ;
No eye save mine alone can see
The love wherewith it welcomes me !
And still, with those alone my kin,
In doubt and weakness, want and sin,
I bow my head, my heart I bare
As when that face was living there,
And strive (too oft, alas ! in vain)
The rest of simple trust to gain ;
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay
The idols of my heart away.

“ Welcome the silence all unbroken,
Nor less the words of fitness spoken, —
Such golden words as hers for whom
Our autumn flowers have just made room ;
Whose hopeful utterance through and through
The freshness of the morning blew ;
Who loved not less the earth that light
Fell on it from the heavens in sight,
But saw in all fair forms more fair
The Eternal beauty mirrored there.
Whose eighty years but added grace
And saintlier meaning to her face, —
The look of one who bore away
Glad tidings from the hills of day,
While all our hearts went forth to meet
The coming of her beautiful feet !

“I ask no organ’s soulless breath
To drone the themes of life and death,
No altar candle-lit by day,
No ornate wordsman’s rhetoric-play,
No cool philosopher to teach
His bland audacities of speech
To double-tasked idolaters
Themselves their gods and worshippers,
No pulpit beat by ruthless fist
Of loud-asserting dogmatist,
Who borrows for the hand of love
The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.
I know how well the fathers taught,
What work the later schoolmen wrought;
I reverence old-time faith and men,
But God is near us now as then;
His force of love is still unspent,
His hate of sin as imminent;
And still the measure of our needs
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds;
The manna gathered yesterday
Already savors of decay;
Doubts to the world’s child-heart unknown
Question us now from star and stone;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift and faith is slow;
The power is lost to self-deceive
With shallow forms of make-believe.
We walk at high noon, and the bells
Call to a thousand oracles,
But the sound deafens, and the light
Is stronger than our dazzled sight;
The letters of the sacred Book
Glimmer and swim beneath our look;
Still struggles in the Age’s breast
With deepening agony of quest
The old entreaty: ‘Art thou He,
Or look we for the Christ to be?’

“God should be most where man is least;
So, where is neither church nor priest,
And never rag of form or creed
To clothe the nakedness of need,—
Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet;
I lay the critic’s glass aside,
I tread upon my lettered pride,
And, lowest-seated, testify
To the oneness of humanity;
Confess the universal want,
And share whatever Heaven may grant.
He findeth not who seeks his own,

The soul is lost that 's saved alone.
Not on one favored forehead fell
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host
The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
Heart answers heart; in one desire
The blending lines of prayer aspire;
'Where, in my name, meet two or three,'
Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be!'

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer:—
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One true Life its own renew.

"So, to the calmly-gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good;
That to be saved is only this,—
Salvation from our selfishness;
That Book and Church and Day are given
For man, not God,—for earth, not heaven,—
The blessed means to holiest ends,
Not masters, but benignant friends;
That the dear Christ dwells not afar
The king of some remoter star,
Listening, at times, with flattered ear
To homage wrung from selfish fear,
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, he lives to-day."

FOUR MONTHS ON THE STAGE.

BY A PAINTER.

NOT long since, combined necessity and inclination led me into an unknown country, as it were, where it was my fortune to encounter many surprising novelties. It happened in this wise. I was a painter, and had been for some years enthusiastically, but far from profitably, devoted to my art, when one day I was suddenly made aware that my exchequer had become lean, consumptive, nay, utterly collapsed, and that I must do something to get my daily bread and butter.

Naturally imaginative, and having more or less closely observed men and things from the painter's stand-point, I had not been so completely taken up with my own art as to shut my eyes to the intimate relation and interdependence of all the arts. Indeed, this underlying unity had always been a favorite subject of contemplation, and I was now induced to think that, though my artistic sense might be denied the dearer method of expression, still another was left, not inadequate, and for which I believed myself in a measure fit. In short, I made up my mind to strut a brief hour on the stage, and thus put what dramatic talent I possessed to immediate use. I determined on this course, moreover, because I could offer my services as a commodity which would bring a price somewhat corresponding to its real worth in the theatrical market. Acting is in one respect like sawing wood; for a stipulated sum an allotted task is to be accomplished; beyond this arrangement one preserves as complete independence as is possible in any business relation.

Without consulting any one, or making undue delay, I sought means to carry out my intention. Having obtained from a friend a letter of introduction to Mr. Edwin Booth, and, during an interview late in the summer of

1866, having convinced that gentleman that I was no sentimental, stage-struck youth, but well aware of the serious difficulties to be surmounted and the indignities to be borne, and that I was willing to fight, he generously extended to me the right hand of fellowship; my name was enrolled in the "Winter Garden" company, and I thus became a member of the actors' guild. Having thorough conception of the inevitable apprenticeship to be served before the first principle of art can be mastered, I did not expect that the treatment of important characters would be intrusted to me. Nor did I desire it. Thinking that a true artist may assert his feeling in carving a knife-handle as well as in hewing a colossal statue, the difference being only in degree, I deemed it an ample opportunity that I should be permitted to play what are called inferior parts, and thought it no shame to give my whole strength to the study of the most insignificant rôle in which I might be cast. For experience had taught me that, in getting at a refined conception of the essential qualities of Shakespeare's characters, it was not only requisite to study a part itself, but to comprehend the play in its entirety, and the relations of all the *dramatis personæ*. I saw also that, though I might have in my own mind a clear image of the character I would exhibit, the limitations of the art must then be known before I could hope to make my conception evident to an audience. Art is not nature, but the interpretation of nature; and in reconciling what I knew of the latter to the exigencies of the stage, I anticipated not only difficulty, but was prepared to encounter failure if need were, and even through defeat win the laurel I coveted, — which was not a clapping of hands.

Luckily, I had never acquired the

tricks and mannerisms of amateur dramatic associations, so I had nothing to unlearn. Elocution I shunned as I would a dangerous quicksand, but I studiously noted the inflections and modulations of ordinary conversation, the connection of gesture with word or thought; in the street I was equally keen to remark manner, gait, expression, and the like, and to discover every indication of temperament. A few weeks were left before the commencement of the season at the "Winter Garden"; meanwhile I embraced the opportunity to increase my knowledge of Hamlet, Othello, Taming of the Shrew, etc., committing several of the "utility parts" in each, and making ready, so far as possible, for the work to come. In the mechanical drudgery of learning text, I soon found that the retentive faculty may be cultivated by practice as surely as muscular quickness is developed by fencing; and that, besides the facility acquired in constant use, the memory is greatly stimulated when necessity obliges one to depend on it. The labor of memorizing was distasteful; but the idea of the new life before me, with the novel relations I should sustain, and the opportunity for knowing many curious people I might never otherwise meet, filled me with a kind of buoyant exhilaration. There was not wanting a strong desire to view closely every type of individual character, to know the full gamut of social life, and to scrutinize human nature with the impersonal Shakespearian sense. The idea of becoming remote from myself, of investing my personality in the disguise of an assumed character entirely opposite to my real nature; of hiding behind an impenetrable mask that should reflect some one's villany, perhaps, and make him wince; or of serving the great cause of poetic justice in any way, delighted me.

Hamlet was announced. The time of trial had come. Summoned to rehearsal, I made my maiden effort in the mimic art by assuming a bold front, anxiously concealing a sense of greenness that threatened to under-

mine my self-possession. For the first time I entered the stage-door of a theatre, repaired to the mysterious purlieus of the yet unexplored green-room, and, as I had expected, found my patronymic low down, on the call, opposite Guildenstern of the play. While waiting for rehearsal to begin, I should have suffered a chilling disillusion, had not my interest and love of the picturesque been excited by the novel secrets of my prison-house. On the right stood the prompt-box,—that fish-pond of the actor, restorer of lost lines, and solace of distracted brains; to the left, the property-room,—temple of vanity and delusion, gaudily bedecked with refulgent paste-jewels, wooden banquet-sets, and bogus armor; its treasury rich in brass medals, spurious coin, purses stuffed with broken glass. In every condition of freshness and demolition, queer stacks of scenery were piled against the wall, partly hid by deep, grotesque shadows; while against slits of dim light, let fall on the stage through the narrow wings, various groups of actors defined themselves like sharp-cut silhouettes. Top-hammer, by which the dingy flies, drops, and floating lights were manipulated, and intricate as the rigging of a ship, appeared vaguely, far above. Consulting their ragged paper "plots," or directions for working the machinery, shirt-sleeved carpenters bustled about, dexterously handling the unwieldy scenes and flats to be used in the evening. Beyond the curtain and foot-lights, its red plush swathed in ghastly cerements of protecting linen, gaped the inane obscure of the auditorium, filled with cavernous reverberations, and the expended breath of last night's audience, unpleasantly suggestive of this "muddy vesture of decay." Actors, actresses, and ballet-girls—or "wax-works," as these last are sometimes called,—whose arduous duty it is to fill the important rôles of "lords-ladies-and-pages," stood carelessly about, conning their lines, or idly talking of every thing, perhaps, but the business of the morning. On the bridge, swung at

the rear of the theatre, scene-painters plunged their free pencils in pots of vivid ochre, and lathered the virgin canvas with that festive breadth of touch generally reputed to be indispensable to the embodiment of their gorgeous creations.

At eleven o'clock the prompter posted himself at the front of the stage, ready for business; and, instructed by this official to "call one," the call-boy began rehearsal by crying sharply, in a peculiar nasal monotone, "Hamlet-act-first-scene-first-Francisco-Bernardo-Horatio-Marcellus-and-ghost," and so made the call throughout the play, adding, "lords-ladies-and-pages," whenever those personages were to appear. The stage-manager, with cast in hand, called the names of actors who took part in the first scene, indicating their proper entrances and relative positions; the characters named sauntered leisurely upon the boards, in street dress, cut the long speeches, and mumbled the short ones, repeating only the cues with tolerable distinctness. At first rehearsal it is permitted to read from the book, and every one availed himself of the prerogative. The "business" of the scene merely was ascertained, and no effort made at even the slightest sketch of the character to be interpreted. My turn to go on the stage came in the second act. I deliberately went through the part just as I intended to do in the evening, reading in as clear a voice as I could command; though by so doing I was fully aware attention would be drawn to the fact of my being a novice, and inexperienced in theatrical matters. My mind was too much excited to note the comments probably indulged, but I had a particularly uncomfortable sensation of being quizzed, though I could not detect what eyes were turned upon me. I knew actors to be great mockers, nor was I ignorant of their ingrained aversion to anything that savors of innovation; a young aspirant, I could not wonder at being placed under the ban, and ridiculed, till the rawness had worn away, and practice given me assurance.

My object was to make short work with what I conceived to be the first obstacles to be cleared; and, determined to win the first thing to be aimed at,—ease and self-possession,—it mattered little to me whether the method I chose were considered *en règle*. I was prepared for every disappointment, but must confess having been annoyed to find the interest wanting that would have inspired every one to feel a personal responsibility and pride in the harmonious conception of the piece.

The bugbear of a young actor is stage-business. This means the mechanical action requisite to preserve the sequence of the play, and includes, among other things, making entrances effective; relative position, or assuming a place so chosen as to develop the main interest of the scene by bringing characters into a degree of prominence corresponding with the dramatic importance of each; and above all, it consists in such preparation for exit as shall prevent the feeble anticlimax of a dreary and meaningless walk across the stage when the last word of interest has been spoken. The moment a character has ceased to be indispensable to the action of the scene, he must disappear. Of course the methods to be followed in treating the "business" of different plays are as various as the effects to be produced; but there are certain principles that always hold good, and may never with safety be disregarded. The object of rehearsal is mainly to secure smooth working of these mechanical details, by giving to every actor a chance to so modify his conception of the business belonging to his part that it shall become adapted to the requirements of the stage, and not interfere with, but complement, expression of the other characters. Only when this "business" is thoroughly understood by the actor can he allow himself to become possessed by the passion of his rôle. I knew the play of Hamlet intimately, and had my own views of the situations, having carefully studied them on what I took to be naturalistic principles; but

my ideas met with little consideration, and, abandoning what I thought right methods, I was obliged to yield to the dictation of the stage-manager. I soon learned that the "business" of our stage is principally founded on conventional rules, far from anything that at all resembles nature; and that infringement of these rules is considered a sort of sacrilege, every suggestion of varying from theatrical tradition being regarded with holy horror. Rehearsal is supervised and the "business" directed by the stage-manager, who, if he perform the numberless duties required of him, must be ubiquitous and omniscient. He is king in his sphere, and from his decisions it is difficult to make appeal. By him the play is cast, and costumed according to his notions of historical accuracy, so far as the wardrobe at his disposal will permit. He directs the carpenters in setting the scene, and the property-men in arrangement of accessories. He is the Jupiter of the theatre; the elements obey him; at his command, lightnings flash, and thunder rolls — on wheels; he lifts his finger, rain descends, or the calcium light shoots moonlight through a grass-green lens; he is relied on for flourish of trumpets and proper introduction of red fire; he is as necessary to the success of a play as the hangman at an execution, and the position he holds about as ungrateful; if anything goes wrong, blame is pretty sure to light on his shoulders.

At rehearsal I had not betrayed extraordinary dulness, and having succeeded in fulfilling the requirements of the occasion, felt moderately satisfied with the result. It now remained to brace my mind for the coming ordeal of a first appearance, and I had need, as I thought, of all the resolution I could summon. Strangely enough, I became possessed with an involuntary calm, and was unembarrassed by the quaking fear I apprehended. When I entered the theatre in the evening, all was quiet, the curtain down, stage prepared, and actors in their dressing-rooms, engaged in the deep mysteries

of the player's toilet. Through the baize I could hear the boys of the lobby crying "Books of the play!" and a slight muttering of voices and rustle of programmes magnified in my mind the real size of the audience, causing a momentary spasm of nervousness; but this was the only sensation of the kind I experienced during that performance.

I went to the dressing-room assigned me under the stage, which I shared with three comrades, arrayed myself in the short tunic and toga, and then proceeded to the wing, where I might survey the scene of approaching trial, and watch the progress of the first act. Time fairly flew; almost before I could become conscious that I was placed in any unwonted predicament, I found myself before the audience, talking to Hamlet's mother and uncle-father as easily as though I were in my own studio with old friends. Words seemed to come without any volition on my part, and I made my exit hardly able to realize that anything unusual had happened. My mind was intensely excited, and so preoccupied was I with the rôle, that there was no time for reflection, and I preserved this unnatural state till the end of the play. While off the stage I did not allow myself to lapse from contemplation of the spirit of the piece, but continually endeavored to believe in it as an actual reality. That night I slept serenely, and the next night was a repetition of the first. I had heard actors say there was no hope for a novice who could so easily keep command of himself, and began to think I had made a mistake, till, a few nights after these unlooked-for evidences of impassibility, there came a revulsion in the worst form of stage-fright, from which, had I measured my talent by it, I must have inferred extraordinary ability for the theatre.

The next piece called was "Riche-lieu." I was anxious to play "François," the young priest, — a part I admired, and had enthusiastically studied. Indeed, I had obtained a half-promise that, did I show fitness, the rôle should be mine. After some hesitation it was

decided I might make the attempt ; I was allowed to rehearse the character, and sketch my idea of Richelieu's *protégé*. Full of confidence, and ambitious to distinguish myself, I went boldly to work preparing for the representation, never dreaming that I should be deserted in my hour of need by what I mistook for constitutional indifference to the presence of an audience. Alas, how vain are all things here below ! How may our hopes be shattered ! But I did not merely hope, I was sanguine ; *hinc illæ lacrymæ* ! François's first entrance is in the first act, when he has only to make an announcement. In going on the stage I noticed a slight feeling of sea-sickness, the boards seeming to tilt like a ship ; this looked ominous, but I thought little of it then, and trusted all would yet be well. Somewhat nervous, but unabashed, I made ready to cover myself with glory in the second act ; the moment I set foot on the stage, however, I knew my hour had come. The confidence I had felt in a power to keep cool left me unprepared to combat the violent reaction that attacked my nervous system. The stage seemed a wilderness. I saw Richelieu very dimly, and had but an indistinct notion of the lines he addressed to François ; but the audience appeared to my fixed eye a hundred times larger than it was, and every individual stood out alone. My legs suddenly turned to lumps of lead, and refused to move ; my breath was stifled ; my paralyzed tongue lolled against my teeth incapable of speech. My head swam, and the audience began to revolve with an ever-increasing velocity, and seemed like a great bewildering pattern of mosaic ; while cold beads of sweat stood out on my brow. Marian de Larme, catching the infection, cut the Cardinal out of half a speech, and hurriedly withdrew ; I seemed bound to her with hooks of steel, and by a gigantic effort of will restoring animation to my deadened pedal extremities, incontinently fled after her as though scourged by fiends. Richelieu, who had just before taken

the stage to the left, turned to deliver the closing lines, but was perforce obliged to apostrophize thin air. The dreadful nightmare clung to me, I could not shake it off, but wandered restlessly from one dark corner to another, trying to escape from myself, and dreading to face again the crowded auditorium. Perfectly worn out, and benumbed with fear, I got through the following scenes, I know not how. In the prison the terror again assailed me, and I made frantic efforts to tear open the flat, mistaking the seam where it was joined for the door through which I had to pass. The last words I spoke, "O my lord, I have not failed !" stung my ears like a horrible mockery. Connected with this almost intolerable mortification and pain was a psychological phenomenon worthy of notice. I seemed to have a dual existence, and while one of the two individuals confined within my mortal frame was stretched on the rack, the other, invested with the phlegm of an inquisitor, incisively anatomized the agony of the victim, whose every throe he noted with cold-blooded accuracy. I have never heard this mentioned as a usual accompaniment of stage-fright, though it occurred in my own case.

On another occasion I had to suffer the consequences of ignorance in regard to a phenomenon that sometimes unpleasantly obtrudes itself on the actor's notice. I mean the fact that one may become too well acquainted with his author, or, as it is called, study the text out of his head. A beneficiary of the theatre had chosen "The Wife," and I was cast to fill a small part ; but after the piece had been rehearsed, the person becoming ill who was to have done "Lorenzo," the young advocate, it fell to my lot to take his place. Accordingly, the day before the benefit, I began to memorize the insane rhetoric of that drowsiest of all dramatists, Sheridan Knowles, continuing to study after that evening's performance ; and by five o'clock in the morning had learned the part, and could repeat it, though I was not "dead-letter perfect."

After two hours' sleep I was injudicious enough to again apply myself to the text, and continued to do so till that afternoon, when I had to play at a *matinée*. Worried at the thought of not having rehearsed the character, and fearing lest I should make sorry confusion of the stage-business, I studied when not in the scene. To my horror and amazement I found my benumbed brain refusing to retain the lines. Redoubled exertion only made a bad matter worse; the lines insisted on stealing out of my treacherous memory; and by the time I ought to have had them pat, I could not remember a single word. Calling to mind my late experience in François, I had hardly courage to go upon the stage; but there was no way of compromise. Somewhat to my relief, I found that, though I could not recall a vestige of the original text, I was collected enough to give its spirit in my own language, and, gaining confidence, played the rôle without betraying the state of affairs to the spectators. After these trials I found myself growing to be in unison with the audience, and knew I had experienced that best estate of the actor, when he feels a grateful sympathy without which he must vainly strive to enlist the affections of those he would move. But from the sublime to the other extreme is only a step: sometimes when perhaps most deeply preoccupied with the spirit of my part, or interested with what might be taking place in the scene, a trivial occurrence, that at no other time could have excited my risibles, would appear so extravagantly absurd that it required the exercise of great self-control to prevent an explosion of laughter. I was particularly loath to attempt the part of François again; but I overcame this feeling, and my victory was rewarded with applause. The ice had been broken. I had tasted the bitterest calamity likely to befall a novice. Self-possession had been won, and from that time I rapidly improved. The routine of theatrical life grew easy. I considered myself of some little importance. The study which a young actor

ought to pursue, and which I had proposed to myself, in many ways gratified my artistic sense, though this was sometimes hurt by having to play when physically unfit, or by having to study in the very teeth of an audience, trying experiments with different methods of expressing character, and unable to explain, "This is an unfinished sketch." Questions continually arose concerning principles of dramatic art, and these I had to solve for myself, trusting to my unaided research for information in every important particular. Through continual reference to nature I sought to escape affected mannerism, and secure originality of invention, at the same time closely observing the dignified breadth of art with which the interior sense of human passion was laid bare by the powerful actor under whom it was my privilege to study. I have reason to sincerely thank that good "friend at court" for having stood between me and much that would have been disagreeable.

While my attention was chiefly devoted to pursuit of the æsthetic principles involved in my new profession, the curious relations and elements that went to make up the strange world in which I found myself awakened constant interest; and I could not fail to notice, as an inexhaustible source of amusement, that here, as everywhere, life was a medley of aspirations and low aims, generosity and suspicious jealousy, community of interest and conflicting ambition. But, on the whole, a greater degree of harmony existed than could have been expected; and a friendly feeling was apparent, much like the bond that unites sailors who have trusted their fortunes in the same ship. The prejudice, that an actor's life is intrinsically demoralizing, I discovered to have not the slightest foundation in truth. It is not the requirements of his profession, but his habits outside the theatre's walls, that injure him as a man. At both rehearsal and performance there is little time for anything but the slightest association; and in the green-room, unless a piece is played for a long period, the actor is

entirely devoted to his present duty. If he is playing a rôle for the first time, then even an old hand is anxious enough to fix his mind on the business of the hour. Nor is the fatigue following the performance so excessive as is imagined. It is as natural for an actor, if his temperament be nervous, to require exercise for it, as for a gymnast to desire means to throw off his surplus muscular activity. Unless nature be overwrought, the weariness in both cases is equally healthful.

The "sups" and ballet-girls formed a class by themselves, the actors' contact with which was confined to the stage. I never saw in their conduct anything offensive, or that I would not have permitted in my own house. The ballet was made up of young women who had their living to make, and when not on the scene they were generally engaged in embroidery, sensation novels, or quietly watching the play. So far as my observation went, — and I kept my eyes open. — there was no greater amount of immorality among them than among the same number of sewing-girls of our great cities: they were always treated with respect. The "sups" were a rough crew, given to noise, and rather difficult to manage, but, on the whole, kept tolerably repressed. As most of them were blacksmiths, coopers, machinists, etc., they did not rehearse, being directed at night by a captain. The sum paid them was nominal, these romantic youths thinking it sufficient honor to dress in shabby Turkey-red, and carry a spear. The dressing-room in which they disported themselves was a perfect pandemonium, where they spent their valuable leisure between the acts, revelling in never-ending games of cards. The great jubilee for these merry gentlemen is "Richard III.," the fifth act of which affords them ample opportunity to indulge their ambition to be seen of men, and satisfy the grudges that may have occurred over their greasy cards by hacking each other gloriously with tin swords. On one such occasion, I very

nearly paid dear for having inadvertently incurred the sovereign displeasure of one of these roaring blades; in the confusion of the fight between Richmond's and Richard's armies, the indignant "sup," aided by one or two whom he had prevailed on to join the conspiracy, hammered me over the scone without mercy, and I only escaped a broken pate by virtue of the helmet in which my head was encased. During this adventure a quarrel broke out in another part of the field and resulted in the thorough fright of one of the belligerent parties, who had his throat deeply enough scratched to draw his precious blood.

Though my experience had failed to teach me why an actor, as such, should be thought a person of questionable respectability, I was forced to endure a portion of the odium that has always attached to the guild. A few friends deliberately expressed what many felt, and regretted that I should compromise my social position by remaining on the boards. Considering the thoughtless way in which the matter was sure to be regarded, the objection was not surprising; but in my mind its only title to respect lay in its moss-grown antiquity. If age could have the effect of making it reverend, it had a powerful argument on its side; the prejudice against actors is the inheritance of nearly eighteen centuries; and we may even trace it beyond the beginning of our era. Plato omitted actors from his Republic. From the beginning of Christian Church history, players have been a proscribed race, held in contempt, as pernicious to the welfare of mankind. From the very first the Fathers of the Church eyed them with suspicion, exercising every possible means to make them odious and their profession disreputable; they pursued actors with an ingenuity of persecution only rivalled by that inflicted on the Jews. Edicts were promulgated, making it impossible for an actor to embrace the Christian faith until he had formally renounced his calling, and received absolution; the same edicts de-

nied him right of baptism or burial in consecrated ground. A canon of the African Church, in the third century, forbade "such infamous persons as comedians" from making accusations in court. The Christian emperors Theodosius and Valentinian, in a prohibitory instrument, call Thespians "that infamous race of players," and speak of their vocation as a "shameful trade." Through these emperors the pious Fathers procured excommunication of all renegades from the true faith who should abet or tolerate "the children of Sathanas." In 1568, Charles Borromeo, Bishop of Milan, exhorted the preachers "to represent incessantly how much the shows, the sports, and other little diversions (which are the remains of paganism), are contrary to the Christian discipline; how execrable and detestable they are; how many public evils and afflictions they draw down on the Christian people." "Omit nothing," says the good bishop, "that may contribute to destroy these irregularities and debauches." Detractors have never been wanting. Stephen Gosson, who had himself been a player, but repented of his wickedness, embodied the intolerance that obtained in Shakespeare's time in a well-known pamphlet entitled "The School of Abuse; containing a Pleasant Invektive against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, etc.," "and such like Caterpillars of the Commonwealth." It is needless to recount the oppressions heaped upon them by the Puritans, who entertained the theory of Tertullian, that all art is "a counterfeit and a lie," synonymous with spiritual death. Finally, the adverse opinion of our own time is adequately expressed in a "Lecture on Popular Amusements," delivered to young men by a celebrated preacher at Indianapolis, in 1846. With admirable perspicacity the lecturer places "vagabond fiddlers, fashionable actors, strumpet dancers, dancing horses, and boxing men" in the same category, and with a naïveté truly refreshing asks his hearers if they ever knew a theatre in which a prayer at the beginning and at the end of the performance would

not be considered an intrusion. The only term fit to apply in characterizing such extravagance is "bigoted intolerance," and many will think opposition useless and unprofitable. But this tirade represents the opinion of a very large and important part of the community, who think twice before making such a compromise with conscience as to go to the theatre themselves, and who would never dream of permitting such lapses from grace on the part of their children. The feeling is illiberal, and evidence of incomplete culture. *It is an ill time, however, to defend the drama, when the Black Crook is in its "second year," nor shall I attempt it.* Yet I need not deny myself the pleasure of saying how nobly, during my brief acquaintance with the stage, the drama was vindicated by the genius and character of Edwin Booth, whose imaginative instinct and creative intelligence exhibit the synthetic nature of his art, which appeals like music to the senses, at the same time stimulating intellectual perception. In these days of rationalism and materialism, much is said of naturalistic treatment in art. But this actor's conceptions, while they are in accord with the principles of the French school, and are derived from a wide and searching knowledge of nature, transcend petty details that would obscure the interior sense and relation of the passions he impersonates; divested of everything superfluous, they have all the harmony and sublime repose that dignify Greek art. His incisive insight, his illustration of hidden recesses of character, and his lucid interpretations of nature, are worth stacks of commentaries and libraries of books. In the spirit of true art, he elevates common things into an ideal realm, and makes plain unsuspected meanings. His subtle magnetism sways the audience, as the passion of the part he plays vibrates through his sensitive nervous temperament. No one so well as he can make us feel the immediate and terrific presence of the supernatural. But his is no vulgar conception of terror. His Hamlet stands in so unearthly a frame of

mind, that spiritual perception dominates physical sensibility; we look through and beyond the mortal Hamlet, and breathlessly watch the soul of the Dane in dreadful conflict with the powers of the air. Yet we never lose sight of his humanity; and Edwin Booth's Hamlet is surpassingly pathetic, because above all he realizes a soul trammelled and dejected by a secret burden, and holds up a glass that brings near to every one of us the spectral shadow of his own spirit's wrestling. A conception that equally attests the genius of this actor is his rendering of Shylock,—an interpretation remarkable for refined intellectual discrimination, and flexible versatility. In his hands the cruel Jew becomes a colossal character, and type of his race, symbolizing the curse that cost "thirty talents of silver." The avarice of Judas consumes him, and his great badness is shown to consist in his great meanness, never permitted to pass from sight even in the pathetic passage where Shylock laments his stolen turquoise because he had it of Leah when he was a bachelor. A true hero is equally a hero in defeat. Had Shylock been the hero he is often represented, he would have sacrificed himself, spite of Portia's quibble, and cut the flesh from Antonio's heart. Great art is shown in making the Jew enter court as though he had deluded himself with the idea that, directly appoint-

ed by God and the prophets, he is the avenger of his oppressed people, hunting down the Christian merchant from pure motives of divine justice; and then in his becoming terror-stricken, and utterly cast down, when he finds what extreme penalty will be demanded of him as the price of his revenge. Avarice has stood for a time in abeyance, but a life's passionate greed makes him incapable of martyrdom. Iscariot reigns there still.

Such interpretations make plain the function of dramatic art, and through such the high office of the actor becomes potent. But even if one have genius, this perfection is only to be attained by laborious discipline, and an amount of intellectual culture that would of itself make honorable any other walk in life, but that seems to be left entirely out of consideration in estimating the histrionic profession. This might be otherwise, and will be, when the people see that their national and domestic life is traduced, and has no adequate expression in the theatre. When they see the necessity for a trained school of actors, and for something in the way of a dramatic college, that may induce our best youth to look to the stage as an honorable career, and render possible a national dramatic literature,—then may the actor hope to impress his genius on the art of his time, and leave some trace behind him.

THE DESTRUCTIVE DEMOCRACY.

THE twenty-first Presidential election, which will take place in eight months, will be one of the most important elections that ever a great people were called upon to hold. It would, indeed, be no exaggeration to say that it will be *the* most important election that Americans ever have known, for they then will have to decide whether they will restore power

to that party to whose selfishness and unprincipled ambition this nation owes the late civil war, and all the evils of its calamitous course. The canvass of 1864 was one of serious importance, but not of equal anxiety with that upon which the country is now about to enter; for in 1864 the people had given abundant proof that they would wage the war then going on till the

Rebels should be subdued. Of President Lincoln's re-election there was no doubt; but whether he would be re-elected by a large or a small majority in the colleges was a point about which men could not agree; and the small majority he received in the great State of New York showed that their inability to agree was based on knowledge of the political condition of the country. The heavy Union majorities given in many States in 1863—that was the year in which Mr. Vallandigham, the Democratic candidate for the office of Governor of Ohio, was defeated by a majority of more than one hundred thousand votes—made men confident of the good result of the next year's national election; so that when that year opened they knew that before its close the peace party would be beaten, and that thus the Southern Confederacy would be dealt a more damaging blow than it had received either at Gettysburg or at Chattanooga. It was possible that the peace party might carry some influential States, but that it would be victorious was held to be possible by no loyal citizen. All loyal citizens voted under the full assurance of success on the 8th of November, 1864; and they labored throughout the campaign with the same assurance of success. Had there been anything like grave doubt as to the result, the effect would have been very disastrous, not only in a political sense, but in respect to military matters. In all probability, neither Grant nor Sherman nor Farragut would have been able to accomplish those deeds by which the Confederacy was made to know it was fighting in a hopeless contest. Why should soldiers have striven to destroy the "new nation," when it was possible that voters would disown their work, and confide the national government to the charge of men who believed our armies were engaged in a cause that was unconstitutional, unjust, and unholy, and therefore to be condemned by statesmen, moralists, and Christians? Fortunately, voters and soldiers were of one mind, and worked to the

same end. The soldiers were convinced that they could conquer the Rebels of the South, and the voters were equally convinced that they could overthrow the allies of Rebellion in the North. The result showed that these convictions were founded in reason. The people, whether armed with the ballot or with the bayonet, were true to their country; and, in consequence, the country was saved, and its foes were overthrown, though not slain,—conquered, but not destroyed. The re-election of Mr. Lincoln settled the fate of the Rebellion; but it left the Rebels and their allies in the land, and they have since done much to show that they have the power to disturb the country they were unable to destroy. At this moment they are completing their preparations for a political campaign, which they hope will, through its decision, reverse all that was done in and through the war, and restore ascendancy to that organized anarchy which aimed at the overthrow of the national government as soon as its own chiefs were deposed, although their deposition was effected in strict accordance with the letter and the spirit of the Constitution, and in no sense was made contrary to the requirements of law.

The circumstances under which this presidential canvass opens are very different from those that existed four years since. In 1865 the elections were favorable to the national cause. President Johnson had not then showed himself to be one of the basest of men, and his official influence was not arrayed on the side of the rebellious Democracy. The Democratic party was so enfeebled through the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee and Johnston, the capture and imprisonment of Mr. Davis, and other "returns" from the South, that it was not able to make a respectable show at the polls. Even Connecticut gave so large a Republican majority that the effect was injurious to the victors, and had much to do with their subsequent defeat in the land of unsteady political habits. By the time the elections of 1866 began,

President Johnson had proved himself to be a renegade ; and his language was so persistently violent that the impression became common that he was a most dangerous man, who could be kept from proving a greater nuisance to the country than President Buchanan had been only through vigorous popular action in opposition to his "policy." Hence the heavy Republican majorities in most of the States in the autumn of 1866. What Mr. Johnson might have done, had there not been a popular demonstration against his purpose, no one can say. If he had a *coup d'état* in contemplation, it never took the form of action. He contented himself with growling over the decision made by the people, while he avowed his adherence to what the people had condemned, and his belief that another appeal to them would be followed by a result more favorable to his opinions and projects.

Time and events have, partially at least, showed that the President was not altogether wrong in looking for a change in popular sentiment. Although nothing had occurred in relation to national politics that should have wrought a change in the political sentiments of any man who voted for Republican candidates in 1866, the results of the elections of 1867 were very disastrous to the Republicans. They were beaten in Connecticut, the Democrats electing their candidate for governor by a small majority. Their popular majorities were reduced in New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Maine. Massachusetts gave a Democratic vote of more than 70,000. In Ohio, their majority was changed from more than 43,000 to less than 3,000. California went over to the Democrats by a respectable majority. In Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Kansas, there were Republican losses. New York's Democratic majority was but little short of 50,000 ; Pennsylvania's less than 1,000 ; and in Whig New Jersey the Democrats regained their old supremacy. These changes, and others that might be mentioned, are attributed

to the temperance question, and to the colored-suffrage question, and to the discontent that has grown out of the evil working of our national financial system. Such causes for the popular action of last year would be entirely satisfactory as causes, were the two parties which contain most of our voters alike constitutionally disposed, and were it not certain that the Democratic party is a lawless and destructive faction, which has no more idea of upholding the Constitution of the United States than Louis Napoleon had of upholding the Constitution of the French Republic when he took the required oath so to do in 1848. Supposing the people dissatisfied with the want of comprehensive action on the part of the Republicans in regard to financial affairs, they would have done wisely when they gave victory to the Democrats, if the latter were loyal to the nation ; but as the Democrats are not a loyal party, — as from the very beginning of their corporate existence they have been enemies of the political system under which this nation exists, and have acted steadily with the design to destroy that system whenever they should be excluded from power ; as their selfish ambition was the immediate cause of the secession war, and as they still sympathize with the defeated Rebels, with whom they are renewing the old alliance existing for more than sixty years before that war broke out, — the people did *not* act wisely when they gave encouragement to a party which cannot be restored to power without imminent hazard to the country's peace, and even its existence. We are not in the least disposed to underrate the importance of the subjects of finance and taxation, and we think the Republican party deserves censure for the want of statesmanlike action which has marked almost its entire treatment of these subjects ; but before these subjects can be properly attended to, the political character of the government must be settled, and it should be made clear that the civil war is not to be renewed. Inspired

by what has taken place, the Democratic party is preparing with great energy for the Presidential contest; and it is certain that the soberest of its members believe its chances of success at least equal to those of the Republican party, while its masses are confident of success. This is a condition of mind which often creates the success which is anticipated. A year ago, no man supposed the Democracy could look for victory in the campaign of 1868. Now, Republican journalists are pointing out the States they believe their candidates are certain of carrying, and their columns of names and figures are by no means of those great proportions which they would have assumed had they been made six months earlier. That the Republicans will elect their candidates in November we have no doubt; but it is evident that the battle will be, as Cromwell said of Worcester fight, "as stiff a business" as ever was seen in this country. We trust that, like Worcester fight, it will be, not only "a very glorious mercy," but a "crowning mercy." Such will be the result of the contest if the people are desirous of repose, and if they will but reflect on the history of the Democratic party, which is full of facts showing it to be a destructive faction, — a rule or ruin faction, — which abhors peace, and which is resolved that that blessing never shall be known to this nation unless under a Democratic despotism. That it now calls itself conservative is only another proof of its destructive nature and intentions; for there never yet existed a conservative party which did not turn out to be as thoroughly devoted to destruction as if it had been animated by the sentiments of barbarians moving through a civilized country.

The Democratic party came into existence more than seventy years since, when Washington was President. The material from which it was made had long existed, but some years passed before the party had a regularly organized existence. The nucleus of the or-

ganization was that part of the people who had opposed first the formation and then the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Around these men gathered most of the foreign adventurers who had been attracted to the country by its success in the war of the Revolution, or who had been forced to leave their own countries through their attachment to the cause of revolutionary France, and who thought, with Mr. Jefferson, that the American Constitution was not sufficiently democratical in its character. Then came all the men who were opposed to paying the debts contracted during the Revolution, — the predecessors of the Pendletonian Democrats of to-day, who would swamp the existing debt by an enormous issue of greenbacks. Then came the better portion of the party, — men who sympathized with the French in their struggles against the monarchs and aristocrats of Europe, and who thought the national government's sympathies were with the enemies of France. The party that was formed out of these various materials began to make itself felt early in the second term of Washington's presidency, and its temper was so rancorous and its action so unprincipled, that even the great President himself was occasionally moved to the use of indignant language when speaking of its course. Nor were overt acts wanting to show that violent opposition could be made to the administration of the Father of his Country. The Whiskey Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania, in 1794, was the work of Democrats, and meant something more than mere hostility to an excise duty. Even Mr. Jefferson, who was a friend to the rebels throughout, admits that "there was, indeed, a meeting [of rebels] to consult about a separation"; but he is careful to add, "but to consult on a question does not amount to a determination of that question in the affirmative, still less to the acting on such a determination." Certainly not; but when men met, in 1794, "to consult about a separation" from the Union, their consultation showed what kind

of spirit animated them. Considering that consultation by the light of recent history, we see how great was the danger to which the country was exposed in 1794. Had the President been a bad, weak partisan, — had he been a Buchanan, — 1795 would have been to 1794 what 1861 was to 1860. But George Washington was not the man to grasp nettles with a soft hand. He crushed the rebels at a blow. He summoned fifteen thousand men, who stamped out Democratic rebellion with their armed heels, and so there came no civil war. Had Mr. Buchanan been as energetic in 1860, civil war would not have come upon us in 1861. The difference between the conduct of the two men is as the difference between their characters. Washington was a great statesman and a pure patriot; Buchanan, a pettifogging politician and a mere partisan.

So vehement, bitter, and unscrupulous was the conduct of the Democratic party in Washington's time, that nothing short of the name and influence of Washington could have saved the Constitution from perishing even more rapidly than the Mexican Constitution perished not forty years later. John Adams, who succeeded him as President, not only had no such moral power as Washington possessed, but he was obnoxious as being a Northern man; for the Democratic party from the first day of its life exhibited that strong sectional character which it has steadily manifested throughout its entire existence; and in its youth as in its advanced years, it was the patron of slavery and the friend of slaveholders. Mr. Adams was doubly offensive to the Democracy, — offensive as a Northern man, and offensive as a constitutional Federal statesman. Mr. Jefferson, though he was Vice-President of the United States, and might have been called upon at any moment to become President, was at the head of the opposition, and took the lead in action that looked to forcible resistance to the national government. He wrote in behalf of having Virginia pass a law

that would have put the authority of the United States under the ban in the Ancient Dominion, and have punished any Virginian seeking justice in the national courts. He wrote the celebrated Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, which, after being modified by Mr. George Nichols, were adopted by the Kentucky Legislature; while the same year the yet more celebrated Virginia Resolutions were adopted. These were from the pen of Mr. Madison, who stood next to Mr. Jefferson as a leader of the Democracy, but who was not a member of the government against which the resolutions were directed. These resolutions became the creed of the Democratic party, as well they might, for they contain the heresy of nullification, and declare that the Constitution is a compact between *States*; and it is not difficult to find the principle of secession plainly expressed in the Kentucky Resolutions, and it is implied in those of Virginia. The course of South Carolina in 1832 was in strict accordance with the "Democratic platform" laid down in 1798; and the reason why the Democrats were so hostile to the national cause during the late civil war is to be found in their adherence to the principles of their party as expounded by its two greatest doctors, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. No man who believes in the resolutions of '98 — and they have embodied the Democratic faith for sixty-nine years — can honestly say that he believes the American people were right when they coerced their government to begin and to complete the work of coercing the *States* that seceded. All parties are faithful to their original principles, when once those principles are fairly called in question; and in 1860-1865 the question at issue was between the national principle and the Democratic principle. The States that seceded after President Lincoln issued his first proclamation calling for volunteers, did so because they believed he meant to compel the return of States that had seceded under the encouragement afforded to rebellion by the Bu-

chanan administration,—the last Democratic administration the country has known, and the last it ever should know. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas were faithful to Democratic principles, and false to the country, when they joined the Confederacy; and the Democratic leaders of the North also were faithful to those principles when they upheld the proceedings of the revolting States, and did all they could to embarrass the national government throughout the civil war. The mob that held possession of most of New York City in July, 1863, was faithful to Democratic principles; and it acted under their influence, and would have converted a riot into a revolution, had not its action been postponed by the news from Gettysburg and Vicksburg. The “principles of ’93” led to rebellion, secession, and civil war, and to rioting and murder in the streets of our cities. Replace the Democratic party in power, and we shall see repeated all that followed from that party’s anger when the North refused to permit the introduction of slavery into all the free States. That was the specific end at which the Northern branch of the Democracy aimed in 1860, and they hoped to gain it by alarming that large class of useless citizens who are known as “timid men,” and who would have sold even their own small souls at less than their value,—if anything less than that can be imagined,—rather than consent to make war on the slaveholders. It was fortunate for the country that this class of men, though numerous, became of no account, except to be taxed, as soon as a patriotic spirit was roused. The same cowardice that would have made them most useful instruments in the hands of the destructive Democracy, acting in accordance with the “principles of ’93,” caused them to side with patriots as soon as it was clear that the country was not to be destroyed without a fight for its preservation. The Democracy were cowed by the exhibition of popular feeling that followed from the taking of Fort Sumter, and had for the moment to aban-

don the open advocacy of their principles; and during that moment they lost the support of the “timid men,” never to regain it in full, though it was given to them again in part whenever the rebels made an unusually good hit in the field. Had the people been cold when the flag went down that had floated over Fort Sumter, nine tenths of the Democrats would have gone over to the enemy openly, as they were already with him in their hearts.

Virginia went almost as far in support of rebellion in 1798–99 as South Carolina went some sixty years later. She sought to obtain the co-operation of other States, to which she sent her resolutions of rebellion; and she “collected arms, and made other preparations to repel force by force,” her intention being to wage war against the general government. That she did not go as far as South Carolina saw fit to go, at the close of 1860, was owing to the fact that she received no such assurances of assistance as the latter obtained. The Old Dominion could get no promise that, if she would go over Niagara, there would be many fools to follow her. The Palmetto State was given to understand that her lead to destruction would be followed handsomely,—and over she went. Moreover, the men leading Virginia on the road to ruin soon saw that it was possible to obtain possession of the general government, which they could manage to their liking. As they were not fools,—as they did not bear any mental resemblance to those Democrats who threw away national power in 1860,—they resolved, before making treasonable things of their rebellious words, upon a vigorous effort to pull down Mr. Adams, and to place Mr. Jefferson in the Presidential chair. They succeeded in preventing Mr. Adams’s re-election, but the House of Representatives had to decide whether Mr. Jefferson or Colonel Burr should be his successor; and had that body made Colonel Burr President, the Southern Democracy would have resisted his government, though he would

have been as legally elected to the national chief magistracy as Mr. Jefferson himself was elected in February, 1801. Not only was it necessary that the Democrats should triumph, if the country's peace was to be preserved, but it was equally necessary that Mr. Jefferson should be made President. Yet it was to Colonel Burr that the party owed its victory. His peculiar labors secured for it the electoral votes of New York; the giving of which for the Federal party's candidates would have secured Mr. Adams a second term, and bestowed the Vice-Presidency on Mr. Pinckney.

The success of the Democracy, in 1801, was final, as against the Federal party of the first generation of the Republic under the existing Constitution. For twenty-four years they held the Presidency, the Presidents being all Southern men and Virginians. Therefore they were under no temptation to resist the national government. Mr. J. Q. Adams became President in 1825; and he, being a Northern man, encountered a bitter and an unprincipled opposition, though his administration was one of the most constitutional character, no attacks being made on the States. But the Democracy had declared, through the mouth of one of their leaders, that Mr. Adams's administration must be "put down, though it were as pure as the angels which stand at the right hand of God," and they acted in accordance with this strong declaration. The celebrated Rufus King, then a Senator from New York, brought forward a resolution to provide that, after the payment of the public debt, the net proceeds from the sales of the public lands should be appropriated in aid of the emancipation of slaves and the colonization of colored persons, when such action should be allowed by the laws of the States. The Democracy, — at that time trying to make an arrangement with England for the return of slaves who should seek refuge in Canada, — took up this matter as if it were an attack on human liberty; and they

made the administration responsible for what Mr. King had done on his own responsibility. The matter was also taken up by Southern legislatures, and as much was said about the meddling of fanatics with the local rights of Southern States as ever was said twenty years later, when Mr. Garrison had become a power in the land. Governor Troup, who will be remembered by some of our readers as an insatiable fire-eater, spoke most fiercely on the subject in a message to the Legislature of Georgia, which body he entreated "to temporize no longer." "I entreat you," he proceeded to say, "most sincerely, now that it is not too late to step forth, and having exhausted the argument, to stand by your arms." This message was referred to a committee of fire-eaters, who responded: "The hour is come, or is rapidly approaching, when the States, from Virginia to Georgia, from Missouri to Louisiana, must *confederate*, and as one man say to the Union: 'We will no longer submit our retained rights to the snivelling insinuations of bad men on the floor of Congress,' and to 'the decision of judicial benches.' 'As Athens, as Sparta, as Rome was, we will be: they held slaves; we hold them.'" This inflammatory nonsense was greatly applauded by the Democracy, who were ever glad to see attacks made on the general government when it was not in the hands of their chiefs.

Governor Troup, with the approval of the Democracy, resisted the general government when it protected the Indians whose lands were sought by Georgians. He went to the very verge of treason, if he did not actually step over the thin line that separates the loyalist from the traitor. But government refused to be governed by the mad governor, and enforced its decrees, much to the disgust of all Democrats, whose creed it is that a State can do no wrong, — unless it be an anti-Democratic Northern State, which changes the moral and legal bearings of the question altogether.

During Mr. Adams's term of service, the nullification movement began, and plots were formed in South Carolina for the dissolution of the Union. It originated in hostility to a protective tariff, and would have become important as early as 1828, had not Mr. Adams failed of a re-election that year. Supposing that General Jackson was more friendly to their views than Mr. Adams was, and expecting to have control of the national government after the General's inauguration as President of the United States, the Carolinian leaders, most of whom were men of great talents, would not allow the question to proceed to extremities in 1828. President Jackson not only did not do what they expected of him, but he did many things adversely to them and their personal interests, that no one could have counted upon. He quarrelled with Mr. Calhoun, who had expected to be his successor in the Presidential chair. This quarrel precipitated rebellion. South Carolina prepared to nullify the laws of the nation, which differed in nothing essential from rebellion; and the President prepared to flog her back to her duty. His vast personal popularity made him the best possible champion of the national cause; and had he led the Democrats against the Carolinians, they would have had to pitch to the dogs State rights, and "the principles of '98," and all the rest of that budget of anarchical fancies which makes up what long has been known as "Democratic principles." Those principles have survived all the attacks that have been made on them. They have outlived the defeats of 1840 and 1848, and also the far greater defeats they met with on the bloody battle-fields of 1861-1865; but they could not have survived the attacks that would have been made upon them by the Democrats themselves, had Andrew Jackson been permitted to lead his party against the nullifiers. Unfortunately, Mr. Clay was enabled to patch up a compromise,—the famous Compromise of 1833,—through the temporary success of which the inevitable quarrel was postponed for

about twenty-eight years. This was exactly the worst thing that could have happened, for it was highly necessary that the Democratic party should be blooded in a war against Southern rebels. Then they would have become as good Federalists as even Washington could have desired to see them,—as good Federalists as James Madison himself could have wished to see them when, speaking of New York's proposition to enter the Union with the reserved right to leave it whenever she should think proper to do so, he said, "The Constitution requires an adoption *in toto*, AND FOREVER,"—and that a State could *not* enter the Union as New York wished to enter it. Not only, however, was the Democratic party prevented from being placed in an attitude of intense hostility to its disorganizing dogmas by the success of Mr. Clay's compromise, but from that time it began to show a fondness for Southern ideas that never had been known to the Jeffersonian Democracy. Beginning to change about 1835, it changed fast, and marched far in its desire to get out of sight and hearing of what it had done, under the grand lead of President Jackson, against traitors and treason. It was heartily ashamed of the best thing to be found in its history. In fact, it was not the Democratic party that put down nullification, but Andrew Jackson, who stands out as honorably and brightly in contrast with most of the Democrats of 1832-1833, as John Knox stands out in contrast with the Scottish reforming nobility of three hundred years ago. Had Mr. Adams been re-elected in 1828-29, nullification would have been a success; for the Democrats would have sided with the rebels, who did not go in the least beyond the doctrines laid down in "the resolutions of '98." As it was, almost the whole of the two opposition parties—the National Republicans and the Anti-Masons,—rallied to the support of President Jackson, by whom they had just been beaten badly in a great national contest. The leading champion of the Union cause, and as

such peculiarly honored by President Jackson, was Mr. Webster, then at the height of his fame; and he spoke the Union sentiments of the opposition in words that will perish only with the language. Such is the difference between American parties. The Democracy sides ever with the enemies of the country, if it happens to be out of power, while men of other political views give their support to a Democratic government when it is assailed by traitors. Had there been a revolt at the beginning of Mr. Buchanan's administration, he could have counted as surely on Republican support as on that of the men who had voted for him; how the Democrats bore themselves toward President Lincoln is matter of history. Their conduct was in strict accordance with the "resolutions of '98," the Democratic book of rebellion.

No opportunity was afforded for a Democratic revolt for many years after 1833. The Whigs came into power in 1841, but the early death of President Harrison placed the government in the hands of the South, in the person of President Tyler. Then came the Democratic administration of President Polk. An attempt was made to effect secession under the Whiggish administration of President Taylor, but that stern soldier soon let the secessionists know that they would find another Jackson in him. His death was a great misfortune, for he was prepared to stamp out rebellion; and his successor, President Fillmore, was a mere tool in the hands of the South, though it is said he behaved with spirit toward South Carolina, who was as ready to secede in 1850 as she was ten years later. The administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, being of the ultra-Democratic order, were not troubled by the action of rebels. True, the secession Rebellion began while Mr. Buchanan was President, but he did nothing to prevent the success of the Rebels, though he might have reduced them to despair by the firm use of his constitutional powers. He bore himself as the head of the Democratic party, not as the chief

magistrate of the Republic. Not what would be useful to the country, but what would be beneficial to the Democratic party, was that to which he gave his thoughts; and, whether such was his intention or not, his course was, in almost every respect, precisely what the Rebels would have dictated had he done them the honor to consult them in regard to their exact wishes. The Southern members of his Cabinet were regular conspirators, and deserved well of the Rebels, who never could have opened *their* "national" career so advantageously had they not had such powerful friends at court. Cobb, Thompson, and Floyd were three of the most expert rogues that ever conspired; and there is really something sublime in the audacity of their action,—cabinet officers taking the lead in destroying the government, of which they were the most prominent members after the President himself! The conduct of these men—the three greatest scoundrels that ever figured even in American politics—shows how loosely the sentiment of honor is held by the ruling Southern Democratic politicians. It was at one time supposed that Toucey, of the Navy Department, was as bad as either of the Southern men in Buchanan's Cabinet; but time has made it clear that he was not the equal of even the least rogue of the three. His intentions may have been bad enough, but capacity and courage were wanting to make him perfectly useful to the Democracy. Poor old General Cass, who was seventy-eight when South Carolina rebelled, seems to have been the tool of his Southern Cabinet associates, and never to have suspected, till suspicion became useless, that they were in earnest when they talked treason. He thought it all a trick, a part of the political play. The entire picture is a shocking one,—the government of a mighty nation taking the principal part in the foul and treacherous business of destroying it; for such was the part of the Buchanan administration during the greater part of the last year of its existence.

The very agency that was relied upon for protection against conspirators was itself in the conspiracy! Yet what was then seen is what the country must expect to see repeated, should the Democratic party now be restored to power, and should it afterward be found necessary to displace it because of its evil doing.

Mr. Buchanan has written a book to show that he ought not to be blamed for the occurrence of the Rebellion. He cannot be complimented on the success of his argument. He mentions that General Scott stated, on the 30th of October, 1860, that there were but five companies of Regulars (four hundred men) available for garrisoning the Southern ports. This was, indeed, a bad state of things; but it might have been worse, for if those five companies had been placed in the Charleston forts, and two or three small armed steamboats had been sent to Charleston Harbor, there would have been no Rebellion. Everything then depended upon the action of South Carolina, and that State would not have seceded had government thrown men into the Charleston forts, with orders to fire on all parties that should have attempted to raise works against those forts. As to the four hundred available men, it would have been easy to double their number by recruiting sailors, who would have been as useful as regular artillerists in the working of great guns. A thousand sailors could have been got in a day in our seaports. Not one of the Southern States would have seceded till South Carolina led the way; and South Carolina would not have led the way had government been firm with her, and made her understand that any action directed against the forts would be met by adequate resistance. This is the conclusion derived from her course. She did not secede till the 20th of December, 1860, more than six weeks after the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, nor till she had received solemn and official assurance from President Buchanan that no opposition should be made to her action in seceding. On

the 3d of December, 1860, Mr. Buchanan sent his last annual message to Congress, in which he discussed the state of affairs at length; and in course of the message occurs this remarkable passage: "The question fairly stated is, 'Has the Constitution delegated to Congress the power to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from the confederacy?' If answered in the affirmative, it must be on the principle that the power has been conferred upon Congress to make war against a State. After much serious reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress, or to any other department of the Federal government. It is manifest, upon an inspection of the Constitution, that this is not among the specific and enumerated powers granted to Congress; and it is equally apparent that its exercise is not 'necessary and proper for carrying into execution' any one of these powers. So far from this power having been delegated to Congress, it was expressly refused by the Convention which framed the Constitution." This was a letter of license to South Carolina. It announced to her that she should not be molested while seeking the Union's destruction, and that she might besiege the Charleston forts without drawing a shot from one of their guns. Accordingly, in seventeen days after the President of the United States had advised her of the vitally important fact that he should not offer opposition to any action she might take for the promotion of rebellion, South Carolina seceded; and soon had such works raised that it became difficult, if not impossible, to send men and munitions to the assistance of the feeble force in Sumter, the only fort over which the national banner was flying at the opening of the year 1861. The Democratic press approved of what the President had said in support of the position that government had no constitutional power "to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to

withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from the confederacy." The Democratic party approved of it. They all — President, journalists, and party — acted in a perfectly consistent manner. The President had done no more than to set forth the old Democratic doctrine neatly and concisely. He expounded "the resolutions of '98," and he could have done no less, and retained his political position, unless he had remained silent; and that was scarcely possible, considering the state of things at the close of 1860. The facts are deeply interesting: because they show, first, what is the logical consequence of the Democratic theory of government, namely, the right of any and every State to withdraw from the Union, with or without cause; and, secondly, what the American people would have to expect should the Democratic party regain that power which they so grossly abused in 1860. If South Carolina had the right to secede in 1860, because, as she said, slavery's safety was threatened, she will have the right to secede in 1872, because slavery was abolished — violently abolished — by the national government; and should there be a Democratic President in December, 1872, he would act as Mr. Buchanan acted in 1860, and his conduct would be in strict accordance with Democratic principles. If the American people choose to organize anarchy, and make it permanent, they will restore power to the Democracy; if they wish for peace, they will take care to keep power and the Democracy forever apart.

The most convincing evidence in support of the assertion that the Democratic party is a destructive party, and that it will seek the overthrow of the national government, whenever it is not allowed to control it, is found in the political history of the year preceding the secession war, and in the history of the early part of that conflict. The Democratic party, deliberately and of settled purpose, prepared the way for civil war, and then, as coolly, plunged the country into the

terrible gulf. There could have been no resistance made to the will of the American people constitutionally expressed at the national election of 1860, had not the Democratic party encouraged traitors to take up arms, and had it not so borne itself as to furnish to the Southern secessionists what they believed to be sufficient cause for resistance, and on the occurrence of which, they had long and often said, their States would "throw themselves on their reserved rights." Had the Democratic party done merely its duty as a party, and yet entirely disregarded the duty of each and all its members to the country, that *occasion* for the Rebellion, which the secessionists asserted was fairly found in Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency by Northern votes alone, never would have been afforded them; for up to the month of April, 1860, the Republican party had not even the remotest chance of succeeding in the nineteenth Presidential election, then so near at hand; and without the success of the Republicans at that election, not even South Carolina could have ventured upon rebellion, or, if she had rebelled, she would not have found one Southern State so mad as to follow her insane example. It was necessary, in order to carry out the conspiracy formed by the destructive Democracy, that the Democratic party should be beaten in 1860; and, as every well-informed man knew that it could not, if united, be beaten at the polls, it was arranged that it should be divided, and its strength reduced to weakness, at the very opening of the political campaign. As it sometimes happens in war, that an army is purposely sacrificed in order that a particular diplomatic end may be effected; so was the Democratic party sacrificed in 1860, in order that a certain purpose of its leaders might speedily be accomplished. That those leaders did not achieve their purpose no more establishes their innocence than the loss of his stake by a gamester proves that he never risked it. Their intentions were the worst possible; but their pow-

er was not equal to their will, and, instead of accomplishing the specific end at which they aimed, they had to content themselves with causing the loss of half a million lives, the expenditure of six or seven thousand millions of dollars, the creation of an indefinite amount of trouble and sorrow and general misery, and the complete defeat of their Southern friends and allies in the field. They used everybody ill, but they used the slaveholders worst of all; and it is strange that the latter should be so ready to renew an alliance that once was the cause of their overthrow. We can account for their readiness to forgive the treacherous Democracy, — false alike to the North and to the South, — only by supposing they are anxious to revenge themselves on the men who overthrew them in war. Believing themselves to be an aristocracy, they feel themselves disgraced, not merely because they were beaten, but because they were beaten by mechanics, laborers, fishermen, pedlars, traders, and others of the “lower classes.” To be beaten may be the lot of the bravest and best men, they argue, and there have been very few of the greatest of soldiers, from Hannibal to Napoleon, who have not drank deeply of the cup of defeat; but to be conquered by “the rabble,” as they consider their successful antagonists, is doubly galling. They feel as the Austrian chivalry felt when it was beaten to the ground by the churls of Switzerland. They feel as that fierce patrician, Lord Ulswater, felt when, though mounted and armed, he had been done to death by the plebeian Wolfe, who was both on foot and unarmed. “O,” said the dying aristocrat, “slain! slain in a ditch by a base-born hind! O, bitter, bitter, bitter!” Such is the feeling that animates the slaveocracy, who would sell themselves to Satan for the chance of revenge; and who are ready to go even a step further, and once more ally themselves with the Democrats for the same purpose. We trust they will learn, when the knowledge will not be of much service to them, that they

have made another of those blunders which form the chief illustrations of their crazy history of the last fourteen years, ever since they revived slavery agitation at the beginning of 1854. For if they are bent upon having revenge, the American people, who are much the stronger party of the two, are quite as resolute that they never shall sit at that banquet which is said to be too exquisite to be served up to anybody beneath the gods. They may be devoted to vengeance, but we of the North are not such sheep as to submit our throats to the teeth of wolves, no matter how hungry they may be, or how urgent is the necessity that they should have blood.

The Charleston Convention, being the last full Democratic national convention that met in that old Union which the Democratic party destroyed, assembled on the 23d of April, 1860. There was a fitness in its place of meeting which could not fail to be noted at the time, and the force of which was further felt when, a few months later, the regular working of Democratic principles led to the secession of South Carolina from the Union, and the city of Charleston was the scene chosen by the first Rebels for their first display of madness. Charleston had been named for the place of the convention long before, in order to show how thoroughly the Democracy had given themselves up to the rule of their masters, the slaveholders, all of whose demands they were not only ready to grant, but even to anticipate. It is probable that the Northern men who insisted on having the convention meet at Charleston did so because they believed it would be easier to bring over any doubtful delegates to the support of slavery on slavery's own ground. If they thought the secessionists would be pleased with the compliment, and so softened with regard to their “ulterior intentions,” they were very hopeful, indeed, considering what sort of training they must have gone through in order to attain to distinction in the Democratic party.

There were four parties in the Charleston Convention. 1. The Southern secessionists, pure and simple, who sought the dissolution of the Union, and said so, distinctly, and who were, not the less, on the best possible terms with the leaders of the Northern Democracy. 2. The Southern Democrats who wished to see a Republican elected to the Presidency in 1860-61, but who as yet were not quite ready to dissolve the Union, reserving that as a great card, to be played on another day. These gentlemen were headed by Mr. Jefferson Davis, who expected, and desired, that Mr. Seward would become President of the United States on the 4th of March, 1861,—as did Mr. Seward himself. Mr. Davis was moved both by ambition and by hatred to the course he pursued. He wished to become President of the United States in 1865, and he knew that, were Mr. Seward elected in 1860-61, his own prospects would be greatly improved; and he hated Mr. Douglas, who was the favorite of the majority of the delegates,—bitterly and vindictively hated him,—and was resolute in the determination that he should not receive the nomination of a united Democracy. 3. The Douglas delegates, who were ready to do almost anything that would operate for the interest of their leader, but who, though in a majority, were cut off from success through the existence of the two-thirds rule. 4. A number of Northern delegates, who hoped that advantage would be taken of the prevailing troubles to bring about such changes, under the name of “compromise,” as should legalize slavery in all the free States, and in that way accomplish two things: first, the soothing of the South; and, secondly, the permanent ascendancy of the Democratic party through its union with slaveholders. Had these delegates been patriots as well as partisans, they would, after the usual amount of wrangling, have stopped such child’s play, and gone seriously to work, in order to prevent the coming of civil war upon the country. They could not have sinned in ignorance, for they had

said, ten thousand times, that the election of any Republican to the Presidency—Mr. Lincoln was not nominated till June, 1860—certainly would lead to a dissolution of the Union, and they could not have expected that that would be quietly allowed; and yet they took the only course that made the election of a Republican to the Presidency, and of Republican majorities in Congress, possible! They quarrelled among themselves as fiercely as if they had been a convention of old Whigs, or older Federalists, and not the flower of the Democratic party,—a party renowned for the astuteness of its management, a party which never before had allowed its representatives to do more fighting among themselves than was necessary for the promotion of pure fraternal feeling. Had they been wise men, and as such desirous of keeping their country free from the evils of war, they would have postponed their private disputes to a more convenient season, and, dropping their chief aspirants to the Presidency, would have nominated a new man, for whose support all the forces of their party could have been combined, and who would have been chosen by a far greater vote than that to which Mr. Buchanan owed his election four years earlier. Such was their duty, according to the views they were loud in promulgating; but their duty was the last thing they thought of doing. They quarrelled to extremity, and the Charleston Convention was purposely broken up, in order that the treasonable purposes of some Democratic leaders, and the ambitious purposes of others, might be promoted. As the secessionists were the most resolute and determined of these men,—the Jacobins of the Democracy,—they had their own way, and made use of the Democratic party and of the Democratic administration to help bring about a dissolution of the Union. The course of the men who composed the Charleston Convention—the representative men of their party—forcibly illustrates the position that the Democracy constitutes a destructive political

organization, and therefore is unfit to be intrusted with the work of government. Hostile to the Union from its origin, and from the character of its principles, it should be relegated to the "cold shade" of opposition, and forbid-

den to concern itself with the business of administration. It is faithful only to itself, and such selfish fidelity compels it to be false to the nation in which for years it claimed to be the sole national and constitutional organization.

THE ENCYCLOPEDISTS.

THE eighteenth century has bequeathed to us one work which embodies in itself the spirit of the century,—that is the *Encyclopédie*. There are, of course, other works of that epoch more perfect, or nearer that perfection which was always the aim of its great authors. These are, however, the works of individual authors, and they give us only the labors of each author separately, while the *Encyclopédie* gives us the picture of an age which was one of the most important in the history of the world. With the subsidence of the bitter quarrels that characterized the publication of the *Encyclopédie*, not a little of the popular interest in the work has ceased. It remains, however, the intellectual fortress of its epoch, and although its defenders and its besiegers have lost much of their heat and ardor, it is not because the world of letters is grown more just or more peaceful, but because there are new fields of battle on which the warlike intellects of our own day find plenty to try their mettle. The *Encyclopédie* may well be read to-day, not for the interest of novelty which it once possessed, but for its importance in the history of literature and philosophy.

There is no recent summary of the lives of the *Encyclopédistes*; for the most part they are obscure men; and without going as far as Lebas (*Dictionnaire Encyclopédique de la France*,—forming part of Didot's *Univers Pittoresque*) in depreciating them, or as far as Lord Brougham in extolling them, it is doubtful whether there is any-

where an exact account of all of them. Indeed, many of the numerous contributors wrote only an article or two; the *Biographie Universelle* probably contains all that is worth knowing of the principal writers, and Grimm's correspondence tells a thousand stories and anecdotes about these. D'Alembert and Voltaire are treated especially by Brougham in his "Men of Letters and Science," but it is in a merely popular way. It is not easy anywhere to obtain satisfactory and direct reference to authorities on the subject; but perhaps the lives of the three great chiefs, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, cover all the necessary grounds of knowledge with regard to their followers.

Two new works of interest, if not of authority, have appeared within this year, and each in its way is worth attention, and is sure to command it, as showing the hold which the *Encyclopédistes* still have on art and letters. Fichel, the cleverest painter in the newest school of French *genre*, has lately given us a capital picture, *Les Encyclopédistes*,—a group of the famous men of that large family,—in a library with the furniture, dress, and appointments of the period. Some of the faces are familiar to us even here,—Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, Rousseau, Buffon,—and the others have also the sharp lines and speaking features of truthful portraits. A desire to find out the unnamed persons in the painting first caused the inquiry into the subject, which now takes this shape. Almost at the same time that Fichel's

picture was given to the world, the *Librairie Internationale* in Paris published *Les Encyclopédistes, leurs Travaux, leurs Doctrines, et leur Influence, par Pascal Duprat*, — a readable and attractive volume of nearly two hundred pages. It tells the story of the *Encyclopédie*, the political and moral state of France when it began, the incidents of its publication, and, sketching the authors who took part in its composition, explains its object and plan, its general spirit, its philosophical doctrine, its politics, its political economy, its influence on the eighteenth century, and the French Revolution, its opponents then and its value now. All this is done briefly, clearly, and well by one of the lesser lights of French letters, who, however, reflects fairly enough the influence, powerful alike for good and bad, which the Encyclopedists still continue to exert.

It is of course generally known that the *Encyclopédie* was not a *proles sine matre*, as Montesquieu vaunted, but a translation and expansion of Chambers's "Cyclopædia," which was noteworthy, simply because the title, borrowed from the Greek, was then for the first time applied to modern literature. It had been used, for the first time in the sixteenth century, by Ringelberg, in his "Cyclopædia," printed at Basle in 1541; then by Paul Scalich, in his "Encyclopædia," Basle, 1599; by Marinus, in his *Idea methodicæ et brevis Encyclopædiæ sive adumbratio Universitatis*, Herborn, 1606; and by Alsted, in his "Encyclopædia," Herborn, 1620. These were all written in Latin, each by its own single author, and with a limited field. Chambers, a century later, at Dublin, 1728, produced a work vastly beyond all his predecessors in merit; but it was perhaps the greatest triumph of his work, that it gained such favor as to command the labor of men like Diderot and his brethren in the task of reproducing it in French.

It was in 1750 that the Prospectus, written by Diderot, announced the publication of the first volume of the *Ency-*

clopédie, ou Dictionnaire raisonné des Sciences, des Arts et des Métiers, par une Société des Gens de Lettres. D'Alembert wrote the Preliminary Discourse, and these papers give the key-note of the work itself. But, after all, the Encyclopedists were not the discoverers of a new world of letters and philosophy, in spite of their fond belief and loud proclamation of that fact. They were the last product of a long intellectual cultivation, of a gradual development of principles which culminated in the great French Revolution, and which included Church and State, politics, religion, letters, in France, in Europe, and in almost the whole modern and civilized world. It was a revolution which began at least with Bacon, was advanced by Hobbes, was furthered by Locke, and was brought to its social and scientific results in France. In that country the philosophy of Descartes was taught by the Jansenists, by Arnauld, Pascal, and Nicole; yet the Church, which by its oppression limited their power, was one of the first institutions to suffer by its gradual decline. The interweaving of English and French philosophy runs through a long course of years and events. France sought in England what it wanted, what of its own strength it could never attain, — first, philosophical culture, next, political principles. England received from France the influence of some of the greatest minds of modern philosophy, but each drew from the other much of the doctrine which characterized the nation for over a century. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Shaftesbury, Wollaston, and, last and greatest of all, Bolingbroke, reflected the tone and temper of French philosophy, with its grace of style, and charm of clearness, — next best to truth.

It was in his exile at Touraine, after the death of Queen Anne, that Bolingbroke met Voltaire, found in him intelligence and inclination, and inspired him to become the apostle of a new philosophy of pure reason. It was Voltaire's journey to and residence in England that brought him into

close intimacy with the Freethinkers there. About the same time, Montesquieu made his studies in England of the English Constitution, as a preparation for his greater work. It was the reverence which Voltaire saw exhibited in England for Newton at the time of his almost royal funeral in 1727, that led him to study Newton's physical theories and to translate them into French. He felt all the more strongly from the contrast of English liberty the weight imposed in his own country by heavy despotism, official corruption, the censorship, and all the burdens put on intellectual freedom. He worked courageously and steadily, for a long time alone, to produce some change in the philosophical atmosphere of France. The weakening influence and the gradual decline of political and religious power favored the emancipation of the spirits hitherto held in check. New ideas began to show themselves, and literature spread them throughout France. Authors became a power, and showed it by adopting the name of *gens de lettres*; they were almost a fourth estate. Literature ceased to be a pompous luxury of the great; it gave up its solemn, measured steps; it threw off the elegance and perfection at which it had hitherto always striven as essentials; but in becoming light and even frivolous in form, it became popular in itself and powerful in forming public opinion, and then it was that the *Encyclopédie* was announced.

A year's advertisement of Diderot's circular produced four thousand subscriptions of two hundred dollars each, — a prodigious price for the time. The first and second volume followed in rapid succession, and the world of letters and philosophy was fired with the quarrels that grew out of them. The Jesuits and the Jansenists suspended their own quarrels and joined forces to attack a common enemy, for as such they looked on the authors of the *Encyclopédie*. And yet the two volumes were written with great moderation;

and the articles on religious questions carefully avoided all theological discussions. Nevertheless, they were bitterly attacked, and finally the publication was suspended by the government. Diderot and his associates, however, knew where to look for help, and they found it in the right quarter.

Mme. de Châteauxroux belonged to that honest and virtuous family of Nesle which had already furnished Louis XV. with two mistresses, — Mme. de Mailly and Mme. de Vintimille. For four years her protection proved sufficient, and in that time five volumes appeared in which Voltaire and the *Encyclopédie* lent each other strength. New success brought new attacks, and the Jesuits and the Jansenists repeated their assaults, — the one column led by the Archbishop of Paris, the other by the Advocate-General Joly de Fleury and the Parliament. The *Encyclopédie* was again suspended, and with it the privilege of publication. It was made the target for unnumbered pamphlets, and the subject of a comedy, *Les Philosophes*, by Palissot. Then came the loss of D'Alembert, and with him of many of the contributors. Diderot, however, found in Voltaire an ally worth all that had abandoned him. For eight years they worked together, first to prepare material for future volumes, and next to gain the privilege of publishing them. At last, and again by help of a woman, and that woman the king's mistress, — this time Mme. de Pompadour, — the privilege was renewed, but still with a loss of some of its earlier and exclusive rights. However, in 1765 the work again began, and in 1771 it was completed, making seventeen volumes of text, and eleven of plates; and in 1776 and 1777 five volumes of supplement were printed, nominally, at least, in Amsterdam, and the great work was then peacefully concluded.

In looking over this great work, and its army of authors, — not much short of a hundred, — two names are specially distinguishable, — Diderot in all that relates to philosophy, D'Alembert in

all that relates to science. D'Alembert, too, has the credit of having gained Voltaire to their aid, and from the fifth volume on he furnished nearly all the articles on literature, beginning with the word "esprit," — *tout à propos pour se définir lui-même!* But his labor did not nearly end with that which was printed in the successive volumes: his correspondence shows untiring zeal, interest, and activity on behalf of the work which in his eyes was big with the fate of the eighteenth century. Rousseau, on the other hand, wrote only two articles, — one on Music, the other on Political Economy, and shone in neither. Montesquieu, too, appeared but once; but his works preceded and helped to make the *Encyclopédie*, while the *Encyclopédie* helped to make the success of those writings of Rousseau which succeeded it. Buffon, too, was one of those we may call the group of the first rank, who lent little but a name to the new enterprise.

Of those of less importance in the eyes of the world then, but of more use in the work, who stand together on another level, there were Duclos, Dufresnoy, Marmontel, Holbach, Turgot, Condorcet, and some others of mark in their own way and time. A third group is made up of the theologians whose names and writings appear in the *Encyclopædia*: put there, it has been suggested, as the conquerors of Egypt, in moving towards the Nile, put in front of their army the sacred animals of Egypt, — with the hope of allaying the prejudices which they could not conquer. Morellet, Yvon, De Prades, and Mallet were the Abbés of the *Encyclopædia*; and later Polier, a neighbor and recruit of Voltaire's, who claimed the merit of softening his theological fury and bringing his liberty of thought within the reasonable limits of his own. But the individual contributors, who furnished articles on their own special subjects, were among those who gave much of its value to the work. The art of war was discussed by a professor of strategy; seamanship, by a sailor; salt-works, by a manufacturer; sugar,

by a planter; silks, by a Lyons merchant; and so in succession through every class of articles. There was, therefore, a concert of action on the part of the intellect of France, an alliance of literature and science in the war for the truth, realizing Bacon's anticipation of the time when the world would profit by just such men and just such measures. This was, however, carried on with very irregular steps. The two first volumes were wisely restrained in tone, then five volumes were published under a permission which exacted a somewhat similar limitation; still the spirit of the book improved, although its most marked features were traced rather in subsidiary articles than in those of prime importance; and the boldest proposals for political and moral reform were conveyed in articles on grammar or philology. With the eighth volume there was almost entire liberty of speech; but the editor then in charge has his own fears awakened, and did not hesitate to lay a sacrilegious hand on the articles sent in. A letter of Diderot, dated November 12, 1764, berates his subordinate roundly for his treachery. In spite, however, of the mutilation, the concluding volumes show a hearty hatred of existing abuses and a zeal for reform, strong protests against prejudice, error, and injustice, and warm encouragement to every movement looking to social, moral, or political progress. The writers speak with greater elevation, the work takes a loftier position, and in its pages can be heard the rustling of the storm that was then gathering, and was soon to break over the devoted head of France. It is this that gives it to this day an importance that no literary or scientific merit alone could have perpetuated.

The persecutions that environed the *Encyclopédie* gave it its first success; the influences brought to bear upon the king, to secure its continued publication, gave it value in his eyes and in those of the court; it was addressed to the nobility and to the better classes, because there were no readers in a public which could not read. Its readers

were confined necessarily to the ruling classes, and its conquests were the more effective on that account. Its influence can be traced out step by step; the liberty in trade which it advocated in 1750 was granted in 1764; between 1761 and 1774 Turgot carried out in the administration of Limoges the reforms which the *Encyclopédie* had demanded, — new and better roads, the abolition of internal tariffs, military requisitions, etc., etc. In 1774, when he became minister of Louis XIV., he applied to the kingdom those reforms which he had tried in a province. The same resistance which the ideas of the *Encyclopédie* had met and overcome met and overcome Turgot, but the final result was the same. Necker, Calonne, and Brienne in vain sought to govern the nation by other principles. The government appealed to the nation by

convoking the *Tiers État*, and the three orders met and told their wishes. It was again the plan, the principle, almost the text of the *Encyclopédie*. In the midst of the Revolution the same voice could be heard, and it was that voice which triumphed over the storm, and brought France once more to peace, to industry, and to progress, material, intellectual, political. Those who made and the pilot who rode the storm safely are all graduates of the school and indoctrinated with the lessons of the *Encyclopédie*. Its opponents and their attacks are long since forgotten, and the weapons with which they were overcome are obsolete, but still the fact remains that the *Encyclopédie* was a powerful lever with which its authors overturned the past and raised the standard of reform for the future; and this it is that gives it value even in our own day.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Lessing's Nathan the Wise. Translated from the German by Miss ELLEN FROTHINGHAM. 1 vol. 12mo. New York: Leypoldt and Holt.

THE appearance of a new translation of Lessing's master-work is another indication of the wide interest that people abroad and at home are feeling in the man, the like of whom Goethe told Eckermann the world needed. The enthusiasm of his countrymen would seem to increase as time goes by. There is no end of pamphlets about him as critic, philosopher, reformer. The literature created by the "Nathan" alone, as summed up in Naumann's recent *Catalogue raisonné*, occupies with the merest description of works one hundred and twenty-five pages. Germany's most eminent names are on the list of writers who have devoted their talent to the interpretation and spread of Lessing's ideas.

Till lately, Lessing has been hardly better known in France than here. The "Nathan" was translated there by Friedel and Bonneville as early as 1783. Twice it has been adapted for the stage; once as a versified drama in three acts; and once as a "Comé-

die Héroïque," whatever that may be, in prose. Baron de Barante made a French version of it in 1823. Hermann Hirsch attempted in 1863 the same feat. Three years ago, M. Arthur Arnould enlightened the Parisians by telling them they would find the piece "very childish" as a work of art. "Modern readers," he says, "will be astonished at the simplicity of this revolutionary undertaking, at a time when Voltaire was filling the whole world with his name and ideas." M. Ernest Fontanès, in his recent "Christianisme Moderne," a study on Lessing, has the honor of introducing him to the French as "the man who opened in Germany new paths of religious thought; than whom no one is better fitted to meet the taste of our people, no one better qualified to make the general public acquainted with the problems of theology."

"Nathan the Wise" was translated into Dutch by an unknown hand in 1780; into Danish, in 1799, by Rahbeck; into Swedish, in 1841; into Polish, in 1867; and into Modern Greek, under the title, "The Wise Old Jew of Kaliourgos." The last version was published in 1840. The merit of these translations does not concern us now.

England showed her appreciation long ago. Macaulay pronounced Lessing the foremost European critic. As early as 1781 a version of "Nathan the Wise," made by R. E. Raspe, was published in London. It attracted little notice. Ten years later, in 1791, William Taylor's translation appeared. This version, which was printed in the Edinburgh and the Retrospective Reviews, reached a second edition in 1805, and was afterwards reprinted in Mr. Taylor's "Historic Survey of German Poetry," London, 1828-1830. Lowndes pronounced this "an excellent translation"; but it falls far short of the best modern standard. A third translation of the poem, exceedingly literal, by Dr. Adolph Reich, was published in London, in 1860; and a fourth translation was offered in manuscript to Messrs. Leopoldt and Holt, on their announcing a purpose to include "Nathan the Wise" in their foreign series, along with the Frithiof Saga and the Kalevala, the latter translated by the late John A. Porter, of Yale College.

In America Lessing is little known. The republication of Stahr's "Life of Lessing" made the better class of the reading public acquainted with his private history and his genius. Mr. Lowell's article in the North American Review has eloquently presented the man's claims to honor; but his masterpieces have never found their way to the American mind. This is the more singular, as Lessing was a modern man. He lived far in advance of his own age and his own people, and will come into full enjoyment of his intellectual existence, towards the close of the nineteenth century. He was a man, too, for America. He walked large over the continent of thought as we do; he kept step with those who walk largest. His place is with the most enlightened as well as the bravest of our liberal teachers. The sudden interest in him proves that he is needed, and that he comes to call. In the present condition of speculative thought, particularly on the subject of religion, his contribution of criticism and of faith, of sight and of insight, will be the more valuable for having been prepared when and where it was,—in the last century, in the seclusion of Germany, under the action of purely literary powers, within limits that gave him every intellectual facility, and shut out political and social distractions. His thought comes to us in perfect form of art, and with the least possible alloy.

Lessing was a clear, cordial, devout Theist. His "Nathan der Weise" was his confes-

sion of faith. We may say more than this. We may call it the confession of faith of the modern Theist. At first sight it seems to be an effort to decide between the claims of the three great religions,—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. A second glance gives assurance that no such thought as this could have so much as passed across Lessing's mind. It looks as if he meant to harmonize the three religions by showing that charity was the heart of them all. But this interpretation does not satisfy, either. A careful study of the poem convinces us that Lessing meditated nothing less than an illustration in dramatic form of the essence of religion itself. The characters represent in all its phases and contrasts that quality of self-abnegation which is the soul of faith. Engaging as a story, vivid as a drama, brilliant as a poem, it is very profound and rich as a work of religious philosophy. The reading of it combines instruction with delight.

Miss Frothingham undertook her translation some years ago, as a work of love, and in the same spirit she completed it. Its publication was suggested by the announcement of a purpose to present the poem to the American people. It was submitted, prior to acceptance, to the severe scrutiny of sharp-eyed critics, good scholars, and men whose enthusiasm for Lessing made them very jealous of his honor. From their hands the manuscript went back to the translator's for final revision. The public may, therefore, rest satisfied that this is no job work, done to order. Miss Frothingham's version was selected because by competent judges, German as well as English, it was considered better than any existing translations.

To say it is perfect would be claiming too much. That can never be said. Of the correctness of rendering, in some few passages, there may be a question; but they are passages on whose precise shade of meaning German scholars differ. We have noticed lines that would have been stronger had the phrase been more condensed. Here and there it struck us that a more literal rendering would be an improvement. But on the whole the work is exceedingly well done. It is faithful and elegant. It reads like a piece that was originally written in English. To those who are uninitiated into the mysteries of turning thoughts from one language into another, the smoothly flowing, bright, poetical verse will seem to be the only form of verse

that was suited to express the idea. As a work of art, inwardly and outwardly, it stands at the head of the series of which it forms a part.

A short account of Lessing's life and labors introduces the poem to the reader. An appendix gives, in condensed form, Kuno Fischer's admirable essay on "Nathan the Wise," for the interest of all who may peruse it, and for the instruction of all who may wish a deeper interpretation of the piece than their own intelligence reveals.

Ohio in the War; her Statesmen, her Generals, and Soldiers. By WHITELAW REID. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, and Baldwin. (Published by subscription.)

It is so very pleasant to turn from Ohio in the last elections to Ohio in the war, that we might welcome Mr. Reid's work, if it had no other attraction, as a relief from the fact that certain mean prejudices are still dominant among otherwise noble and generous people. But Mr. Reid approaches us with a better claim than this upon the general interest, for it needs no great critical acumen to perceive that the history of Ohio in the war is also a history of the war, since that State gave the nation the great generals who gained its battles. The three leaders, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, whose names come first to mind at the mention of the war, as well as McDowell, McPherson, Rosecrans, Buell, Mitchell, Gillmore, Garfield, Cox, Steedman, Schenck, and many other captains only less famous than these, were natives of Ohio, while McClellan was a resident of Cincinnati, and was first appointed to a command by the Governor of Ohio. Her rank and file, moreover, fought in nearly all the battles of the war, and the contribution of Ohio to the success of the struggle was, in point of numbers alone, very great. Under the first call, the State furnished some ten thousand men in excess of her quota; and when the war ended she had given five thousand more than had been asked of her, having placed in the field three hundred and ten thousand men.

Mr. Reid divides his work of some two thousand pages into three parts, of which the first is the history of the State during the war; the second, biographies of all the Ohio generals; the third, the history of all the Ohio regiments and military organ-

izations, succinctly but very faithfully stating all the great facts in the career of each regiment, and presenting in tables a complete list of all its officers, with the dates of their appointment and promotion, discharge or death. The whole work seems to us very admirably and clearly arranged; but neither the first nor the third part requires special comment here. The latter has great statistical value, and must be prized for its faithful record of deeds and names heroic enough, but often not famous; the former is in great degree the story of most other State governments during the war, — the story of peace-bred officials overwhelmed by a sudden and unprecedented demand for military experience, of their rapid education in the main requisites, and of their rise to the level which the people attained with a bound. This record is, of course, varied with full notice of Mr. Chase's career as Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Stanton's conduct of the War Department; for the latter Secretary, although appointed from Pennsylvania, is a native of Ohio. The picturesque episode of Morgan's invasion and capture further relieves the accustomed narrative of State governmental action.

In the lives of the Ohio generals, as we have hinted, Mr. Reid makes a demand upon the interest of readers everywhere, and supports this claim with some very obvious qualifications. He was prominent among those bards who sang in telegraphic despatches and letters of epical length the heroic deeds of the war contemporaneously with their occurrence, — in other words, he was the very well-known war-correspondent ("Agate") of a Cincinnati journal; and he writes usually about that which he saw, and often about that of which he was part. It is a defect of his present work, that it sometimes reads too much as if even now, after the exigency is long past, it had been written amid the tumult of the camp upon the correspondent's knee, or a canteen, or a drum-head. We mean to say that it is sometimes careless in style and loose in form. But it is always very lively narrative; it is unscrupulously frank; and, considering what popular histories usually are and have been, it is amazingly free from idolatry. Plainly, it is Mr. Kinglake among modern historians, rather than the Rev. Mr. Abbott or the Rev. Mr. Headley, whom Mr. Reid has had in mind. If he is at all unjust, it is towards success, and if he has a particular

fondness for any general, it is sure to be some one with whom the balance has been inclined by popular estimate, if not actual event, towards failure. General McClellan, it is true, is not one of the gainers by this trait of his biographer. We have found him nowhere more coldly and unpitifully described than in Mr. Reid's book; and perhaps it would be impossible to kindle sympathy from the facts of that career, which, up to the moment when it closed as effectively as if in death, seemed a game of persistent self-seeking and constant self-losing. But Mr. Reid comes out bravely in defence of Rosecrans, and while acknowledging his ignorance of character, his tenderness towards worthless subordinates, and his indiscreet pride with superiors, vindicates his reputation as a general, and certainly endears him to the reader as a man. He also arrives at a far more favorable estimate of Buell than that usually held, and ranks him, for some reasons, with the ablest generals of the war, while he awards generous praise to McDowell for his most unpopular and unquestionable virtues and talents.

Of the three most distinguished Ohio generals, Sheridan receives by far the greatest share of our author's liking and admiration; and we are made to see the heroic cavalryman in his higher character of a skilful and sagacious military leader, and a firm and incorruptible military ruler. It must be confessed that popular worship does degrade its idols a little, in order the better to get at them; and it is well to have our eyes turned from Sheridan's ride at Winchester to Sheridan's generalship in sixty-seven other battles, and Sheridan's rule in Texas and New Orleans. It is well also to look over his brilliant career in Mr. Reid's book, and perceive how few errors have marred it, and how generous his instincts have always been. He is almost sole among the soldiers educated at West Point in having had no sympathy for Southern institutions; and, so far as he had been a politician before the war, in being liberal and democratic-minded, — Irish and Catholic as he was by blood and faith.

The want of equally generous instincts in other leaders, and especially in General Sherman, finds no palliation in Mr. Reid's book. Full justice is done to Sherman's brilliant and unquestionable military genius, and his success is duly applauded, while his scarcely less remarkable errors are touched with an unsparing hand. The victories of

the march to the sea are celebrated, but the ravages which Mr. Reid thinks needless are freely deplored, and the depopulation of Atlanta bitterly condemned. At the close of Sherman's life, his biographer groups his characteristic extravagances and inconsistencies of word and deed in a style that must be called effective, if nothing more.

As we have shown, Mr. Reid's is a very unusual method of writing popular history, but on the whole we are inclined to think it an improvement on the old fashion. His frankness can do little harm to our heroes, and none to the people, who cannot know too much of the feelings and prejudices of men liable to Presidency. Mr. Reid uses the same freedom in speaking of General Grant that marks his treatment of Sherman; but, the man being different, the result is different. Still, the biography of Grant cannot be called enthusiastic. It is, in fact, a very self-possessed estimate of that great soldier who snatched from egregious errors the most surprising successes, and who, in passing from defeat to victory, was as little elated as he had been cast down. We are told that if Grant did more than other generals, he also received greater and more constant support from the government, and that he achieved many of his triumphs, as he achieved his last, more by reason of his tremendous odds than his military skill. At the same time we are continually reminded of his integrity and his modesty, his good sense and his patriotism. Of his political opinions Mr. Reid says no more than General Grant says himself, and this, as we all know, is very little; he simply states that before the war Grant's "sympathies were strongly Southern," and that "since the war his feelings have been intensely loyal, but conservative," and, he might have added, perfectly Congressional.

We can only refer to Mr. Reid's biographies of Generals Gillmore, McPherson, Mitchell, and Garfield as exceedingly interesting, like those of greater and minor generals. Of course, the larger proportion of each biography is devoted to the military career of its hero; but the earlier events and associations that form character are also fully noticed. On this more dangerous ground Mr. Reid does not often lose his footing. He speculates little; and in speaking of the boyhood of his heroes, he does not consider it necessary to become himself puerile. In fact, he is very manly

throughout, and we should be very glad to see his lives of the Ohio generals, with the biographic notices of Chase, Stanton, and other Ohio statesmen, published as a work for general sale.

Four Years among Spanish Americans. By F. HASSAUREK, late U. S. Minister Resident to the Republic of Ecuador. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

OUR social and political system is not all that patriotism could desire, but it abounds in fortunate individual results if nothing else, and perhaps such a man as Mr. Hassaurek is one of the most striking of these. By birth German, and trained in the schools of German thought, and then thoroughly utilized in the stirring practical life of a Western city as a lawyer and a politician, — a bold leader of native and adoptive citizens alike in support of liberal and sincere republicanism, — a man at once of speculative culture and of popular influence, — he is worthy of note even in our civilization of contrasts and surprises. Few could be better qualified to write of another and utterly different state of things, and we took up this book with expectations which have not been disappointed. Mr. Hassaurek is not an enthusiast; but he is as generous as he is critical. His book abounds in entertaining detail concerning life in Spanish America, but it is all thoroughly digested, and it all leads naturally to the conclusions at which he arrives. If the union of local reporter and philosopher could be conceived of, perhaps that idea would best represent Mr. Hassaurek's attitude toward Ecuador. Little is untold that we would like to know; few topics are neglected that we would like to think upon. This dual character of the book is declared in its manner as well as its matter; the narrative is sometimes marred by careless or local expressions, while the speculative parts are notable for their clear and admirable English.

We land with Mr. Hassaurek at the port of Guayaquil, and journey with him through the tropical coast-lands; we ascend the breezy, temperate heights that lead to Mount Chimborazo, we pass that famous mountain and arrive at Quito, where we settle down to study of the political, social, and religious character of Ecuador, thereafter making excursions to interesting places in the provinces of the North. Returning to

the capital, we review the ground passed over in the light of history. This is the plan of the book, and there is an agreeable shapeliness in all its parts.

Of the general character of the Spanish Americans there was little to tell us that was absolutely novel. We had, before coming to Mr. Hassaurek's book, a notion of their religious bigotry, their political restlessness, their commercial unthrift, their social degradation. Nevertheless, it is well to know upon his good authority that our preconceived notion was not unjust, and Mr. Hassaurek keeps our curiosity constantly pleased while he instructs us as to the cause of all this corruption, and vividly impresses us with its results. It is an amazing spectacle, certainly, that Republic of Ecuador (which only differs in degree from other South American Republics), with its despotic president irregularly elected and deposed by revolution, and often intrigued in and out of office by sharp-tongued, rebellious-minded ladies of the capital; with its barefooted armies of mulattoes and negroes recruited by press-gangs; with its idle, amiable, aristocratic white population, having no ambition but to make or to unmake some new president, and to get into the public offices or be shot in the plaza; with its system of forced loans, and its habit of plundering the poor of their labor and the rich of their money; with its fine state buildings and its territory without roads; with its free-born native population held in perpetual bondage for debt; with its established religion, and its dissolute clergy without political power; with its untrammelled press, of which the only member ever mad enough to establish a journal opposed to an existing government precipitately retired to the fastnesses of the Cordillera after his "first issue," — it is an amazing spectacle, but it is the inevitable result of the Spanish colonial system, which transported moribund feudalism bodily to the New World, and there, shutting out the light and air of heaven, and absolutely isolating it from all modern contact and influences, left it full of incurable sins and sores to the decay of time. Any one who has known Latin civilization in Europe feels at every moment, in reading Mr. Hassaurek's book, that it is not democracy which is in ruin in miserable Ecuador, but Romish Spain; and such a reader will be prompt to agree with our author, and with the thinking people of Ecuador, that Spain in religion and polity, if not in race, must wholly pass

away, must succumb under North American progress, before there can be any hope of regeneration for those mock republics of the South.

Mr. Hassaurek describes the whites of Quito as very good-natured and hospitable, but without strength of character. They are in their ignorant way elegant and luxurious; but they are incurably dirty and insincere. He notes the intellectual liveliness of the women, which strikes most travellers in Spanish America, and he defends the ladies of Quito against the common charge of immorality, declaring them too cautious and too indolent even for intrigue, though they do contrive to take an active part in political conspiracies. They are religious, as in all Latin countries; and their literature is confined to such French novels as the Church has not forbidden. Our author does not despise the small affairs of household economy, but furnishes a great deal of novel and entertaining information about the everyday life, in doors and out doors, at Quito, which is a city not only without a hotel, but, with a population of forty thousand, with great wealth, and with abundant display, is without public cleanliness, and without the first means of private decency.

The portions of Mr. Hassaurek's book which refer to the aboriginal population of Ecuador have a very melancholy interest, and form a picture of degradation and misery upon which he encourages us to look with scarcely more hope than upon the condition of the Spanish Americans. These wretched beings have not even the prospect of annihilation, as our own Indians have. They do not decrease, but, on the contrary, are very prolific, and multiply themselves for slavery and oppression of every kind. They are drunkards and gluttonous, ignorant and unspeakably filthy, without spirit, without aspiration of any kind, living only in the present wretched hour. Their sole virtue is their inalienable good-nature; their sole blessing is the exemption from military service which their cowardice procures for them.

The historical notice of events in their subjugation with which Mr. Hassaurek closes his book is one of its most valuable chapters; and we can but express a cordial hope that he will complete the review of Spanish colonial civilization therein projected. What he has already done for the Spanish American present is guaranty for a critical and delightful study of the Spanish American past.

Book of the Artists. American Artist Life, comprising Biographical and Critical Sketches of American Artists: preceded by an Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of Art in America. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. With an Appendix containing an account of Notable Pictures and Private Collections. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

ONE feels with pride, in looking over Mr. Tuckerman's book, that the future student of our period must, basing his opinion upon the information here given, fondly regard this epoch as the Golden or Augustan Age of American Art. "At no other period, perhaps," we imagine our student, centuries hence, to write, "and we had almost said in no other country, has art attained such universal and unexceptional perfection. It is not merely that, in the fortunate epoch of which we speak, America had great geniuses in every æsthetic vocation, but that, so far as we can learn from Tuckerman's elaborate work, none of her artists had any peculiar defect, while each had some striking and original merit."

In all this the future admirer of Mr. Tuckerman would overstate the matter somewhat, as a writer must if he would praise or would blame effectively. The truth is, Mr. Tuckerman does not laud all our artists alike, though it must be owned that the difference is rather in quantity than in quality of compliment. We do not know that the result was one easily to be avoided by a good-natured man, as most of the artists celebrated here are still in the flesh, and capable, if you tickle them, to laugh, or if you prick them, to cry; and, along with its excessive kindness, the work has very positive value of a different kind. It opens with a pleasant essay upon American art, from the earliest to the latest times; and then ensue very full and interesting, and often very sympathetic and graceful, biographical notices of most of our great painters and sculptors, beginning with Copley and ending with Bierstadt. A second division of the work contains brief sketches of the later artists who are of less note in Mr. Tuckerman's estimation, or who are of too great number to be treated as elaborately as the others. Obviously, men of such marked and characteristic genius as Ward, H. K. Brown, and Story deserve greater consideration than our author gives them, and these have probably suffered through the multitude of their

contemporaries. The biographical material has been generally well managed, and Mr. Tuckerman has added to the well-known facts in the lives of our great artists a fund of anecdote from fresh sources. His book is a complete review of all that has been done in art in America, and of the influences exerted upon it by the different schools of art in Europe. If the picture presented is perhaps too glowing, we feel sure that it will improve with time, which shall bring our artists up to the author's ideal. It is a good fault, as the tailors say when a boy's garment turns out too large. As a nation we have in many respects to grow to the praise that has been given us.

Y^e Legende of St. Gwendoline. With Eight Photographs by ADDIS, from Drawings by JOHN W. EHNINGER. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

NOTHING is so difficult as to imitate simplicity. To reproduce, therefore, the naïve narrative of the old legends of chivalry is as hard a problem as any author can set himself to work out. This "Vision of St. Gwendoline" is a careful and quite successful attempt in that direction. The story is a little more dramatic than the old legend-writers chose to write or ever were tempted to write; and now and then a word slips in which Professor Child and the Anglo-Saxon pundits would laugh at unmercifully, because it belongs to our low English, and not to their golden age. But the story compels the modern reader to finish it, and this might not have happened had it been perfectly true to the narrative style of the real chroniclers of King Arthur's court.

For ourselves, when brave men love lovely women, and when, in their hearts, these lovely women love the brave men, we have still the fancy of a child of seventeen, that it is better that this mutual attachment shall be acknowledged, defined, and solemnized by a sympathizing church, than this brave man and this lovely woman shall be united before some appropriate shrine by "that holy knot, which, when hearts and hands unite, makes a paradise on earth." But, in reply to this view, it may be urged that there is then no story. "Happy are the people whose history is unwritten," and, by a correlative law, of happy people there is no history to write.

Had such been the career of the "bravest of the brave, and the fairest of the fair," whose fortunes are here recorded, we should have had no opportunity for Mr. Ehninger's genius, nor beautiful volume for the reader to present to his next friend.

Mr. Ehninger has outdone himself in the beauty of these illustrations. They are exquisitely copied in photograph, and the book is one of the most attractive books among those issued for the holidays.

The Turk and the Greek; or Creeds, Races, Society, and Scenery in Turkey, Greece, and the Isles of Greece. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

MR. BENJAMIN writes from thorough acquaintance with his subject, and tells us a good deal about Levantine places and people. His chapter on Crete is particularly interesting at this time, though it will do nothing to change the pretty generally received idea of a half-barbaric, generous people, heroically and almost hopelessly struggling, not against the Turk at Constantinople, for he is virtually dead, but against Mr. Podsnap in London and M. César Crapeau at Paris, — in fact, against the Turk throughout Christendom. In treating of the kingdom of Greece, Mr. Benjamin is partially confirmatory of two very widely differing authorities, — of Edmond About and of the late President Felton. He declares that the Frenchman is infallible as regards Greek brigandage and Greek robbery generally, and he is not less cordial than the American scholar in his recognition of the intellectual capacity of the modern Greeks. In fact, there is probably, after the ex-lazzaroni of Naples and our own freedmen at the South, no people so eager to learn and achieve mental advantages as the Athenians.

Of Constantinople, — where, as the son of a missionary, he spent part of his childhood, — Mr. Benjamin does not write so entertainingly as of Scio, where he passed a summer. The notable aspects of life in Stamboul must be few, we suppose, and bazaars and Pera and veiled ladies and festive cemeteries do at last pall upon the taste; whereas a sojourn in a country-house at Scio, among picturesque and kindly peasant folk, can still please. We must own that Mr. Benjamin does not make the most of his materials in any case.